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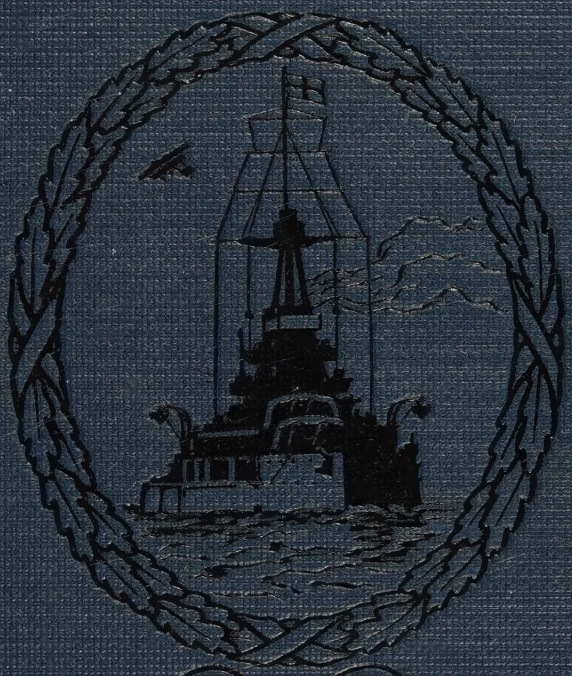

Volume V

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN 1915-16

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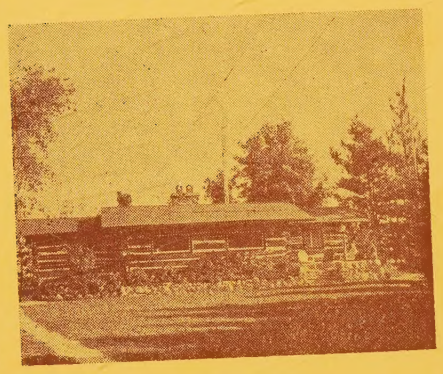

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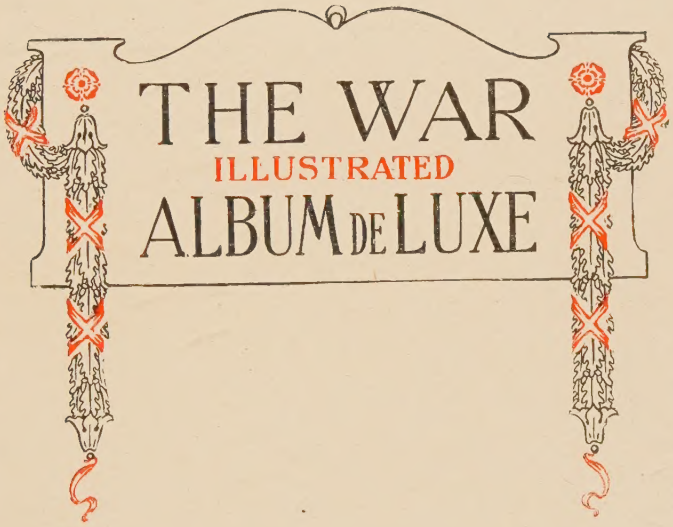
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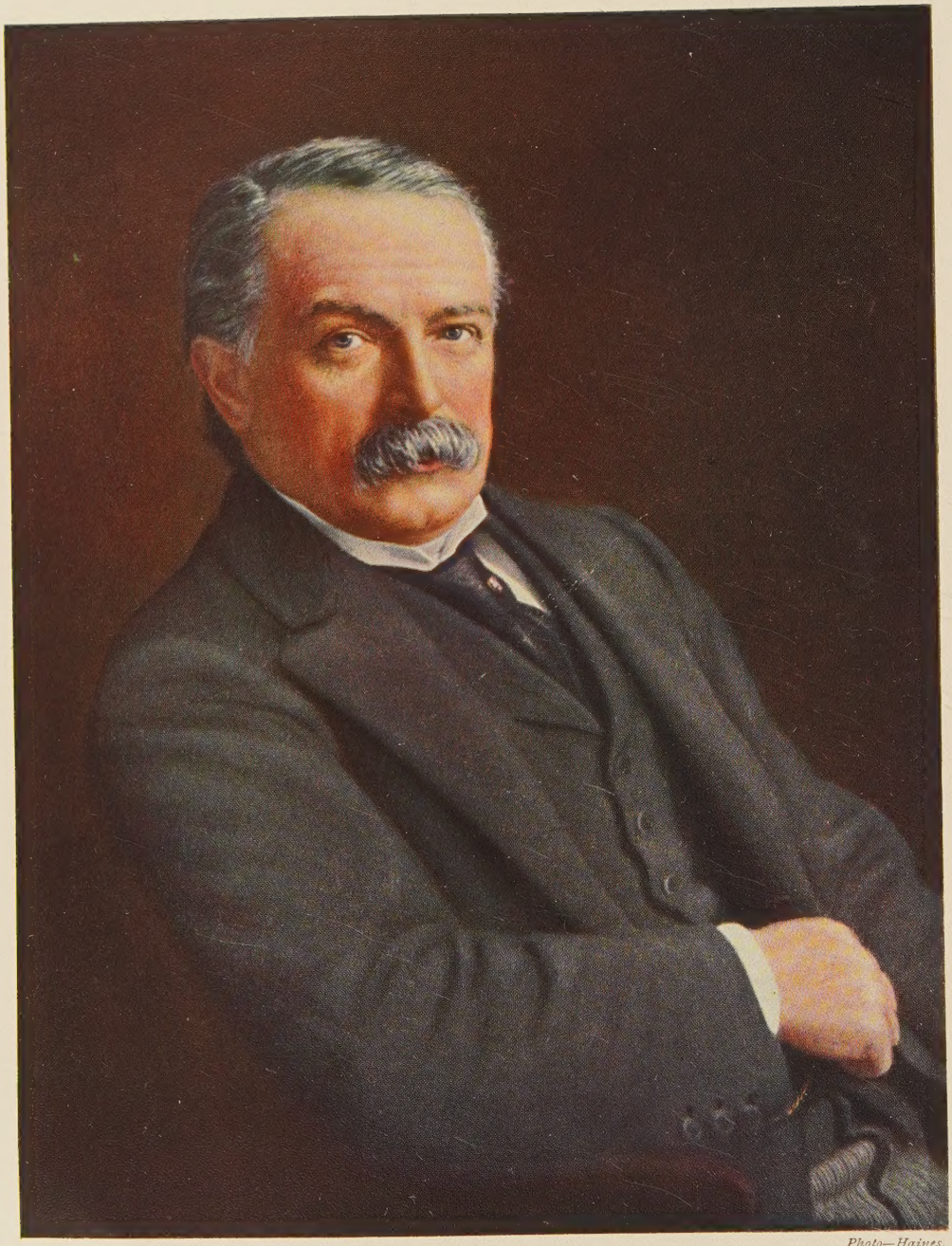

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THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE,
Minister for Munitions.

Frontispiece

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM DE LUXE

The Story of the Great
European War told by
Camera, Pen and Pencil

EDITED BY

J. A. HAMMERTON

CHAPTERS BY

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A., MAJOR REDWAY
SIR W. M. RAMSAY, SIR L. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.
JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

1,250 ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME V.

THE SECOND WINTER CAMPAIGN—1915-16

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Editor's Note to Volume V

THIS volume of our pictorial history of the Great War carries the strangely complex story one stage nearer to its end. It opens with a period of doubt and misgiving, when there was ample reason for viewing the outlook gloomily, but it ends with the star of victory about to rise over the fiercely contested position of Verdun. We have given to the volume the title of "The Second Winter Campaign, 1915–16," which adequately covers the tangle of events pictured and described within its pages from the Battle of Loos to the beginning of Germany's desperate effort to resume a successful offensive in the West.

ALTHOUGH in the autumn of 1915, when the long-awaited allied offensive took place and resulted in appreciable gains of territory around Loos and in Champagne, a resurgent feeling of victory was in the air, it was not long before this gave place to a sense of disappointment, but by no means to despair, as it became evident that the gains had contributed but little to the advancement of the allied cause, and had been achieved at very heavy sacrifice of life. It did seem for a time as though the situation in the West was an absolute stalemate, but with dramatic suddenness the scene of interest shifted to the Balkans, and for a time the events there, swiftly moving, completely obscured the operations in the western theatre.

SERBIA'S heroic resistance, and her inevitable defeat by the overwhelming numbers of her enemies, brought about by the perfidy of the renegade Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the consequent eclipse of Montenegro, together with the equivocal attitude of Greece, created for some weeks a situation of extraordinary difficulty and danger. The eventual decision of the western allies to act in a more masterful manner towards Greece, and the forwarding of the great expedition to Salonika, followed soon after by the amazing withdrawal of the Allied Expeditionary Forces from the Gallipoli Peninsula, were further events enriching the period with historic interest which will endure for centuries.

STILL further East, in Mesopotamia, events of the most memorable and far-reaching importance were happening. General Townshend's rapid advance almost to the walls of Bagdad, his brilliant retreat after the Battle of Ctesiphon to his base at Kut-el-Amara, and the protracted siege of his forces there by the rallied Turks, were full of the dramatic and the picturesque. Meanwhile, in Egypt a great army of defence was steadily gathering from the ends of the British Empire, and the truculent Arabs of the Western desert were being systematically subjected. Russia, thought to have been put out of action for at least a year, after the German conquest of Poland, suddenly awakened into new activity, and the dramatic stroke of the Grand Duke's forces in the Caucasus, resulting in the fall of Erzerum, the capital of Turkish Armenia, came, in a sense, as the herald of a new dawn for the Allies.

AT home, the period covered by our volume was full of the most notable activities; while our Navy in "the narrow seas" had proved itself master of the German submarines, many towns were realising something of the horrors of war through frequent Zeppelin raids, for which no effective defence seemed to be forthcoming. The social fabric of Great Britain was deeply stirred by the agitation and legislation for compulsory military service, and the political horizon was for a time very clouded. Voluntarism had failed to produce the enormous army necessary to bear our due part in the great struggle, and the usual British spirit of compromise asserted itself in the measures for compulsion; but withal, a formidable army of continental dimensions was steadily shaping itself. There was considerable naval activity in the Baltic, and the wild but brief career of the German raider Moewe represented the sum total of Germany's legitimate naval achievement during the whole of the period under review.

IN ordinary times, any single one of the numerous minor events which went to the making of the history of the war during the winter months of 1915–16 would have furnished forth sufficient material for an individual history, and so overwhelming are the varied interests here represented that it is difficult, if not indeed impossible, to review them with any due sense of proportion. But the cold eye of the camera, which looks on all scenes without emotion, has registered for us in these teeming pages a strangely moving panorama of "things seen" during this phase of the Great War, and these will remain for many years to come a source of exhaustless interest to the reader. Mr. Innes' brilliant historical review of the period dealt with in this volume will assist the reader to some ordered understanding of what may be regarded as the most engrossing phase of the war since the Battle of the Marne.

J. A. H.

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The Moving Drama of the Great War

V.—The Second Winter Campaign, 1915-16

Progress of Events by Land, Sea and Air from the Battle of Loos to the Eve of the Fight for Verdun

Written by

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.,

Author of "A History of the British Nation," etc.

THE month of September, 1915, closed with that fierce blow on the western lines which carried the British and French perceptibly forward. At the instant the movement was hailed with extravagant jubilation as the opening of that great offensive which was to burst through the German line and roll it up to right and left. As a matter of fact, the battles in Artois and Champagne had no decisive result. There was a valuable gain of ground, won at considerable cost to the Allies, though probably at no less cost to the enemy. That was all.

Everybody would have been less disappointed than was actually the case had it not been for the inveterate habit of talking about every blow dealt by either side as if it was at least the certain prelude to an immediate decision, whether glorious or disastrous. French and British both made an advance, but neither broke through —breaking through had hitherto proved a task beyond the power of any of the belligerents on any of the three fronts, the Franco-Belgian, the Italian, or the Russian.

A week after the Battle of Loos the public was beginning to realise reluctantly that no immediate change was to be expected in the character of the fighting in the West, no great decision, no débâcle of the Germans. It is worth while recalling, however, that when autumn was passing into winter in 1914 no well-informed person was thinking about overwhelming allied victories in the West. The question then was whether the Allies would be able to hold the line without snapping. No one in the autumn of 1915 had any serious qualms on that subject. Only once during the year had the Germans come anywhere near a successful penetration, and that was only by the foul play of poison gases. In October, 1915, the Germans were beyond all doubt very much further by comparison from Calais than they had been twelve months earlier.

On the southern front, Italians and Austrians were still fighting, and were still to fight for many months, for Gorizia, the key to Trieste.

Position of Russia in October, 1915

In Russia, it seemed, and presently proved to be true, that a halt had been called in the great retreat. From Riga to Bessarabia there would be no breaking through by the Germans, nor any further retreat on the part of the Russians. But there would be no renewal of a great Russian offensive until her vast new armies were ready to take the field unhampered by the lack of munitions, which had imposed upon her one retirement after another throughout the stubborn campaign of the summer.

Deadlock in the west, deadlock in the south, deadlock in the east—for the time. Only a grim, underlying confidence, not to be shaken by the pessimists, that the balance of strength and staying power was even now with the Allies, and would be increasingly so as the months rolled on, to become ultimately decisive. And deadlock in the fourth European area, the Dardanelles; accompanied here, however, by a doubt, a growing doubt, whether in this case the impossible had not been attempted.

This one thing, then, was tolerably clear—it was all but certain that no sensational move was to be looked for on the part of the Allies. It was almost equally certain that something sensational would be attempted by the Central Powers. It might be yet another furious blow levelled at one of the two main fronts; it might conceivably be a concentration against Italy. But it was already manifest that the fresh sphere was ostensibly to be sought in the Balkans. The menace of a Balkan adventure might be merely a feint, but it might be very much more, for the whole question teemed with possibilities of surprise.

Down to the very last days of September the British public enjoyed a cheerful conviction that the sympathies of every one of the Balkan States were entirely on the side of the Allies, in whose success their interests as a group were obviously bound up. The assumption in the mind of the ordinary man was that their interests and their honour alike ensured their favour—their honour because every one of them owed their deliverance from the grip of the Turk to the nations of the Triple Entente, while they owed nothing whatever to the Central Powers, who were now in alliance with their old oppressor, the Ottoman; their interests, because Germans and Austrians had already given sufficiently convincing proofs of the small mercies that might be expected by small States which should stand in the way of their aggrandisement.

Allied Diplomatists and the Balkans

It was supposed that Rumanians, Bulgarians, and Greeks were only restrained from flinging themselves actively into the fray on behalf of the friends to whom they owed so much by the prudence of rulers who wished to save their peoples from the burden of war, counting that the Allies would win without entailing sacrifice upon them, or that, at the worst, the door for their own intervention would remain open. What the British public did not reckon upon was that the rulers of each individual State might hope for rewards for it at the expense of its neighbours if it should secure the good graces of the Central Powers, and the Central Powers should win. Also, it was by no means realised that the actual rulers of those countries were not Popular Assemblies, but Monarchs whose personal sympathies were inevitably German, while they held in their hands the machinery for controlling the Press and guiding public opinion.

Finally, it had hardly dawned upon British minds that the peoples of the Balkans could actually expect the Central Powers to win, or could believe that the way of safety lay in submission rather than in resistance. The diplomatists were more alive to the doubtfulness of the situation, yet substantially they judged it very much as the public judged it—a remark certainly not less applicable to the French and the Russians than to the British. Sane public opinion appeared to be with them in all the Balkan States, appeared to be dominant, appeared certain to defeat the machinations of the adversary. Only Bulgaria had certain recognised grievances; the rest of the Balkan States might have sufficient public spirit to consent to these being remedied for the sake of unanimity. So the diplomatists sought to persuade the other States to offer the inducements which were expected to bring Bulgaria into line, but they omitted to take the one step which, as a matter of fact, was necessary to bring any one of the Balkan States into the supposed line—a convincing display of military force; and, in the meantime, Ferdinand of Bulgaria at least had

thoroughly duped all but the very few well-informed persons who were convinced that he had already sold his soul.

Even the mobilisation of the Bulgarian Army was not at all conclusive. It could be construed as a wise precaution in the face of Austro-German armies concentrating upon the Danube. And when Greece also mobilised her army, her action was taken as a warning to Bulgaria that if her intention was offensive, not defensive, if she meant to attack Serbia, she would find that Serbia did not stand alone. Greece was a constitutional monarchy; her Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, was popular, was supposed to be the director of Greek policy, and was, beyond all question, an ardent supporter of the Allies. Only there were still those well-informed persons, with voices hardly audible, who believed that the master of Greece was not the Minister, but the King—and that the King did not see eye to eye with the Minister. Moreover, the popular impression appeared to be decisively confirmed when, on October 5th, an allied force of unknown strength landed at the northern Greek port of Salonika, meeting with an entirely friendly reception, and it became known that this step had been taken actually on the official invitation of the responsible head of the Greek Government.

King Constantine's Dramatic Move

Then came the dramatic awakening. King Constantine dismissed M. Venizelos, and found no difficulty in assembling a new Ministry. That could mean only one thing—that the King of Greece had no intention of throwing his armies into the scale on the side of the Allies, or of carrying out the treaty obligations of Greece towards Serbia in the event of a Bulgarian attack. But how much more did it mean? Would Greece submit to action on the part of her King which, according to English ideas, was thoroughly unconstitutional? Greece, we had been told, had succeeded where Great Britain had conspicuously failed—in Venizelos she had given birth to a Man! Would the Man prove himself master of the situation, and force the King to yield in virtue of his own triumphant personality and the obvious justice of his cause, or would victory fall to the King? and, if so, would the Kaiser's brother-in-law turn and rend the Allies, or would he merely stand aside? or was there, after all, a chance that he might even yet be brought into line?

Unfortunately it very soon proved that the Man was not master of the situation at all. There was nothing left for him but to make a dignified exit. The diplomacy of the Allies strove with the King. Great Britain offered him the island of Cyprus, which was at least hers to give. The King in effect replied that the present of Cyprus was not an adequate guarantee for Greece against the fate which had befallen Belgium—having a comfortable assurance that whatever befel it was only at the hands of the Germans and not those of the Allies that such a fate was to be feared. Also he definitely repudiated the treaty obligations to Serbia, on the ground that they applied only in the event of a purely Balkan disturbance.

Allies Invited to Greek Territory

The Allies were reduced to merely making it plain that Greek troops would not be allowed to remain in such positions that it would be possible for them to hamper the activities of the Allied armies, and that the penalty could and would be exacted if facilities for carrying out those operations in any quarter were withheld. For the King's case for opposing the presence of the Allies upon Greek territories—a case which had prevented them from taking the high hand at an earlier stage—had been given away by the fact that the Allies had entered Greek territory at the invitation of the Greek Government.

Now, whatever view we may take of the errors of judgment and the suspended decisions of the Allies, certain facts have to be recognised.

In the first place there were very strong military reasons for abstaining from operations in the Balkans altogether. The diversion thither of large masses of troops would temporarily preclude the striking of a decisive blow on the western front, the main theatre of operations. It was more than probable that Austrians and Germans by themselves could not develop an attack upon Serbia stronger than she could resist by herself, except at the cost of a very dangerous weakening of their own lines in the west and in Russia, risking for them irretrievable disaster.

It was not till the policy of seeking an autumn decision in the west was discounted by the limited success of the blow struck at the end of September that a fresh venture in the Balkans could be undertaken; nor, until Bulgaria dropped the mask, would such intervention have found military justification. The threat to the German lines in the west was the best security for Serbia. It was possible, on the other hand, to make ready for dealing with the Bulgarian intervention, but the Allies were deceived into assuming that they could count on the co-operation of Greece, and could regulate the scale of their own activities accordingly. It was only when they discovered that assumption to be a false one, after they had already occupied Salonika, that they found themselves forced to a new decision, whether they were to abandon the Balkans or were to organise their operations there with the knowledge that the Greek Government, instead of giving active help, must be regarded as passively if not actively hostile.

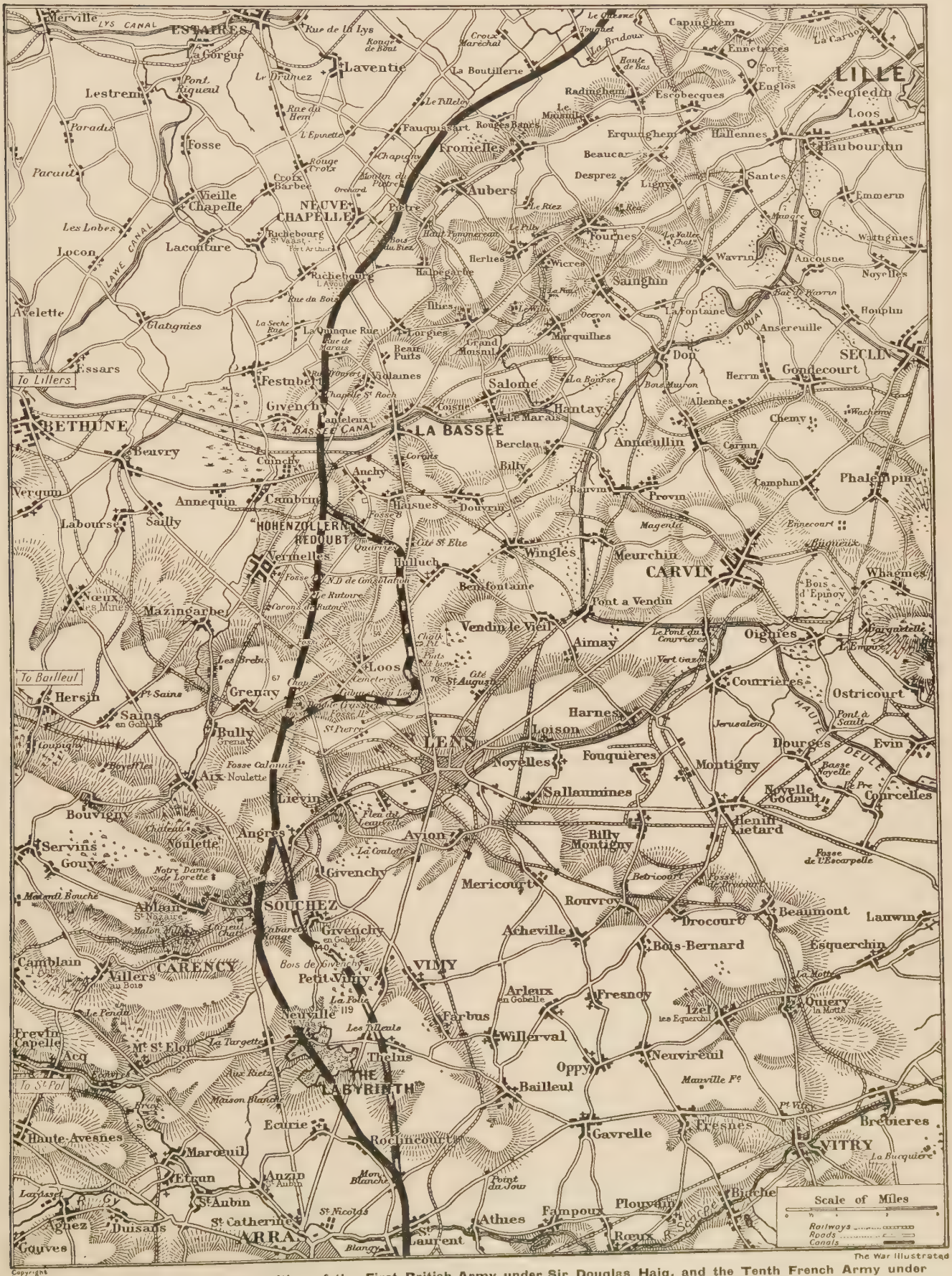
Impossible to Save Serbia

The saving of Serbia from being completely overrun had become impossible from the moment when the defection of Greece paralysed immediate action. There was one excellent reason for retirement in the military maxim that it is a mistake to disperse your forces, especially at the dictation of your enemy. On the other side was the now patent fact that withdrawal would forthwith convert all the Balkan States into satellites of the Central Powers, with contingent effects in Western Asia certainly, in Egypt probably, and in India possibly, as well as on the Russian front. The decision, therefore, was definitely made to hold on to the Balkans. The Germans could at least reckon that their Balkan surprise would exclude from a quarter to half a million men from taking active part in the battle on the western front.

Fundamental Problems of the War

The problems we have been discussing were fundamental to the whole scheme of the war through the winter, and long after the winter should be passed. For that reason we have treated them at some length before entering upon the story of the winter campaign, the tale of the fighting. But though the Balkans will occupy much of our attention—which will also have to be carried further afield to regions as yet hardly touched upon, to Egypt and to Mesopotamia—it must never be forgotten that when a decisive blow should be struck it would not be in these regions, because it was not in these regions that the strength of the Central Empires would ever be concentrated. Their Italian front was narrow, but on the east and on the west, between Riga and Czernowitz, between Ostend and Basel, they had two lines to hold, each of them hundreds of miles in length; and they could not afford to allow either of those lines to become penetrable at any point, because penetration meant the opening of a flank attack instead of a frontal attack, and the imminent risk of the line being rolled up. The maintenance of those lines, to say nothing of attempts to concentrate dominating forces on specific points, must absorb very much the greater part of their field armies. Outside of Europe their work must be done by Turks and Arabs; even in the Balkans it had not been and would not be in the main done by Germans and Austrians. But the great decision would only come by the overthrow of the main armies in the field, while the capacity for those armies for long endurance was limited by the factor in which the Allies hold an overwhelming supremacy, sea power, and money.

LINES OF VICTORY IN THE BRITISH AND FRENCH AUTUMN ADVANCE, 1915



The solid black line shows the position of the First British Army under Sir Douglas Haig, and the Tenth French Army under General Foch, at dawn on September 25th. The two great gains of ground north and south of Lens, including the village of Loos, are shown by black-and-white lines.

The grand feature of the summer campaign had been the great German offensive in the east upon the Russian front, and the retreat of the immense Russian line, with its northern extremity upon the Gulf of Riga and its southern touching Bukovina and the marshes of Rumania. In April that line had curved westwards, embracing almost the whole of Poland and Austrian Galicia. In September it had been so pressed back that, while its extremities were still on the Gulf of Riga and on the borders of Bukovina, it now ran very nearly due north from Bukovina for 450 miles to Dvinsk on the Dwina, turning thence north-west for 150 miles along the front of that river till it reached the Gulf of Riga.

The great railway north and south was partly in Russian and partly in German hands, so that neither could move great masses rapidly from one flank to the other, the method by which the Germans had always been able to score so heavily while they were still in touch with their own railway system. The Russians no longer held a line solidly connected from end to end. From Dvinsk to the south of the Pripet Marshes it was broken up by the nature of the country into sections, but the nature of the country also prevented the Germans from thrusting between the sections—the gaps were impenetrable.

"The Central Powers have Shot their Bolt"

In September the Russians' retreat had stopped. South of the Pripet Marshes it already seemed that they were more likely to advance than to retreat. Between the marshes and Dvinsk no forward movement was to be anticipated. But from Dvinsk to Riga the Germans continued to pursue an offensive directed to the capture of the line of the Dwina and the railway behind it, the obvious immediate condition of an ultimate advance upon Petrograd. Here, if anywhere, lay the last chance of dealing such a blow to Russia before the winter set in as should make her cease to count as a piece on the board, though it was by no means clear that even the successful attainment of the immediate objective would have that effect. It had already been made certain that the German Baltic Fleet would not play the part originally laid down for it in the operations against Riga.

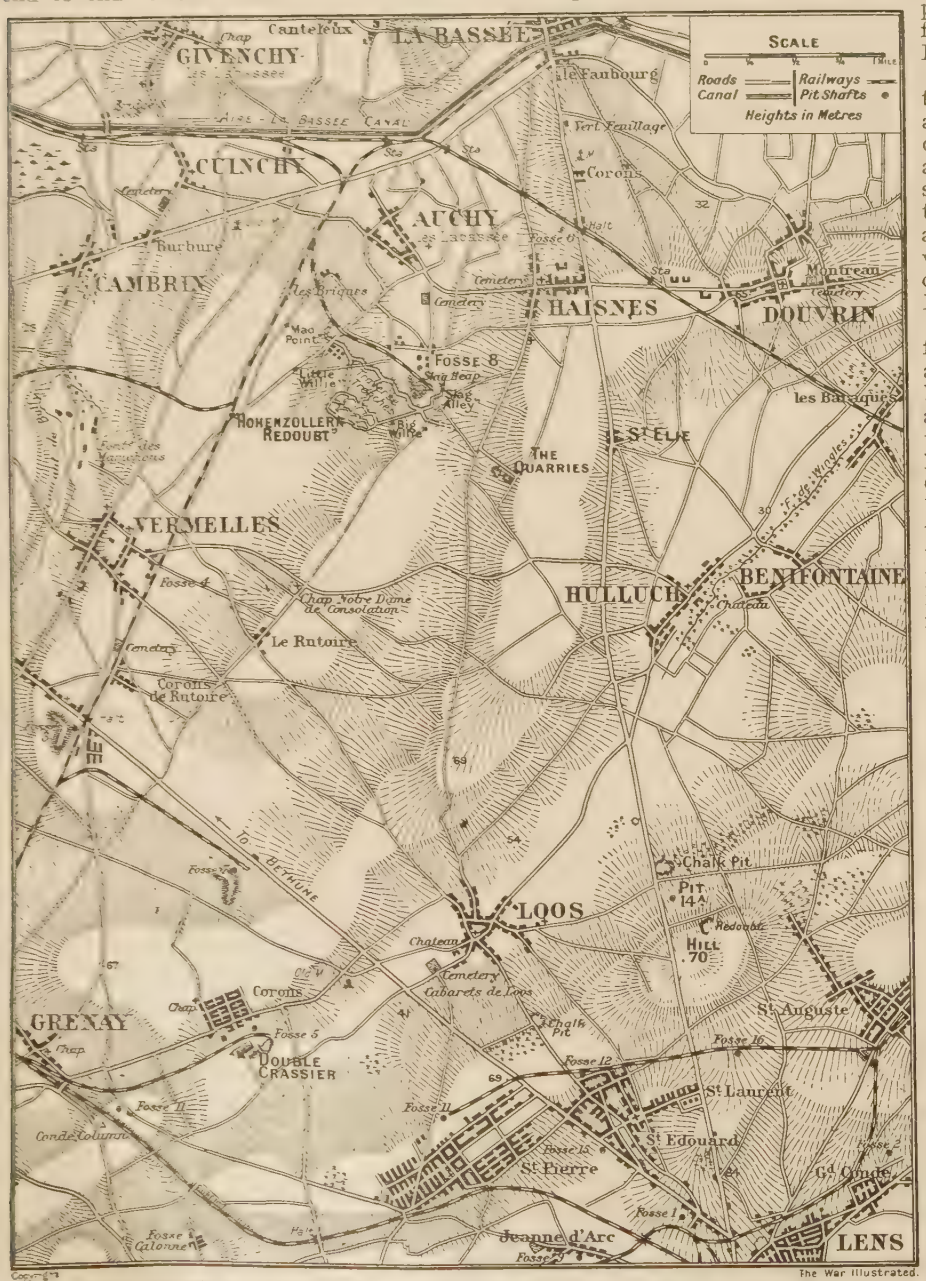
Of all the Allies, Russia is ever the most reticent. Information as to operations was scanty, overrating no local successes achieved by either side. Only sensational events during the last three months of 1915 could have attracted the public attention, which was absorbed by the course of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula.

The events upon the Russian front were not sensational, and attracted the most cursory notice, but they were both satisfactory and significant. They showed that as a matter of fact, in Lord Kitchener's words, "the Central Powers had shot their bolt." They were still working their hardest against the Russians while they were obliged to depend upon their Bulgarian ally, not upon heavy withdrawals from the Russian front, for the concentration of troops in the Balkans.

Victory on the Strypa

Some weakening in the south was possible, since a vigorous offensive was out of the question, and a continuous offensive on the part of the Russians in that region was not to be anticipated. Even there, however, they had unpleasant reminders that they were a long way from having paralysed their patient and determined foe when, in the middle of October, a Russian onslaught suddenly drove them over the Strypa, a confluent of the Dneister in Eastern Galicia.

But it was on the Riga-to-Dvinsk railway that the Germans had compelled themselves to maintain a determined offensive in the hope of achieving a notable success. And they failed. They tried to push along the shores of the gulf—and they failed. They came very close to Riga. They reached Olai, only a dozen miles away; they got as far as Dahlen



Large scale map of the country between La Bassée and Lens, showing in detail the ground covered by the Battles of Loos and Hulluch, and the position of the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Island, in the Dwina, ten miles from Riga, but they were thrown out again, and failed to cross the river. Both above and below Dvinsk they got very close to the Dwina, but they could not cross it, or if they succeeded in throwing over a handful of troops, those troops were promptly flung back again. Everywhere, they failed.

The whole business was extremely costly, and accomplished nothing; while the Russians were heartened by the minor successes in the south on the Styr and the Strypa, which were all that they sought to achieve, but were sufficient to demonstrate that the morale of their troops had not suffered from that most demoralising of military operations—a prolonged and continuous retreat.

Fights for the Hohenzollern Redoubt

The Battle of Loos, the main British action in the Allied offensive of September 25th, failed to break through the German line, but carried important positions, creating a salient with a base of about five miles in length between Cuinchy, a couple of miles west and slightly south of La Bassée, and Grenay, some four miles west and a little north of Lens; the most advanced points, at Hulluch and the skirts of Hill 70, being on the straight line between Lens and La Bassée, each of those two German positions now forming a salient. For some time to come the Germans made violent efforts to thrust back the British salient which joined up with the French. Day after day there was very heavy fighting, especially on the part of the French in the Givenchy wood, and of the British at the Hohenzollern Redoubt, where a very precarious footing had been won.

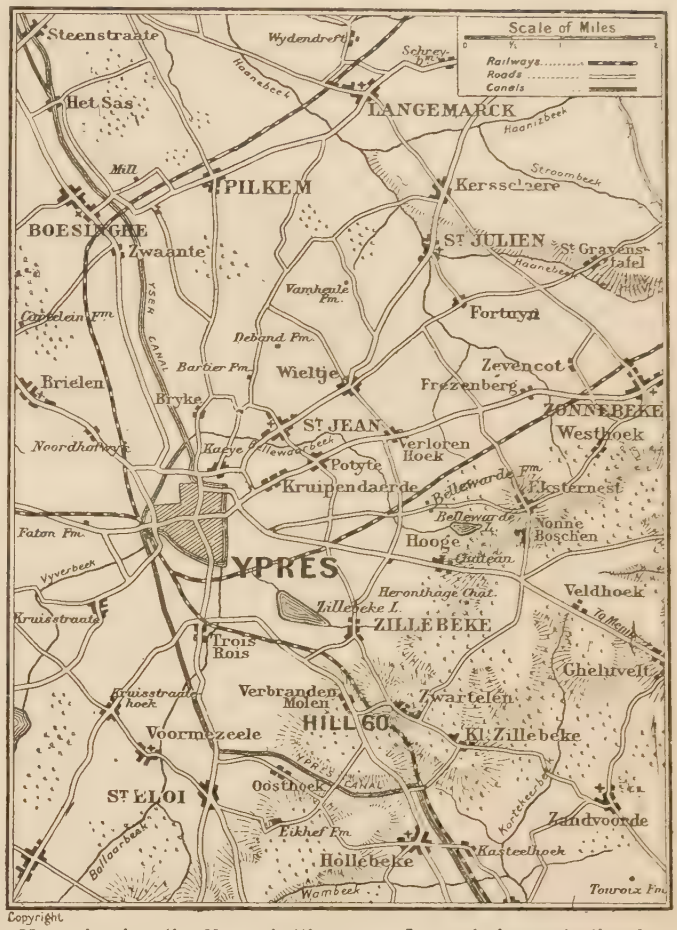
On October 3rd the Germans, repulsed with heavy loss at the Hulluch quarries, nevertheless succeeded in recapturing the greater part of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. On the 8th a heavy bombardment was the prelude to a great attack upon both sides of the salient, British and French. It was the old story—masses of Germans rolling forward in close formation, reckless of life, to crush their opponents by sheer weight, then masses of Germans falling in swathes under the storm of fire from the machine-guns, then here and there a band which, still in force, succeeded in reaching the British line, crushing its way into a trench, and then meeting its doom at the hands of a bombing party. Nearly 8,000 German dead were counted; while the British losses were small, though they had been very heavy in the earlier fighting. The simultaneous attacks on the French were also repulsed.

Ascendancy of Allied Airmen

Then came a lull, diversified by fighting in the air, generally to the advantage of French and British, though one of the British airmen was driven down behind the German lines.

Airmen when driven down at all generally found themselves behind the German lines, whatever their own nationality might be, because it was over the German lines, not over those of the Allies, that the fighting took place. Consequently, while the Germans always knew when disaster had befallen an Allied airman, the Allies had not the same means of knowing with certainty when German airmen came to grief. The German airmen, in fact, though they visited the Allied lines, were less venturesome than those of the Allies, and when it came to fighting preferred that it should take place on the German side—a preference which the Allies showed no disposition to baulk.

On October 13th came another move—a German attack on the French position southward, and a British thrust forward on the northern face of the salient. Heavy bombardment, and an unaccustomed use of gas clouds, preceded the British attack, which was again pressed on the following day, gaining some ground, but still only partially penetrating the Hohenzollern Redoubt. A diversion on the north of La Bassée, intended only to hold the Germans in that quarter, succeeded in its object, but was magnified by the German reports into a great and unsuccessful effort to advance on the part of



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Map showing the Ypres battle-area. A great demonstration by the British drew the enemy's reserves towards the ridges at Hooge, and facilitated our capture of Loos.

the whole line. The German attack on the French failed to achieve anything. This, for the time being, terminated the more active movements on this sector.

The total British casualties in three and a half weeks of furious fighting had amounted to some 50,000, but it was reported that among these the proportion of slightly wounded was unusually high. The slaughter of Germans in a single attack recorded above proves, at least, that their losses in the whole series of conflicts must have been very much greater. Indeed, another attack made by them on October 19th, reported as completely stopped by the British artillery, machine-guns, and rifle fire, was in the nature of another massacre, adding heavily to the German, but not to the British, death-roll, though it did not lead to a British advance.

German Attacks in Champagne

This last venture was simultaneous with a broad-fronted German attack in Champagne upon the positions previously won by the French; but in spite of a partial temporary success, the balance of gains and losses in the fight was still in favour of the French. It was along this line, however, in connection with the rising grounds called the Butte of Tahure and the Hand of Massiges, that the principal fighting took place during the following weeks, rocking backwards and forwards with alternating advantage to either side.

The appearance of deadlock in the Gallipoli Peninsula continued. From the more remote war area there came reports of British progress. It must be admitted, however, that no very keen interest was taken in the operations in German East Africa or the Cameroon. Nobody had the least doubt that both those German provinces would in the course of time be conquered, that the Germans had no real grip in either, and that whatever

happened there in the meantime their ultimate fate would be decided not on the spot, but by the conflict in Europe.

A slightly livelier interest attached to the British advance in Mesopotamia, though the public had only the vaguest ideas as to the meaning of the campaign in that region. It was vaguely understood that the capture of Bagdad would have a useful effect on the minds of Mohammedans, and therefore it was satisfactory to know that in the last week of September General Townshend's Expeditionary Column had reached Kut-el-Amara, on the Tigris, had routed the Turkish force, and was advancing towards Bagdad, in spite of extremely difficult climatic and geographical conditions.

Kultur's Crowning Deed of Infamy

The operations of war, however, were varied by the operations of "frightfulness," by which, from time to time, the Germans take care to remind the Allies that peace upon earth, the moral progress of humanity, depend upon the eradication of German Kultur.

Among all the multitudinous proofs of unqualified barbarism given by the Germans, there had been perhaps none which kindled so fierce a flame of righteous indignation as the fate of Miss Edith Cavell. It was not a murder; mere murder, the slaying of the harmless and the innocent with no object except that of exciting terror, is one of the commonplaces of the German theory and practice of war.

Miss Cavell had actually committed a military offence for which the extreme penalty of death has technical sanction. Living in Belgium as a nurse under the German occupation, she had helped the escape of soldiers across the frontier. She was detected, tried, found guilty of an offence which she never dreamed of denying, and was formally sentenced to death.

The appalling feature of the proceedings lay precisely in this—that the Germans professed themselves unable to see any reason why the sentence should not be carried out. They knew that to anyone but themselves it was inconceivable that it should be carried out. American and Spanish representatives on the spot made that fact sufficiently clear. They even perceived that this foolish sentimentality might cause some embarrassment to the Kaiser if an appeal should reach him.

Imperishable Glory of Edith Cavell

It appeared that flabby people, not trained in the doctrines of blood and iron, differentiated between men and women, fancied that mercy ought to be extended to a woman even where stern justice might deny it to a man; that Miss Cavell even had claims to mercy stronger than other women. She was a nurse whose life was spent in the alleviation of suffering, a woman who had sacrificed herself in that holy cause, facing all the hardships and dangers involved by remaining in Belgium. More than this, she had ministered to sick and wounded Germans. Sentimentalists actually conceived that the Germans owed her a debt which should go some way towards cancelling her offence in German eyes. Moreover, they were absurdly inclined to argue that the offence itself sprang from a generous spirit, that, while it demanded punishment, it justified also generosity in the measure of the punishment inflicted.

All this the German governor and his satellites knew. All this they did not want the Kaiser to know, being presumably aware that he would much prefer not to know it. And so the American representative was allowed to believe that nothing further would be done in haste, while orders were given for the immediate execution of the accused. So the black deed was done; so Von Bissing achieved for himself and for his people eternal infamy, and for Edith Cavell an imperishable crown.

The third great Zeppelin raid against London was a fitting sequel. Considerable damage was done to property; less than thirty military persons were injured or killed, and more than a hundred and forty civilians, including fifty women and children. The public remained unperturbed, aware that the primary object of the enemy could only be the distraction of counsel by the creation of panic, and somewhat wrathfully determined to present him with no such cause for satisfaction. A climax, however, was reached three weeks later, when the latest collection of smooth phrases addressed to America by Germany was qualified on November 7th by the sinking of the Italian liner Ancona, and the drowning of more than two hundred victims by an Austrian submarine. Once more men asked each other, "Can Washington swallow that?"—a superfluous question.

We turn now to the progress of events in the Balkan Peninsula. The Central Empires had noised it abroad in September that, Russia being now beaten, their next step was to be the punishment of Serbia. Austria had already tried her hand at punishing Serbia, with ignominious results. It was doubtful whether even now Austria and Germany together could spare from the eastern and western fronts, to say nothing of the Italian, forces more powerful than the little Slav State was capable of coping with.

Serbia marched with Austria only on her narrow northern front; on the west of her lay Montenegro and Albania, on the south Greece. But from north to south of her whole eastern flank lay Bulgaria, the dangerous factor in the situation. And in the last days of September Bulgaria was shedding her mask, and revealing her intention of joining the Central Powers in their attack on Serbia. The conquest even of the north-eastern corner of Serbia meant the possession by the enemy of full communication through Bulgaria with Constantinople.

Austro-Germans Capture Belgrade

By October 4th it was no longer possible to doubt Bulgaria's intentions. On the 5th Allied troops were landed at Salonika at the invitation of Venizelos, who on the same day resigned office. Three days earlier the Germans, massed on the Danube frontier, had made their first unsuccessful attempt to cross the river at Semendria, thirty miles below Belgrade.

Between October 9th and October 12th the Austro-Germans captured Belgrade and Semendria, and crossed the river at sundry points further to the east, whilst the Bulgarians crossed their borders on the south and the east of Nish—the seat of the Serbian Government. The battle in the new field was fairly joined, and it was obvious that the length of time during which the Serbians by themselves could hold in check the simultaneous attacks upon the two frontiers was extremely limited. Would it prove sufficient to allow an adequate allied force from Salonika to push up, keeping its communications secure till it could join hands with the Serbians who were fronting the Bulgars, reinforce them, and link up with the Serbian armies facing the Austro-Germans?

According to the original scheme of operations, this is what they would have done with comparative rapidity in co-operation with the Greek army. But the desertion of the Greeks, now no longer doubtful, left the whole work to be done by a small Franco-British force along an extended line with at least the possibility of an attack upon it or upon the base at Salonika by the very troops whose active co-operation had been securely anticipated.

Serbian Forces Greatly Outnumbered

It was the business of the Germans to secure the northern railway from Belgrade to Nish, and of the Bulgarians to secure it from Nish to Sofia, establishing the through rail communication. It was the business also of the Bulgarians to secure the southern railway through Serbia along which the advance from Salonika must be made, from Nish to Uskub, Veles, Prilip, and Monastir on the southern Serbian border. The Austro-Germans alone, or the Bulgarians alone, greatly outnumbered the entire Serbian forces. The accession of the Greeks would have equalised matters, and the co-operation of the Allies would then have decisively turned the scale. But the Allies found themselves called upon to do what required the addition at least of the equivalent of the Greek army. And that was a contingency for which they were not prepared.

THE SECOND WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1915-16

Map of the Italo-Austrian war area, indicating boundaries, the principal mountain passes, forts, and communications to illustrate the campaign of the winter of 1915-1916.

And so while the Austro-Germans were slowly grinding their way forward in face of the heroically stubborn resistance of the main Serbian army in the north, the Bulgarians were launching their great columns across widely parted points of the Serbian marshes, against Nish and against Uskub, held in check only by the fierce valour of the Serbians, fighting in a country which in some degree compensated the defensive for the disparity of numbers. What it was possible for the Allies to do they did. Advance columns pressed up across the Greek border into the extreme south-eastern corner of Serbia, up the River Vardar, and upon Strumnitza across the Bulgarian frontier, threatening the flank of the Bulgar columns, which were advancing upon Uskub and striking in between the Allies and the extreme right flank of the Serbians.

Serbians Forced to Evacuate Nish

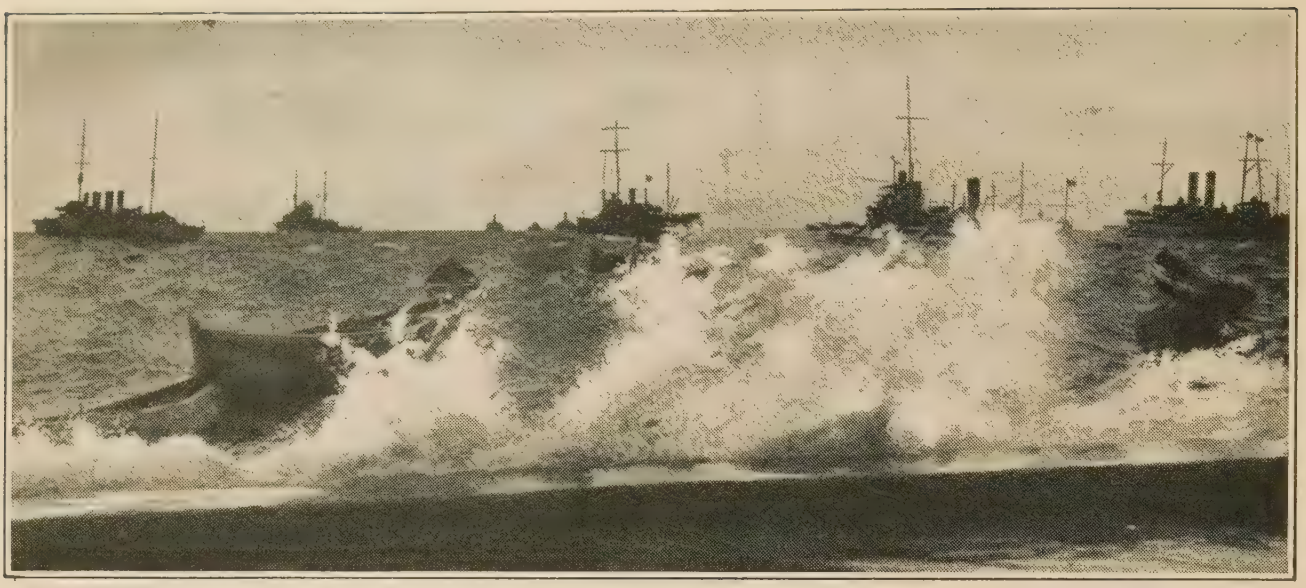
Nevertheless, by October 24th the Bulgars had reached and cut the railway between Nish and Uskub, occupied Uskub, and captured Veles, between Uskub and Salonika. Yet a French detachment joined the Serbians and drove the Bulgars back out of Veles and out of Uskub, only to lose both again a few days later. On November 1st the Germans in the north captured the Serbian arsenal at Kragujevatz. Further south, on November 3rd, British cavalry were heard of, acting in conjunction with Serbians between Veles and Monastir. But on November 5th the gallant struggle to hold on to Nish was ended, and it was entered by the enemy—only to find, however, that the Serbians had taken a leaf out of the Russian book and effected a complete evacuation before their entry.

From Belgrade to Nish, from Nish to Uskub, all northern and eastern Serbia was in enemy occupation. Along the whole line the Serbians were beginning a fighting retreat through the mountains, but still, like the Russians in their great retirement, keeping their army unbroken, and still hoping to transform their slight touch with the Allies in the south into a firm grip. The hope was vain. As yet the Allies had but a small force at Salonika. Greek troops occupied the ground, leaving them little space, and in fact rendering their position precarious at the best. Very heavy risk at least attached even to the movement of the small force which had carried French troops to Krivolak and British to Lake Doiran.

Terrible Retreat Over Frozen Passes

The Serbians, already suffering terribly from shortage of munitions, fought with a magnificent audacity against tremendous odds, endeavouring to break their way south; but the pressure was overwhelming. Even heavy repulses inflicted upon the Bulgars could not be followed up. A desperate stand was made at the battle of the Katshanik Pass; sheer weight gave the Bulgarians the victory after five days of furious fighting, and the retreat rolled northwards.

All that was left of the Serbian army fought its last fight before Prisrend on November 28th, and when December opened the remnants were struggling towards the sea through the frozen passes of the Albanian and Montenegrin mountains, accompanied by crowds of the Serbian peasantry fleeing before the savage invader. Yet if Serbia was conquered, the Serbians were not. Their spirit remained indomitable, and the offers of a separate peace which were made to them were flung back with heroic defiance. To Serbia as to Belgium the Allies owe an incalculable debt, and in the time to come they will pay it without stint.



The last word to Greece. Striking impression of the Allied Fleet and transports off Salonika taken during a gale. Any hostile action on the part of Greece would have brought a heavy gun-power to bear on all the Grecian cities of importance on the seaboard.

During the first fortnight of November the French had made an effort to join hands with the Serbians so gallant that it almost succeeded, but the Bulgarians were massed in forces which were too large. In the third week the rolling back of the Serbians made the gap too great for any hope of bridging. It had then become necessary for General Sarrail to extricate himself from a very dangerous position in the face of greatly superior forces, and to fall back upon the base at Salonika.

Gallantry of Irish in the Balkans

The withdrawal was conducted with the highest skill and with entire success. Before it was completed the British force—mainly Irishmen—at Lake Doiran had to accomplish a similar retirement, in which the Irish regiments in particular covered themselves with glory, inflicting tremendous losses upon the immensely larger forces of the enemy whom they held in check. Neither French nor British were driven back in defeat; both retired from positions which had become untenable in the face of greatly superior forces, and which had originally been occupied only with the strategic object of linking up with the Serbian army—an object which now no longer existed.

By the middle of December no fragment of the fighting forces of the Allies was left in Serbia. French and British were concentrating upon making the Salonika position itself impregnable, a base from which they could not be ejected, and from which they would be able to issue, like Wellington at the lines of Torres Vedras in the Peninsular War, when the moment should come for striking.

In the meanwhile the diplomatic pressure of the Allies, supported by a reminder that the addition of naval pressure was a contingency by no means remote, had convinced the Greek Government that interference with the freedom of action of the Allies would not be tolerated, and might have disastrous results for Greece. The immediate question was, whether the Bulgarian and Austro-German forces would venture to violate the Greek frontier in an attack upon the Allies and in the expectation of driving them into the sea. The withdrawal of Greek troops from the danger zone gave space for the admission of a growing stream of reinforcements into Salonika, and for the consolidation of the position there, and the possibilities of any attack were contemplated with equanimity.

The change in the attitude of Greece was partly attributable to the visit of Lord Kitchener, who had spent the month of November in a personal inspection of the eastern sphere of operations. An impression had been growing that the Dardanelles expedition, admittedly based upon a miscalculation, first of the power of the fleet to do the work by itself, and then of the tremendous character of the difficulties which would have to be encountered by the land forces after the enemy's position had been placed in a state of thorough preparation, could not be carried to a successful issue except possibly at a quite excessive cost.

In recording the inception of the Dardanelles scheme, it was remarked in these pages that the whole design belonged to that class in which an enormous risk is taken for the achievement of an invaluable end; which in the case of failures are stamped as gigantic blunders, and in the case of success become strokes of genius. There had been a moment when the Dardanelles venture was within an ace of justifying itself. Like Wolfe's capture of the Heights of Abraham, victory turned upon the completeness of a surprise The Suvla Bay surprise just missed completeness, whether because the conditions were insurmountable or because the effort made to surmount them was just not vigorous enough. Since it had failed, good judges were of opinion that further efforts to carry the peninsula would be a wanton waste of energy and of life. The possibility or advisability of a withdrawal was generally believed to have been under the consideration of Lord Kitchener.

The Great British Bluff at Gallipoli

Nevertheless, the public was somewhat startled when a noble lord in the House of Peers went so far as to remark that the intention to retire was a matter of common knowledge. Happily, however, that knowledge had been withheld from the enemy as well as from the British public, which on December 20th learned that the whole force at Suvla Bay and at Anzac—men, guns, and stores—had been withdrawn at a total cost of three casualties. The operation had been possible only through the perfect co-operation of soldiers and sailors in a design contrived with the utmost skill combined with the best of luck. Even the most sanguine of those on the spot had reckoned upon a heavy casualty list. For ten successive days troops and stores slipped away under cover of night, apparently without conveying to the enemy a suspicion that there was a man or a gun fewer in the British positions. Day by day the artillery managed to produce the impression that its force was unabated.

Until the night of December 18th the removals had not been of a kind particularly difficult to conceal; the next forty-eight hours were the critical time. The heavy embarkation of that night escaped discovery, and still the troops that were left succeeded in bluffing the enemy, apparently preventing even the suspicion that their numbers were reduced.

THE SECOND WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1915-16

In the early hours of Monday morning, the 20th, there remained upon the shore nothing but the piles of stores which had been deliberately left for use in case the embarkation had been checked, otherwise for destruction. The firing of those stores was the last job of the men who were last to leave. Then the Turks started on their regular morning salutation, answered by heavy fire from the ships. It was only after a vast amount of ammunition had been wasted that they began to understand that there was nothing for them to shell but evacuated trenches. When the successful withdrawal was announced in Parliament that day, it was added that the troops holding the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula would remain there.

Miraculous Withdrawal from Suvla and Anzac

The almost miraculous success of the withdrawal from Suvla and Anzac at least provided some balm for the grievous disappointment involved by the abandonment of the Dardanelles enterprise. November had brought disappointment in another quarter. General Townshend, with his advance column in Mesopotamia, having established a strong position at Kut-el-Amara, moved upon Bagdad. A brilliant success seemed to be on the point of achievement when, on November 23rd, he inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Turkish forces at Ctesiphon, only eighteen miles from that city. Unfortunately, the victory was not the prelude to a triumph. The general found that the enemy troops concentrated about Bagdad were in such force that to advance would be to risk annihilation. There was no alternative but a retreat to the position at Kut-el-Amara, where his arrival was announced on December 6th, a severe rearguard action having been fought on the way.

The casualty list of the whole operation was a heavy one in proportion to the forces, amounting to over 4,500. It had, however, the curious feature that the number of killed was no more than one in seven, and of the missing, one in nine. On the other hand, the 1,300 prisoners taken at Ctesiphon were a convincing proof, if any were needed, that the enemy losses had been at least two or three times as heavy. The fact, however, remained that the immediate stroke at Bagdad had failed, and that General Townshend could do no more than hold his ground at Kut-el-Amara until the main expeditionary force should arrive upon the scene.

The overrunning of Serbia, the abandonment of the Dardanelles venture, the retreat of General Townshend's force at the moment when the swoop upon Bagdad was expected, the apparently critical position in which that force found itself isolated in the face of a very much larger army—these were the prominent facts of the last month of 1915. And they were all facts adverse to the allied forces.

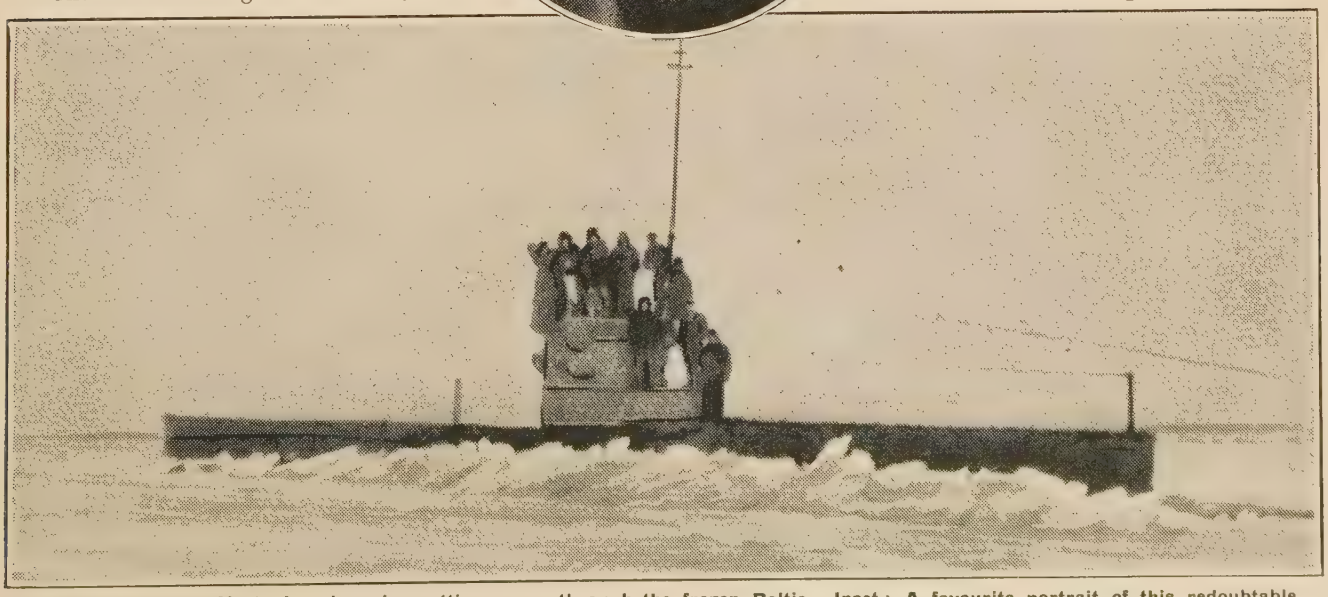
In the East there appeared to be little to set against them except considerations of a kind which appeal not to the imagination, but to sane reasoning. In the Balkans and in Mesopotamia the enemy owed their success to an overwhelming superiority of force, while the troops of the Allies had not only fought splendidly, but had been admirably handled. Whether or not there were cause to complain of miscalculation and mismanagement which might have been avoided in the Dardanelles venture, the Government had demonstrated a high degree of moral courage in the abandonment, and the skill with which soldiers and sailors had carried out that abandonment was more than reassuring.

How Italy Played her part and Gained Ground

If a lack of craftiness on the part of the diplomacy of the Allies had produced a highly critical situation in the Balkans, aggravated by their determination to play fair even against loaded dice, patience and firmness had, as a matter of fact, weathered the crisis. But these were not the things superficially conspicuous.

Nor had events in the West been actively encouraging. It was easy for those who did not understand the nature of the task upon which the Italians were engaged to underestimate the value of their services to the Allied cause, to murmur that they, too, ought to have taken a hand in the Balkans. And for what the Italians were doing there was little to show. It was rather irritating than otherwise to see periodical hints that the fall of Gorizia might be expected immediately. Gorizia did not fall. But inch by inch the Italians gained ground, while the flower of the Austrian army, engaged in holding the pass, was prevented from throwing its weight into the scale either in the Balkans or in Galicia.

It was as foolish to say that Italy was not playing her part as that the British were not playing theirs. Both these random accusations had their influence on a small number of unintelligent persons, and for the same reason —that they did not understand the meaning of the Italian pressure on the



Commander Max Horton's submarine cutting a way through the frozen Baltic. Inset: A favourite portrait of this redoubtable submarine officer, taken in Russia after the outbreak of the war.

British anti-aircraft quick-firers shelling Taubes from armoured cars in a French village behind the lines. This illustration, from a sketch made during a raid, shows two enemy aeroplanes being driven off. At no great distance from the firing-line the French peasants, as can be seen, still continued their farm work.

Isonzo front, or of that exercised by the British Navy, because neither was accompanied by dramatically effective blows. And along the main western front, since the Allies had failed to break through the German line, there seemed to be only the old interminable story of attacks and counter-attacks, trenches captured and recaptured, a position lost in one week to be retaken the next, violent bombardments here or there, prolonged artillery duels with no definitely ascertainable gain to either side. Only in Artois and Belgium it was tolerably clear that the Germans could make no impression, while on the long line through Champagne to Alsace it was difficult to remember from week to week whether of the Butte of Tahure or Hartmannsweilerkopf were at the moment in the hands of the Germans or in those of the French.

Passengers Drowned on Torpedoed Persia

By sea there were no new developments in the methods of warfare. The presence of the British submarines in the Baltic was emphasised by the sinking of a German cruiser, the Adalbert, on October 24th, but two days later the British transport Marquette was torpedoed in the Ægean Sea. Ten days later another transport, the Ramazan, was sunk in the same waters. Then on November 7th came the sinking of the Italian liner Ancona, of which mention has already been made. On November 17th the hospital ship Anglia was mined in the Channel, with a loss of one hundred and thirty-four lives. These German achievements were followed by the exploits of a British submarine in the Sea of Marmora which sank a Turkish destroyer and a supply steamer; and a few days later a German cruiser and torpedo-boat were sunk in the Baltic. But on the whole the honours, according to German conceptions, lay with the enemy, who on December 30th capped the Ancona murder by sinking the P. & O. liner Persia in the neighbourhood of Crete and drowning a number of women and children.

After the raid in October, nothing more was heard of Zeppelins. Of the aircraft engaged in operations of war there is little to tell. French aeroplanes, passing the German lines, dropped bombs upon Trèves and Bazancourt in October, though, as usual, it was impossible to estimate the amount of damage inflicted. In November Austrian aeroplanes, visiting Verona, killed or injured more than seventy of the civil population, but an attempted raid upon Lunéville was driven off. A French attack upon Metz in December was known to have inflicted considerable damage; while a fight between a British and a German seaplane off the Belgian coast resulted in the destruction of the latter, though the British machine also had to be abandoned. As we have already noted, there was much more activity of the French and British over the German lines than of Germans over the French and British lines, a fact which makes it impossible to arrive at a comparative estimate of actual successes and losses in the air fighting. The losses of the Allies could be ascertained, but not those of the Germans; but the circumstances point very definitely to the ascendancy of the Allies.

The progress of the French and British in the Cameroon attracted little attention, as this was looked upon as a mere matter of course. The same thing might be said of Egyptian operations against the Arabs. No one in England was perturbed by menaces to Egypt, where it was assumed that the position was well in hand. Nor was there any great regard paid to the reports of successful operations on the part of the Russians against the Turks in Persia, where the Germans, with their usual thoroughness, had been at pains to move the Persians themselves against the Allies, and had stirred up a rebellion against the neutral Persian Government.

General Townshend Holding His Own

Of Mesopotamia, all that could be said at the close of the year was that General Townshend was holding his own at Kut-el-Amara against enveloping forces, and was confident that he could maintain himself against the Turkish attacks until the arrival of a relieving force; though in view of climatic and geographical conditions it was impossible to guess how long it would be before such a force could reach him.

Outside the field of military operations, December witnessed an event of much note. Throughout the war Great Britain had adhered to the principle of voluntary recruitment, which had enabled her until

the autumn of 1915 was well advanced to bring into training as many men as she was able to equip. There remained now of military age only men who, unlike the early recruits, did not wish to enlist, but were still prepared to do so if convinced that it was necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. But married men with responsibilities held that they could not be legitimately told that their enlistment was necessary while a substantial number of unmarried men with no responsibilities stood aside.

Compulsory Service for Single Men

A final appeal had been made urging a sufficient number of men to come forward to save the voluntary system and prevent the necessity for resort to compulsion. In these circumstances the Prime Minister gave his personal pledge that if unmarried men hung back in any appreciable number, the married men who presented themselves should not be called up unless the unmarried men, willingly or unwillingly, were first summoned. The unmarried men failed to respond adequately to the appeal, and the Cabinet, with the exception of the Home Secretary, who resigned, resolved that the Prime Minister's pledge should be redeemed and the unmarried men should be summoned, since otherwise the Allies would be warranted in saying that Great Britain had fallen short of her obligations. There still remained a strong body of public opinion hostile to compulsory service on principle; but their patriotism was strong enough to induce them to restrict their opposition to a measure regarded by the great majority as essential, to a strong protest. This striking departure from all precedent was a convincing proof to the Allies of the British determination to make any sacrifice required in order that the war might be carried to a decisive issue. Incidentally, during the same period Field-Marshal Sir John French resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief at the Front (where his place was taken by Sir Douglas Haig) in order to take over the command of the forces at home.

Lt.-Gen. Sir PERCY HENRY LAKE, C.B., appointed to command the British Expedition in Mesopotamia, January, 1916.
Photo: Elliott and F.y.

About the New Year there began a new Russian movement which may be regarded as having had more of a political than a directly military object in view. Rumania remained as immovable as ever, but it was impossible not to fear that the conquest of Serbia might carry to the Rumanian Government the conviction that the Central Powers were the winning side. It was necessary to remind her that the Russian retirement of 1915 by no means meant that Russia was beaten.

Although it was obvious that a renewed Russian offensive in the full sense could not yet be undertaken, the Russians opened an attack along the southern sector from the Pinsk Marshes to Bukovina which gave the Austrians more than enough to do in holding their line, which was driven back over the Strypa with heavy losses; while at the extreme south the Russians carried positions threatening the Austrian hold upon Czernowitz. Although the movement was not prolonged, it sufficed to prove that the initiative in those regions lay rather with Russia than with the Central Powers, and further to convince Rumania, if she needed convincing, that an Austro-Bulgarian attack upon her was outside the possible range of the enemy designs. In fact, though it was not yet evident, the Central Powers were realising, as also perhaps were the Rumanians, that the occupation of Salonika by the Allies had provided them with a nut to crack harder than they could easily deal with. The bluffing announcements that a great force was being concentrated which would drive the Allies into the sea were accompanied by rumours that the Germans were seeking to lay that serious task upon the shoulders of Bulgaria, but that Bulgaria had no inclination at all to accept it.

In may, in fact, be surmised that Germany was pursuing her own designs quite regardless of the particular interests of any of her allies, whether Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians. The Turks wanted to go to Egypt. The Bulgars were not minded to try pulling the Salonika chestnut out of the fire without having a guarantee that they should keep it for themselves if they succeeded. The Austrians must be content with treating Montenegro as they had treated Serbia; with the Russians in the Bukovina and the Italians on the Isonzo front, Montenegro, with perhaps Albania to follow, would absorb all the energies that Austria could spare for her own operations.

German Lull in the Balkans

Germany, however, knew perfectly well that the Egyptian adventure would call for a much greater drain on her own resources than she was at all prepared for. If by any chance Great Britain could be bluffed into a panic on the subject, making her divert troops thither to the detriment of the concord between the Allies, that would be highly satisfactory; but as a practical operation nothing of the kind could be undertaken. Now, as always, the main western and eastern fronts were Germany's concern, and immediately at least the western. The Balkan affair had been put in hand by her for the sake of possible developments such as the final paralysis of Russia, or a German domination in Western Asia such as Napoleon had dreamed of for himself in 1798. But those were not developments to be attained by the diversion of German armies from the regions where they had their own work cut out for them.

So nothing more was heard of Mackensen except the suggestion that he was preparing a mighty blow at Salonika in conjunction with the Bulgars. Not that the Germans were quiescent, but their real activities were, in fact, restricted to keeping the allied line on the west in a state of unrest by local attacks and movements of troops which might be taken as preluding something on a larger scale which was to come later. For the moment there was occupation for the Turks at the Dardanelles, since the allied troops remained in possession of Cape Helles; and in the further east the Russians were keeping them busy in the Caucasus and in Persia, while a substantial mass of their troops was tied by the British force at Kut-el-Amara and the relief expedition coming to its aid up the Tigris. Bulgaria sulked obstinately. Only Austria, in spite of her Russian and Italian engagements, could spare sufficient force to carry out her own operations against her tiny neighbour Montenegro.

The mountain State played its part valorously and vainly. Its little army was driven in by overwhelming numbers and overwhelming artillery. Italy was not

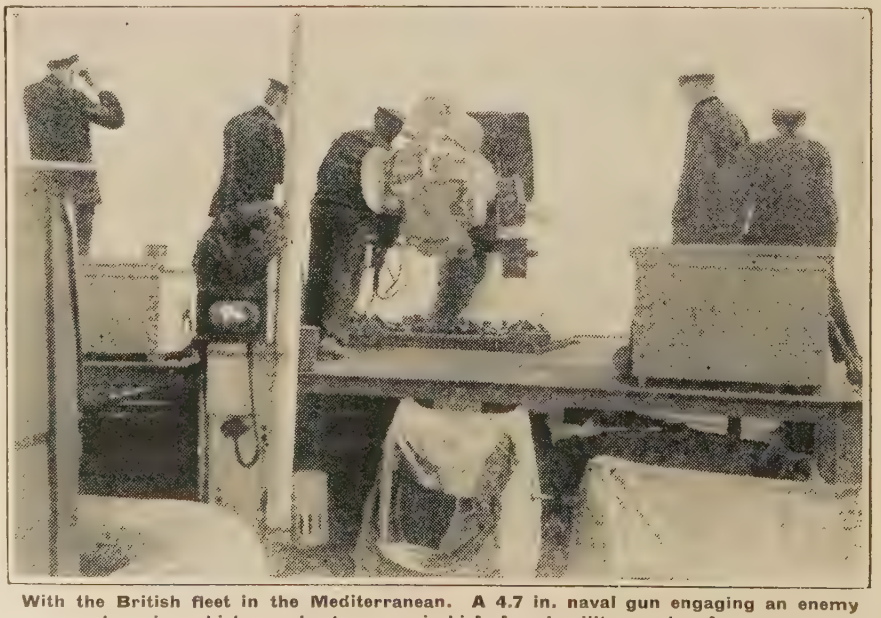
This, undoubtedly the most amazing photograph of the war, illustrates a German gas attack, and was taken by a Russian airman. The fatal fumes have been released from the gas cylinders and are rolling towards the Russian trenches. Behind the men working the cylinders three lines of enemy infantry are about to follow the gas. The first two are in open formation, the last is massed.

to be drawn into dispersing her forces in a hopeless attempt to save Mount Lovtchen from capture by the Austrians, although that position was accounted of first-rate importance for naval purposes. On January 11th Lovtchen fell; on the 13th the Austrians were in Cetinje, the Montenegrin capital. For all practical purposes Montenegro was as completely conquered as Serbia, or as four-fifths of Belgium. That is to say, the whole territory was in enemy occupation, while the people were as resolute as ever in their defiance. What the attitude of the Government was no man knows; for the public announcement by the Austrians that Montenegro had formally capitulated unconditionally was followed by the escape of the king from the country, the announcement that no capitulation had ever been authorised in fact, and the flat refusal of the Montenegrin Army to capitulate upon any terms whatever.

Hard Fighting on the Tigris

In Mesopotamia the British relief force pushed its difficult way up the Tigris; like the force at Kut-el-Amara, defeating the Turks whenever an engagement took place, but always by hard fighting against superior numbers. A heavier engagement than usual was accepted as heralding the immediate junction of the two forces; but again disappointment was in store. Some five-and-twenty miles below Kut-el-Amara the floods came to the help of the enemy, and further progress was absolutely blocked by the impossibility of moving the troops. There was, however, satisfactory news that General Townshend had sufficient supplies, and so long as supplies should hold out his ability to maintain his position against almost any odds was not questioned.

Towards the middle of January, 1916, there came from



With the British fleet in the Mediterranean. A 4.7 in. naval gun engaging an enemy submarine which was bent upon mischief of real military value, for once.

the Dardanelles what was perhaps the most astonishing news in a war full of surprises. The evacuation of Suvla Bay without casualties had been sufficiently amazing, but no one had dreamed that the Turks and their German commanders would allow the Allies to give them the slip a second time. Yet this was what actually happened. Although it had hardly been expected that the Allies could be withdrawn without the loss of something like twenty-five per cent. of their numbers across ground exposed to a terrific storm of fire; although the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac had doubled the fire to which the allied positions were subjected; yet the Turks were so completely deceived, the appearance that no important movement was taking place was so skilfully maintained, that on the night of January 9th every man was embarked—together with all the stores which were not deliberately left behind and fired by the men who were the last to leave—without a suspicion having been aroused that anything of the kind was going on.

The conflagration was apparently the first warning, and from three in the morning till daybreak there was a quite terrific bombardment, after no one and nothing had been left to bombard. The final evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula was a triumph of skill and fortune so apparently miraculous that here and there in England there were people who gave credence to the craziest rumour of the whole war since the Russian absurdity nearly eighteen months earlier—the rumour that the immunity of the evacuation had been purchased from the Turks for a sum of £20,000,000. Credulity could go no further.

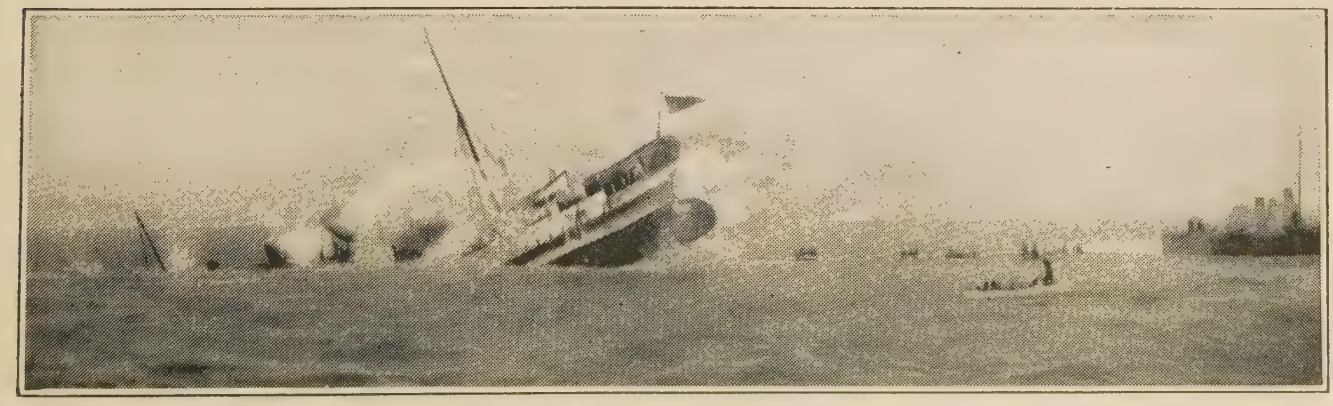
France sent many men to the Balkan field, as failure to achieve victory in the Levant might have had a dangerous effect on French public opinion. This photograph shows a large body of French infantry about to go ashore at Salonika.

Sharp Defeats of Arabs in Western Egypt

From Egypt came news of sharp defeats inflicted upon the native tribes on the western side. By the first week in February the Germans, except one small doomed party, had been finally cleared out of the Cameroon, the only colony left to them except German East Africa. But these events, like the ultimate subjugation of this last colony, were regarded merely as a matter of course. Even the mining of H.M.S. King Edward presented itself merely as one of the regrettable incidents which must from time to time occur, an accident inseparable from the German method of employing floating mines, concerning which the one remarkable fact is not that they did occasional damage, but that owing to the skill of our seamen they effected so little.

More sensational, at least as concerned nervous persons, was the revival of air activity on the part of the Germans. The Zeppelins, of which little had been heard since October, were again started on their futile career of terrorisation. A curious myth prevailed that the competence of the French rendered Paris immune from their attacks in contrast to the incompetence of the British which allowed them to devastate London at their leisure. The myth was dissipated by a Zeppelin raid upon Paris on January 29th, when fifty-three persons, including women and children, were injured or killed. A second raid resulted only in the ignominious flight of the Zeppelin itself.

The biggest effort, however, was directed against



The final plunge of the Anglia, the British hospital ship which struck a mine in the Channel on November 17th, 1915. The heroic nurses remained to the last to help the wounded into the boats, and several of them lost their lives. Their grave was marked by the emblem to which they had devoted their lives, for the Red Cross continued to float from the flagstaff above the water.

The King, in decorating Lance-Sergeant Brooks while lying prostrate in the hospital train after his accident at the front, accomplished an act of grace, which further endeared him to all patriots. Though His Majesty was suffering considerably from his fall, Lance-Sergeant Brooks was ushered into the Royal presence, and His Majesty endeavoured to pin the V.C. to the heroic Coldstreamer's tunic, but was not strong enough to do so without assistance. The officer behind Lance-Sergeant Brooks is Sir Charles Cust.

England on the 31st. Whether on account of mists or for other reasons, London escaped; but the monster aircraft to some extent disturbed the general equanimity by penetrating into the Midlands, and dropping a number of bombs in regions which had hitherto been regarded as out of their reach. In spite of wild rumours and the frantic jubilation of the German Press, it was proved that no very great amount of serious damage had been done, and none which was of any military consequence. More really perturbing for the moment was the temporary success of a new type of German aeroplane, the Fokker, which was responsible for a brief reversal of the domination of the allied aircraft. It was not long, however, before the Fokker met its match.

Grand Duke's Hammer Stroke in the Caucasus

It is curious to observe that this most modern development of a new military arm should provide us with the one element in the war which bears a resemblance to mediaeval fighting. It is only in the air that we get repeated examples of actual duels, single combats in which the skill and courage of one airman are pitted against the individual skill and courage of another in a death grapple. The airman is the modern knight-errant, seeking a foe who will do battle with him personally, with an aeroplane in place of a charger, and a gun instead of a lance.

The real stroke, while strokes were only being prepared for in the west, came from an unexpected and hardly regarded quarter. In August, 1915, the withdrawal of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the chief command of the Russian Army had created no little surprise; but it was hinted that his transference to another sphere of operations was not unlikely to have notable results later. So it was now to be proved.

From the Caucasian area came the news that about the middle of January a Russian army had inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turkish forces upon a front of some seventy miles. The news conveyed very little to the ordinary reader. Then came the intelligence that the Russian Army was advancing upon Erzerum. Erzerum to the British public was little more than a name, although it had been described as the Metz of the Turkish Empire in Asia. England now awoke to the fact that the name really meant an extremely powerful ring of fortresses. A menace to Erzerum was a serious matter for the Turks, but provided also a tremendous task for the Russians. What Turks were capable of doing in the way of a great defence they had shown forty years ago at Plevna and the Schipka Pass.

The Russians drove grimly forward at a speed which, in the snow-covered highlands, seemed almost incredible. Then, on February 15th, came the news that they had captured the first of the Erzerum forts. A long and fierce struggle was anticipated. It was fierce, but it was not long. On the 17th the Metz of the East was reported in the hands of the Russians. All that was known was that Erzerum held 100,000 men and 1,000 guns. Had Erzerum been partially evacuated before the onslaught, or had the prize fallen complete into the hands of the Allies? In any case, the crash was tremendous. We had indeed learnt to understand that in this war the fall of a fortress is not in itself such a blow as it would have been in earlier wars. The real victory, the decisive blow, had been the earlier victory over the Turkish Army. But the significance of the fall of Erzerum could hardly be overrated. It was a decisive demonstration that the Grand Duke Nicholas was well on the way towards the complete overthrow of the forces of the Turks in their Asiatic dominions.

Following Up the Victory of Erzerum

The news of the fall of Erzerum was soon followed by supplementary intelligence. The Russians had conducted their brilliantly victorious campaign through a country hitherto regarded as wholly impracticable for winter fighting. They had smashed the main Turkish Army; they had driven down upon Erzerum;

they had carried the outer forts at the point of the bayonet; in five days' fierce fighting they had mastered the great fortress itself, and the Turks were in rapid retreat, east and west and south and north. But there was no pause in the Russian advance, no time given for the Turks to effect a new concentration.

One force was thrusting towards Trebizond on the north-west, while three others, pushing upon Khnys, westward, and south and south-west upon Lake Van and Mush, cut off the southward retreat of the enemy, severing them from the forces at Bagdad. And in the meanwhile the Russian troops in Persia were continuing their career of victory, leaving small room for doubt that the Turks on the Tigris, held up at Kut-el-Amara and likely soon to be attacked by the relieving force, would ere long be enveloped by the Russian advance and destroyed. Thirteen thousand prisoners and four hundred guns captured at Erzerum were significant of the completeness of the Turkish débâcle.

The Mystery of the Moewe

A somewhat annoying event was the discovery that by some unknown means the Germans had succeeded in freeing an unidentified cruiser, generally supposed to be the Moewe, which was operating in the Atlantic against the merchant shipping of the Allies. She had captured and sunk several vessels, and made prize of the Appam, which was sent to an American port and made known such of the facts as were available. The one satisfactory point to be noted was that the Germans had departed from their usual practice, and instead of saying that military necessity forbade them to make any attempt to save the lives of their victims, had followed the recognised rules of humanity and treated their captives well.

The supposed Moewe, however, was still at large, and free to play the old game of hide-and-seek so successfully conducted a year before by the Emden. On the other hand, the exchange of notes between Germany and the United States demonstrated that there was no intention of qualifying the German doctrine that the merchant shipping of belligerents may be sunk at sight, regardless of the lives even of such neutrals as may be on board, on the hypothesis that there may be guns on board which may be used against the attacking vessel. It was announced, in effect, that after March 1st neutrals would travel upon the ships of belligerents at their own peril, in spite of President Wilson's refusal to recognise the legitimacy of this surprising doctrine.

Germany's Secret Plans

The explanation of Germany's continued inaction in the Balkans, her refusal to countenance the Turkish demand for the organisation of an adventure against Egypt, her insistence that it was Turkey's business to concentrate all her forces, without German aid, upon the situation in the further east, was soon made manifest. She was herself concentrating upon a great effort in the West before Russia should be ready for a strong offensive in the East, the time for which the western Allies were assumed to be waiting in order that East and West might strike simultaneously.

There was, in fact, a feeling generally current that we were on the eve of great events. While the Russians kept the ball moving in the Bukovina district, lest there should be any idea that their vigorous action in Asia was making an undue call upon their resources in Europe, there was a renewal of activity all along the western front. Both sides, it seemed, were feeling the position, experimenting, testing the enemy's capacities and their own. It was hard to guess whether all this was to be

A study in shell-power. Huge stacks of high-explosive projectiles in readiness behind the French lines, but well out of range of German artillery. The photograph is an index that our ally was determined to fight to a victorious conclusion.

regarded as the prelude to an Allied attack, or to a German attack on a large scale.

The Allies, it may be supposed, were in no haste; still, there was the possibility that Russia would be ready for a co-ordinated stroke at an earlier date than was generally anticipated. The presumption, however, was that the Germans, who throughout the war had sought to take the offensive, would strain every nerve to do so now before the Russians should be ready. So while reports were sedulously spread about masses of troops reinforcing the German lines, located sometimes in the north, sometimes in the centre, and sometimes in the south, so that the Allies might be kept on tenterhooks in every quarter, the Allies played a corresponding game by developing now at one point and now at another the furious bombardments which are bound to precede, though they are not necessarily followed by, attack.

The last week of January, 1916, saw an appreciable German advance at Frise, to the south of Arras, where, in spite of counter-attacks, they held their ground. Then came a lull, followed by heavy bombardments directed by the Allies upon the Germans between La Bassée and Arras. In return, the Germans made a fierce attack on the French in one of the most hotly contested spheres near Neuville St. Vaast—apparently with little effect beyond the wrecking, but not the holding, of a front-line trench.

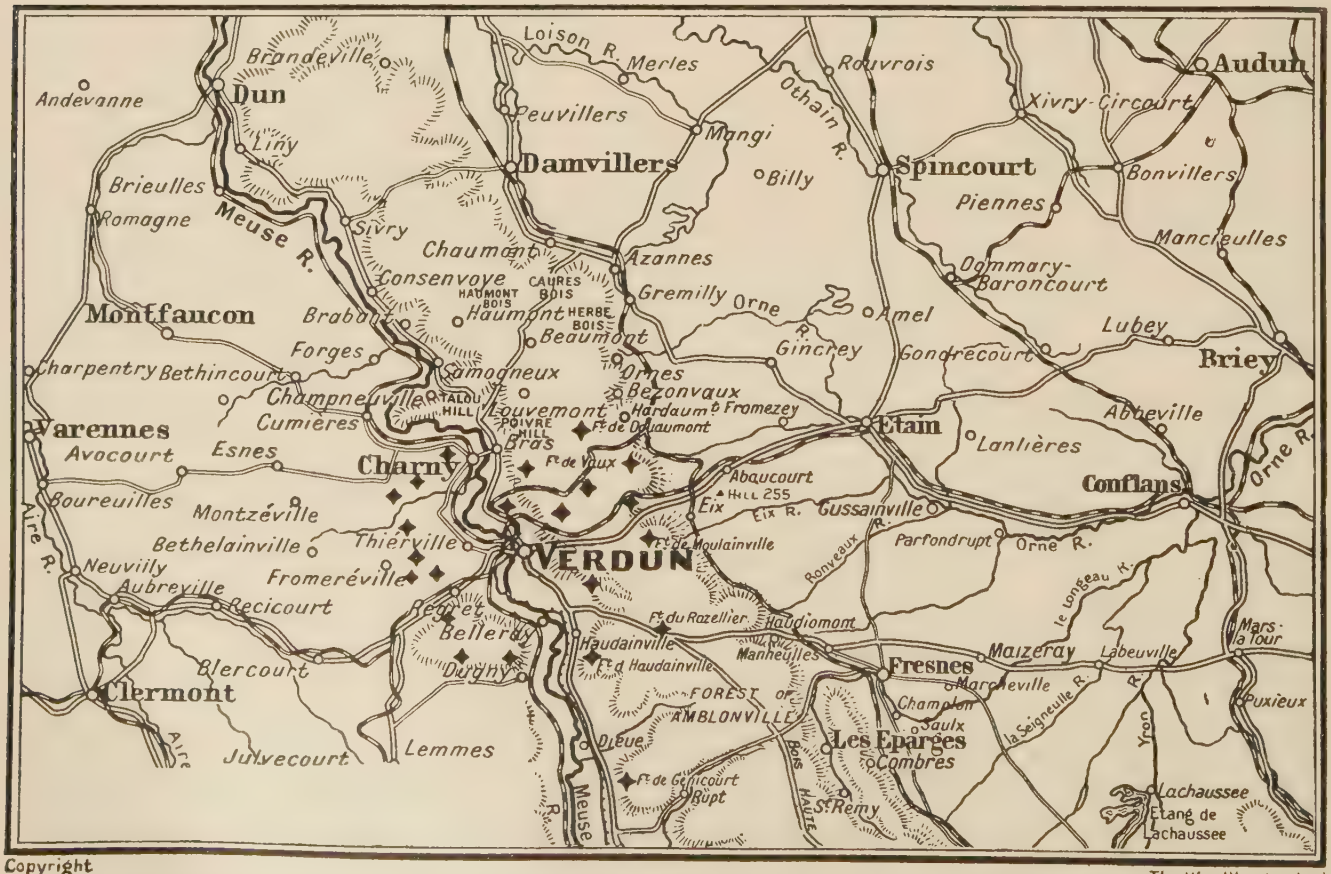
Taking and Re-taking of Trenches

The French, two days later, were the attacking party in the neighbourhood of Vimy and Frise, while the Germans made an onslaught on the British to the north of Ypres, where the Anglo-French artillery had been giving trouble. They were beaten back, and almost simultaneously came reports of local attacks both by French and Germans, in Alsace and Champagne, with taking and re-taking of trenches, and the usual differences between the French and the German statements about the total results. It was at least clear that the German attacks had been heavy, and accompanied by heavy losses, perhaps with nothing, and certainly with little, to show by way of fruit.

Even the obviously exaggerated claims of the Germans to big successes could hardly convince the judicious observer that all this meant nothing more than a desire to keep up the hearts of the Germans by a pretence, which could not long be sustained, that big things were being done. A heavy onslaught upon the lines at Ypres delivered a British front trench into German hands on February 15th; but the importance of the blow was discounted when it was learnt that this particular trench had changed hands so often that it was popularly known as the "International." Fighting for the lost trench continued day after day.

Opening Stages of Great Verdun Battle

And then, on February 21st, 1916, the storm broke with a furious bombardment of the French positions some eight miles to the north of Verdun, followed up by a violent attack breaking into the French first line. Simultaneously, to create uncertainty in the mind of the adversary, the Germans flung themselves upon another point, the battle-ground in the Givenchy wood near Arras. Next day the attack before Verdun was pushed forward, the Germans capturing the wood of Haumont, and the Beaumont salient on the following day. The grand offensive had begun. With grim confidence on the part of the Allies, the eyes of the watching world were fixed upon the opening stages of what was likely to prove a more terrific and a more critical battle than any which had yet been fought since the Germans had been rolled back from the gates of Paris, or at least since the grand struggle of Ypres.



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The War Illustrated

The French Champagne bombardment in September, 1915, was only strategic as compared with the German attack on Verdun in February, 1916. The above map shows the environment of this great German offensive on the west front. The most sanguinary fighting took place at Douaumont and the Poivre Hills to the north-east of the stronghold proper.

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MAINTAINING THE RULE OF THE ROAD IN FRANCE. KHAKI-CLAD POLICE OFFICER ON "POINT DUTY."

Member of the Military Police regulating traffic between the firing-line and the Reserves. The unperturbable figure, with uplifted hand, suggests memories of busy London streets, as he "holds up" officers' cars, motor-cycles, and transport waggons at an important cross-road at the Front.

Winter War Scenes Along the British Front

There's a thin, brown line in a long, brown trench—
A long, brown line and a strong, brown line;
And though suns may scorch, and though rains may drench,
Not a hand will shake, not a cheek will blench,
Not a man will fret or repine.

The boom of the guns and the shriek of a shell
For music—but never the roll of a drum,
And never a pibroch lest salt tears should well
For hearth and for home, for a sight and a smell
Of heather and ling, lest the fingers should numb.

AFTER BIG GAME.—A British outpost in France on the alert for "blond beasts" approaching in ignorance of the rifles covering them. The men are wearing the fur coats served out in view of the rigours of winter.

GRIM WORK ON A MOONLIT BATTLEFIELD: BRITISH SOLDIERS SEARCHING FALLEN GERMANS.—After an attack on our trenches on sections of the British front where the tension was not too severe, and the nature of the country and general understanding between our men and the enemy permitted, it was usual for us to send out parties after an action to bring in the wounded and to search the dead in order to identify them. Without discrimination between friend and foe, the work was done systematically and thoroughly. Each fallen German was searched, the officer in charge of the party making a careful inventory of everything, in an endeavour to find the name and regiment of the soldier. Describing this work, one of the men engaged on it writes: "The enemy attempted an unconvincing attack during the night, but was easily repulsed. One or two of them succeeded in reaching our trenches. The sketch I send (from which this drawing was completed) shows their bodies being searched for papers and identification discs."

Robin Redbreast Calls on Our Lads in Khaki

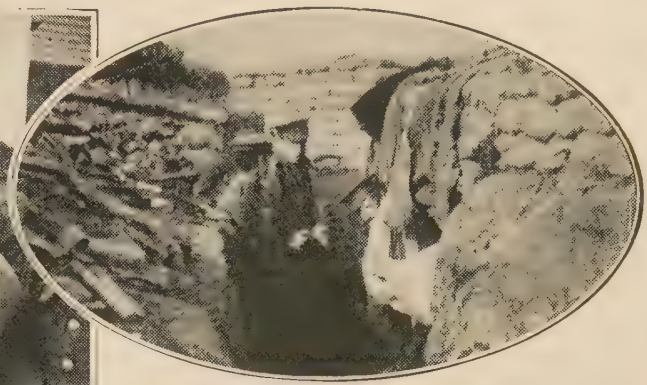
"SAT ON THE END OF MY BAYONET LIKE A BLOOMIN' CHRISTMAS CARD, HE DID."—[illegible]

Cold Work and Hot Dinners Behind the Lines

Old-fashioned wintry weather in France. British soldiers on their way to collect the mail from home. Well fed and warmly clad, they seem to enjoy the snowy weather as their horses plough through the cold slush.

Jovial group of Devons preparing a mid-day meal outside the camp kitchen, a dug-out built up with logs and sandbags. On the day this photograph was taken the menu included rissoles of bully-beef, biscuits, and fried potatoes.

The Tide of War Ebbs in Flanders at Yuletide

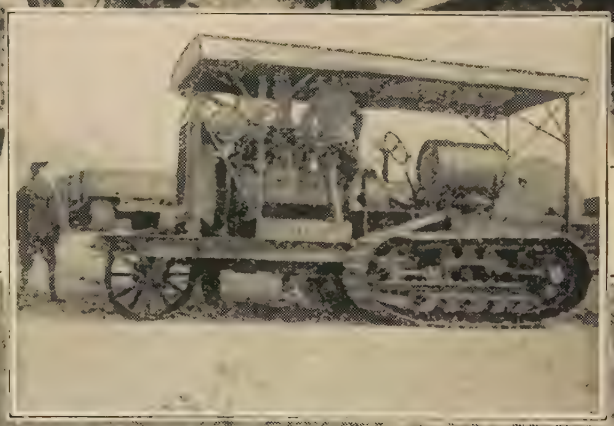


On the left: British Army cook with a tinned plum-pudding. Above: Where some of the best of Britain's manhood spent Christmas—a typical corner in a British trench.

British gun and munitions supply train in France about to start for a railway base behind the lines.

"L'Entente Cordiale" Christmas. British and French artillery officers behind a great masked gun on the French front. Right: Buying Christmas fare within sound of the guns. French peasant girls selling fruit to British soldiers at a camp behind the firing-line.

Moments of Ease in the Endless Hour of Strife



Scene in Northern France showing some jolly Highlanders resting awhile along the rails. Inset: Type of Holt transport waggon constructed with one steering wheel and two travelling wheels, after the caterpillar principle, used by the Mechanical Transport Section.

Men of the 7th West Yorks with limber waggon which they used for transport of food. All look particularly fit and well, the general condition of men who carry their lives in their hands.

A Critical Moment: Mules hold up Munitions

The proverbial obstinacy of mules was well illustrated in the British lines. During one action the reserve of ammunition packed on the backs of two mules was needed. Though nine men pulled, coaxed, and hit the mules in order to get them to cross a bridge over a trench, they stubbornly refused to move. Enemy shrapnel shells were bursting around, for the German gunners had marked the mules. The position became so perilous that the soldiers had to unload the boxes and carry them into the firing-line.

Trusty Friends: "White Men" All of Them!

"AND HERE'S A HAND MY TRUSTY FIERE, AND GIE'S A HAND O' THINE——"
All round the world the familiar song has run, but never, and nowhere, have more tried and trusty friends clasped hands in the chorus than the comrades from all parts of the Empire who sang it with heart and voice in the trenches on the Christmas Day of 1915, surely the most momentous since Anno Domini One.

Presents from Home: Good Cheer in the Dug-Out

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A CORNER OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

A hamper has arrived in Dug-Out Town, and the happy recipient "unloads." A turkey, sardines, cakes, and many other favourite edibles from home are displayed before eyes shining in anticipation of the coming feast.

Domestic Scenes with Britons on Foreign Service

The most popular rendezvous behind the firing-front: British soldiers lining up for their rations in a muddy environment, the result of inclement weather and incessant transport.

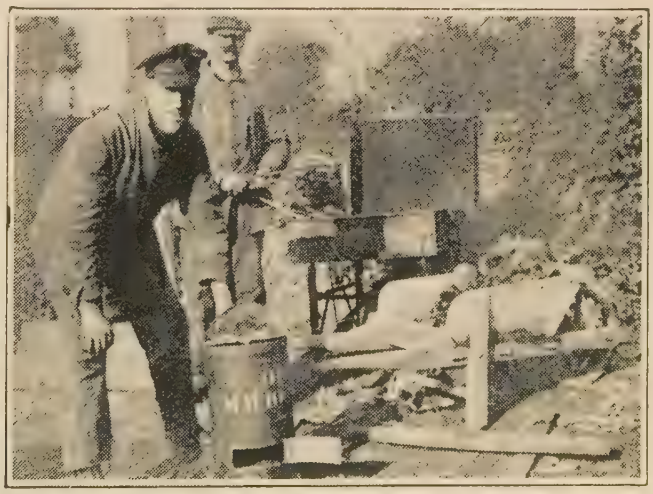
Tommy was ever on the alert to make his hard life on active service less irksome. The construction of a light railway from one part of the camp to another considerably relieved the stress of transport. This photograph shows such a railway, behind the lines.

British soldiers are seen in this photograph building kilns to act as destructors of camp refuse. In the interests of hygiene every effort was made in our camps in Northern France to enable the soldiers to live up to that standard of cleanliness for which Great Britain is renowned—and at one time was ridiculed—on the Continent.

First-line Photographs from General Headquarters

In a British first-line trench. In the second Christmastide in the war our soldiers did not suffer so greatly from the mud and water, for trenches were then provided with wooden floors.

Snug corner of a British first-line trench. A soldier is carefully shaving in anticipation of Christmas leave. Right: The Queen of the Belgians and Prince Alexander of Teck at the review of an infantry regiment held on the Belgian shore.



Canadian soldiers building a traverse with sand-bags in a front-line trench in France. Right: Braziers, which took the place of Yule-logs at the front. A Canadian soldier with a stove made from a disused petrol-can. (The first, second, and fourth photographs are official, from General Headquarters, and the Crown copyright is reserved.)

The King-Emperor on the Fields of France

King George, President Poincare, and General Joffre snapped on the occasion of his Majesty's second visit to France. A British officer is being presented. Inset: Waiting for the Royal car.

This casual snapshot of King George, taken immediately before his accident, comprises one of the most characteristic and convincing photographs of his Majesty. The King-Emperor is here seen reviewing Spahis, the picturesque Colonial soldiers of fortune who left the Orient to fight under the flag of "Father Joffre."

Clever Ruse of War to Foil a Night Attack

Frequently, in the case of a retirement to a new line, a few intrepid men were left behind to personate a company, thereby deceiving the enemy into the belief that the position was still held in force. It was no uncommon occurrence that half a dozen soldiers would each blaze away, with a star pistol in one hand, rifle in the other, making as much noise as a large number of men on the defensive; and while the enemy was deliberating whether to advance and capture the position or not, the new line in the rear was being rapidly consolidated.

The Advent of Winter in Dug-out Town

The latest news of the war arrives in the trenches. Tommy reads of Kitchener's journey east. Right: Corner of a British first-line trench.

The Boches not having put in an appearance, a British trooper found another way of keeping warm in the cold trenches. On the right: Group of Highlanders wearing their respirators with fantastic effect.

Consolidating their position. British soldiers pausing before the camera in the course of strengthening their trench.

All smiles in the dug-out. Not even German shells ruffled the good humour of the trench wits.

Sidelights on the Festive Season at the Front

Left: Last thoughts from the "trench train." "Tommies" at Waterloo Station posting letters home just before entraining for the front.
Right: A gramophone, loaded with "munitions" of mirth, and retailing a revue song to some soldiers.

A "capture" by the camp cook that was always welcomed. Right: Selecting rabbits at a camp in France to be sent down to the mess-tent.

Bulls destined to provide some of our men with a change from "bully-beef." British soldier buying cattle in a French market-place.
Right: "Tommies" on leave who, with thoughts for the children, visited a toyshop before going home.

The Strategy of the Great War

An Explanation of the Principles of Attack and Defence in Modern Campaigning

By MAJOR GEORGE W. REDWAY

Owing to an unmilitary upbringing, it is in no way surprising that the average mind is still confused over terms and expressions of war. Even eighteen months of endeavour to catch up with a fighting system which was traditional with our Continental friends and enemies, could not be expected to dispel our inherent ignorance of all matters military. Among the many terms which are misapplied and generally misunderstood, even by people in prominent official positions, perhaps the word "Strategy" is the most frequent example. In February, 1916, Major Redway, the eminent war critic, contributed the following article by way of explanation of the term.

LIKE the old lady who found spiritual comfort in "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia,'" many public writers and speakers cling to the term "strategy" as an explanation of any military movement the object of which is not clear to them, and so strategy is often mistaken for tactics, policy, or administration. Lord Haldane has been a frequent offender in this respect, and on one occasion perpetrated an astonishing *bêtise*. As War Minister, he told us that "the strategy which won battles was one thing; the strategy which in cold blood and through a series of years devised the organisation of armies was a different thing." But it is tactics, not strategy, that is concerned with the winning of battles, and army organisation is a branch of military administration.

The Secret of the Generalissimo

The term strategy is hard to define, but if we consider *policy* as the affair of the Government, *administration* as the business of the War Office, and *tactics* as the art of the battle leaders, we see that *strategy* must be the concern of the Commander-in-Chief; and, in fact, his plan of campaign is only another expression for his personal views on strategy. It follows that for each campaign there must be a separate commander who frames his own strategy, though in doing so he must have regard to the policy laid down by his Government—represented by the War Minister—as well as to the resources placed at his disposal by the War Office, and to the standard of tactics reached by his fighting troops and the divisional generals. All these points are well illustrated by the despatch of Sir Ian Hamilton published on January 7th, 1916.

Strategy illustrates the intellectual rather than the physical side of war, and a general is said to "impose his will" upon the enemy when his plan of campaign deprives his adversary of the initiative; in other words, if General A takes the offensive, General B must, willy-nilly, assume a defensive attitude. Now the advantage of taking the offensive in a strategic sense is that by crossing the frontier you wage war at the enemy's expense, and preserve your fellow-countrymen from such horrors as have been witnessed in Belgium, France, and Poland. But the invader must be sure of his ability to keep the lead he has gained, for a check is a confession of unsuspected weakness—as when the Grand Duke Nicholas came to a halt after invading East Prussia and Galicia; as when the Kaiser's advance into France was arrested at the Marne; as when Sir John Nixon's progress in Mesopotamia was stayed by the Turks near Bagdad.

Defensive strategy is usually the refuge of the weak or the unready, for it conserves strength and gains time. General Maxwell defended Egypt early in 1915 without crossing the Suez Canal, and an Austrian commander resisted the Italian invasion of May, 1915, with such surplus troops as could be spared from the operations in Russia and Serbia. In only three campaigns up to 1916 has offensive strategy been wholly successful—namely, the Anglo-Japanese expedition to Kiao-Chau, General Botha's invasion of South-West Africa, and in Serbia. Elsewhere defensive strategy has enabled the weaker side to keep the invader at bay, though whether we shall witness such a counter-stroke as that which carried Wellington from Lisbon to Toulouse in 1813-14 remains to be seen. The counter-stroke is the pursuit of a would-be invader within his own frontier.

The first care of a general then is to decide wisely between invasion and waiting to be invaded; but, in the case of invasion, a further choice must be made of a form of strategic attack. Military pundits speak of three modes of procedure, called Envelopment, Penetration, and Interception; and these all have reference to the selection of a starting-point—called the base, an objective, and the military routes from one to the other. The clearest example of envelopment is that of Marshal Mackensen's invasion of Serbia. The Austrians based on Bosnia crossed the Drina moving eastwards, the Bulgarians marched into Serbia westwards, and Mackensen's army based on Hungary came southwards over the Danube. Evidently a Serbian army remaining north of Nish would be encompassed before ever a shot was fired. In other words, it would be strategically enveloped, and then it must fight on three fronts if it stand to fight at all.

Interception may be called an amplification of envelopment. In the summer of 1915 we were on tenterhooks lest the Grand Duke Nicholas, by hanging on to Warsaw, should enable the enemy to effect interception, for at the end of July the Austro-Germans were crossing the Narew on his right and the Vistula on his left, and another week would have seen the junction of these forces to the east of Warsaw, like an iron band encircling the main Russian army. The Grand Duke would then have had to face to the rear and cut his way out—if he could! Such was the situation of Bazaine at Metz and MacMahon at Sedan in 1870, and in both cases the whole army had to surrender to avoid extermination in battle. If General Joffre could contrive to strike northwards from Verdun to Liège, the fate of all the German armies west of the Meuse would be sealed, for they would be cut off from their base of supplies—and that is interception.

The Enemy's Colossal Mistake

The third form of strategic attack is penetration, or breaking the front, and this was the manœuvre attempted by the Germans in France in August, 1914. General Joffre had écheloned his armies between Nancy and Mons. Like the steps of a ladder, the commands of Castelnau, Ruffey, De Langle de Cary, Lanrezac, and Sir John French stood in four isolated groups on a front of one hundred and seventy-five miles, leaving a gap in the centre about Sedan. The military sin of the Germans was in failing to pierce the French centre hereabouts and so separating the French left wing from the French right wing before giving battle. It was the furious, premature attack of Von Klück upon the British that caused the retreat from Mons in hot haste and upset the German plan, which was to detain the forces of Sir John French and Lanrezac in position until Von Hausen and the Duke of Würtemberg had reached the Aisne. When the strategic front of an army has been broken the divided wings can be attacked piecemeal and driven in opposite directions—Napoleon's favourite method.

[*Continued on page* 1481.

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GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. LOUIS BOTHA,
Premier of the Union of South Africa.

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STRATEGY OF THE GREAT WAR (Continued from page 1480.)

But this and other forms of the strategic offensive crumpled to pieces in the present war, and that is why hostilities have been prolonged. The strategic defensive has proved itself to be what Clausewitz called it—the stronger form of war.

Just as there are three forms of strategic attack, so there are three modes of strategic defence, and the first is the defence of the frontier. To preserve our native soil from the foot of an aggressive neighbour, to protect its inhabitants, is what an army is maintained for, opines the taxpayer; but this is easier said than done, even when natural obstacles like the Vosges Mountains or the River Vistula, or fortresses like Liège and Namur, seem to buttress the defence. Almost invariably the invader will practise some deception and concentrate his masses upon some weakly guarded point. The exceptions prove the rule, as when the Turks on the Gallipoli Peninsula found they could bring up troops, their food and ammunition, faster by land than we could bring ours by sea, and on such a narrow tongue of land the defenders could never be in doubt where the blow would be delivered. All that our Mediterranean Expeditionary Force gained after a six months' campaign was standing room on a rocky beach. How different in Belgium, France, and Russia! But we turned the tables on the Turks when they ventured across the desert to invade Egypt. The deduction is obvious—namely, that an inhospitable terrain is the true defence of a frontier, and in highly cultivated countries or those traversed by railways or navigable waterways a defending army must resort to another mode of defence—the retreat into the interior. In this case the army is preserved at the expense of the inhabitants and the national property, for the country should be laid waste in front of the invader, who must then halt and await convoys of food from his base. The farther he advances the longer his delay in procuring the means to keep the field, and in theory a point should be reached at which the balance of military power inclines to the defending army, which then delivers the counter-stroke.

Defensive Strategy in Three Continents

The Germans in the Cameroon exploited this form of defence, and they aimed at foiling General Dobell, who hoped to bring them to a decisive action before his little army wasted away by disease and losses in guerilla warfare. The Turks in the Tigris Valley also found their account in this strategic retreat in spite of our successful fight at Ctesiphon. The Russians behind the Dwina would have been thrice as effective for action in 1916 if they had voluntarily abandoned Warsaw in 1915. General Joffre's premature battles on the frontier, before the arrival of Sir John French, weakened his army for the Battle of the Marne. But policy rarely permits a general to treat his frontier regions as the enemy will treat them, and one can imagine what a domestic upheaval would have followed the burning of towns and villages, the evacuation of the population, and the destruction of railways and bridges, in Northern France as a means of impeding the German advance. The result of a tender policy in 1914 was that the enemy was in 1916 still subsisting upon the inhabitants, who were held in bondage to the conqueror. And, in speaking of what might have been, we are brought to the third mode of strategic defence, which may be illustrated from the situation in Serbia. Marshal Putnik, with an Army at no time larger than the Bulgarian Army, could never have hoped to contend also with the Austrians and Germans, and therefore he was bound to retreat—but in what direction? Many would say he should have hastened south to unite with the Franco-British expedition, but strategy prescribed a very different course.

What Marshal Putnik Might Have Done

By moving westwards into the hill country he could have fought to advantage on a familiar terrain, if the enemy pressed; but if, on the other hand, the enemy declined to follow him into the mountains, he could, as it were, lie in wait until Marshal Mackensen proceeded southwards to meet the Salonika expedition. Then would have come the golden opportunity for Marshal Putnik to issue forth and harass the enemy's convoys and their escorts coming from the Danube.

In such circumstances General Sarrail could have acted in a similar fashion against the Bulgarian Army moving westwards. Both forces would have taken up "a flank position," as it is called, than which few defensive manœuvres are more effective. Forty years ago Osman Pasha brought the whole Russian Army to a standstill for five months by thus emerging from Widin after the invader had crossed the Danube. Whether, in fact, the Serbian commander conceived such a plan in October, 1915, we do not know; but it is supposed that, before retiring, he was tempted into fighting with superior forces, though that could serve no useful purpose—indeed, it might have rendered him unfit to operate with effect in the event of the Franco-British expedition moving forward. Strategy is "a power that differs from the mere ability to fight."

In the present war, up to the end of January, 1916, the principal campaigns had not been conducted with the vigour which was looked for after the experiences of the Austrians in 1866 and the French in 1870, to say nothing of the campaign in Manchuria and the Balkans in the present century. A remarkable equalisation of forces coincided with a disinclination to run risks on the part of the generals. Offensive strategy was yoked with defensive tactics, every gain of ground was consolidated by entrenchments of a semi-permanent character, and the result was a deadlock that seemingly had to last until one side or the other realised that keeping millions of men under arms, employed in self-preservation rather than the defeat of the enemy, is a negation of the art of war.

Full-dress parade in 1916. The strange appearance of the fighting Frenchman on emerging from the trenches for inspection.

Along the British Front when Boches were Shy

British officers in an observation pit in front of an advanced dug-out near the trenches. Right: Outpost in a first-line British trench. The opening in the sand-bag barricade is to hold a concealed machine-gun.

British Red Cross workers cooking a hasty meal behind the first line. Right: British soldiers carrying supplies over a treacherous "bridge" spanning a ditch in rough country at the front.

A trophy of war. One of the Krupp guns captured by British troops during the great advance on the west front. Right: Cheery bivouac at a British camp in France. Some of the soldiers are wearing their warm woollen "helmets."

Britons' Daily Toil on the Highway to Victory

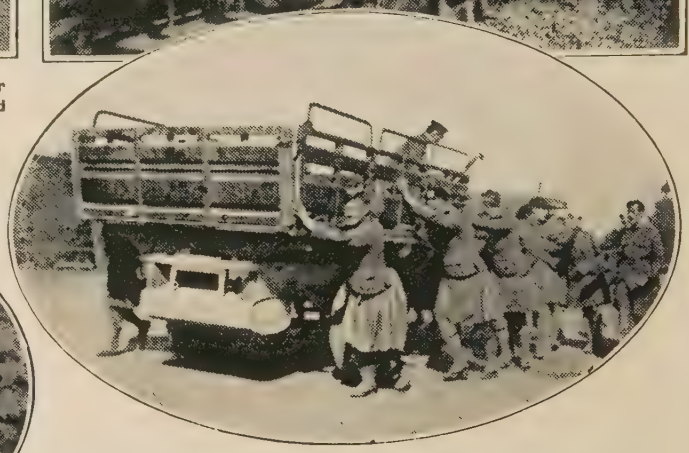
A minor inconvenience of the Christmas campaign. Owing to the flooded state of a French river, a temporary bridge collapsed, and a field-gun and carriage slipped into the water.

British soldiers marking regimental letters and numbers with stencils on new horse-rugs which had just arrived from England. Right: Profiting by the hard lessons of the previous winter, British soldiers took every possible care to keep down the mud and water. Here a soldier is seen pumping a trench dry before laying planks.

British sappers digging the site for a new military road to be made across some open country in France. Brushwood was used as part of the foundation. In the course of the war much of Europe was interlaced with numerous roads cut and laid by allied and enemy engineers, and doubtless many of them will form the bases of permanent highways.

Light Hearts and Loyal Service of London Scots

Letters from home. The brightest moment in the day of a soldier on active service. On the right: London Scottish, just arrived from England, entraining for the firing-line.

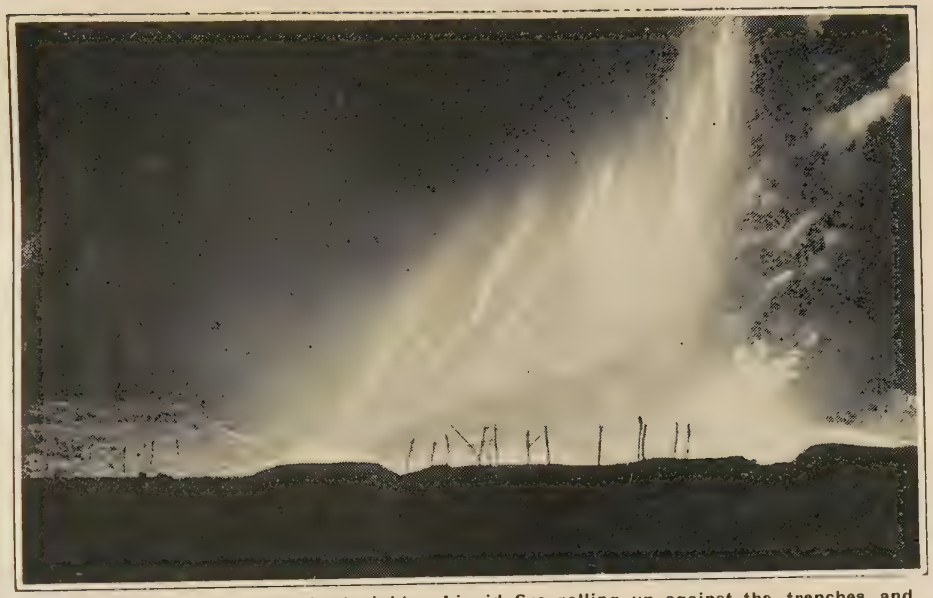


A motor-transport having got into difficulties, the London Scottish lent a helping hand and started it on its way again. On the left: Bedraggled by a week in the trenches, but still smiling.

"In diggings." After the misery of the trenches a disused factory, thickly carpeted with straw, was deemed a luxurious billet.

Five Minutes' Cold-Steel Duel on a Staircase

Having gained the village of Hulluch a party of British soldiers were awaiting the arrival of supports when they were treacherously fired upon by Germans left behind as prisoners. In the absence of an officer, Private Thomas asked for volunteers to accompany him to the place whence the shots were fired. Climbing through a window in the house, he was met on the staircase by an officer of the machine-gun party, and engaged him in a duel lasting five minutes. Private Thomas eventually succeeded in breaking his adversary's bayonet, and tried to disarm him. The officer fired, wounding the private in the hand, but immediately fell dead himself with a bullet in the head. In the meantime British soldiers entered the house through another window.



Impression of a flame attack at night. Liquid fire rolling up against the trenches, and melting with fearful heat the wire entanglements protecting them.

A flame attack by day. A huge cloud of black smoke is emitted, as distinct from the white clouds of poison-gas which are seen below.

Dangerous work. British officers testing the newest type of respirator. In all our later big attacks poison-gas played a very important part.

Immune in the death-cloud. British officers running through the poison fumes from their own bombs. They are wearing a new and reliable respirator.

In and Out of the British Trenches Near Ypres

Tense moments with a British sniper in advance of our first lines in France. These photographs, taken at great risk, show the sniper firing, his comrade watching the German trench, and the same soldier firing at an enemy aeroplane with a masked machine-gun.

On the left: "Sniperscope" in a British trench near Ypres. A periscope is attached to the sniper's rifle. Above: Royal Field Artilleryman firing a masked gun during the enemy's futile attack near Ypres on December 19th, 1915.

Men of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in the first line of British trenches near Ypres, with their regimental mascot. The trees in the background had been stripped bare of their branches by shell fire.

Luxury in the First Line: 'Home, Sweet

THE first winter in the trenches was an ordeal which undermined the strongest constitution, quite apart from the peril of death from shot and shell. In some parts of the line soldiers were knee-deep in mud, and continually exposed to wind and weather. After the campaign had settled down into a deadlock siege, every effort was made to render life underground tolerable, not to say comfortable. This drawing, designed from a soldier's description, is an interior view of an unique first-line trench at the close of 1915. It

ome' in the Trenches of Northern France

appearance of a long gallery, the sides, floor, and ceiling of ere consolidated with wood. It was lighted by loopholes, ight inches square and eight inches deep, in order to e the outer earthwork. Beneath the loopholes a wooden platform ran along the trench, and hooks were placed in the ceiling to support rifles and equipment. Pasted to the walls of the trenches were pictures, postcards and photographs. On the right of the drawing was the dug-out, from which a soldier is seen emerging.

The Break-the-Ice Spirit that Broke the Huns!

Transport waggons partially snowed up near a British camp in Flanders, where there had been severe snowstorms. But the almost Arctic weather was "enjoyed" in fine sporting spirit by our fighting men.

Striking proof of the hardihood of Britain's Spartan soldiers in Flanders. A "washing parade," at which the men, but scantily clad, indulged in their early morning ablutions on the snow-covered bank of an icy stream near the camp.

Firing Grenades From a First-line British Trench

Remarkable photograph, taken in an advanced British trench, showing a rifle-grenade at the moment before leaving the barrel of the rifle held by the man on the left. Grenades fired from the rifle were used as extensively as hand-grenades and bombs in trench fighting. Attached to a rod which fits into the barrel, the rifle-grenade is projected by an ordinary cartridge from which the bullet has been extracted. These missiles are really miniature shells, made of steel and so serrated as to be broken on exploding into numerous pieces. They contain charges of a high explosive, and the detonator is fired on impact by a needle which is liberated only after the grenade has travelled a distance. Such grenades have a range of about three hundred yards.

Lance and Sabre Behind the Foremost Line

British officers making an inspection of an Indian cavalry camp in France; Inset: Indian sentry on guard, to the right of whom are seen two French figures looking down the road leading to the battle-front.

Striking photograph of two British Lancers of Sir Douglas Haig's bodyguard halting for a quiet smoke somewhere in the neighbourhood of headquarters. One seldom sees the lance as a weapon in these days, and certainly its value in the war proved to be rather more theoretical than practical. Note the bandoliers which are carried round the horses' necks.

RUINED FRENCH INN AS STABLE. AN IDYLL OF THE WESTERN FRONT.

The Estaminet de la Fortune, once a prosperous hostelry, was ruined by shell-fire. In its wrecked state it served as a stable for British cavalry horses. The young French woman who occasionally brought the fodder always met with an enthusiastic reception from man and beast.

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Merry Interludes Relieve the Trench Monotony

"Bons camarades!" Frenchmen helping British soldiers to exercise their knowledge of the French language. Right: A "billet orchestra" at the front that discoursed popular choruses, with a biscuit-tin obligato!

The London Rifle Brigade's field kitchen behind the firing-line at "Plug Street." Right: "Come to the cookhouse door, boys!" The dinner call being sounded at a camp kitchen at the front.

A fair French cook at a British billet near Ypres preparing a meal for soldiers to the strains of a gramophone.

Cavalry, Cyclists, Cooks and Conquest

An official photograph (of which the Crown copyright is reserved) from General Headquarters of part of the first-line trenches on the western front. Left: Soldier holding a message which had been dropped by airmen into the British lines.

Cavalry patrol out scouting. Our mounted troops keenly anticipated taking an active part in the next great push after Loos. On the right: Two cycling non-coms. studying a map at the cross-roads.

A kitchen in the first line of trenches, with the cook preparing food in a dixey over a charcoal fire. Above: What one of their villages looked like when the conquering Belgians finally drove the Germans out of it after a stiff battle.

A great work is still lying ahead. The people of South Africa must show the world that she stands for freedom and justice, and be prepared to make sacrifices for the cause when appealed to. As far as I am concerned, if I stand alone, I am going to continue in the policy that I have pursued.

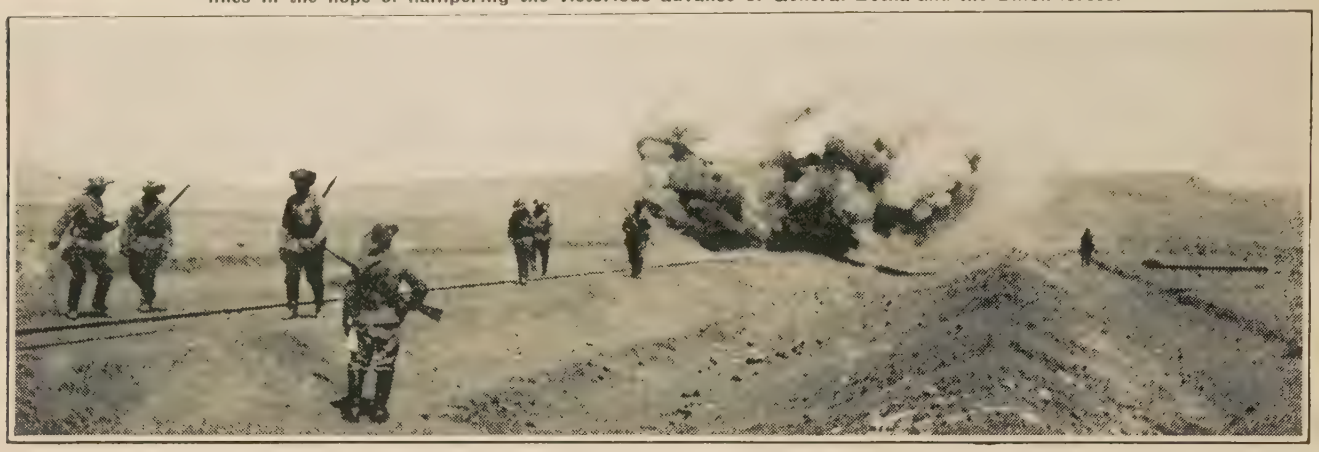
—General Botha.

Clearing the Huns Out of Africa

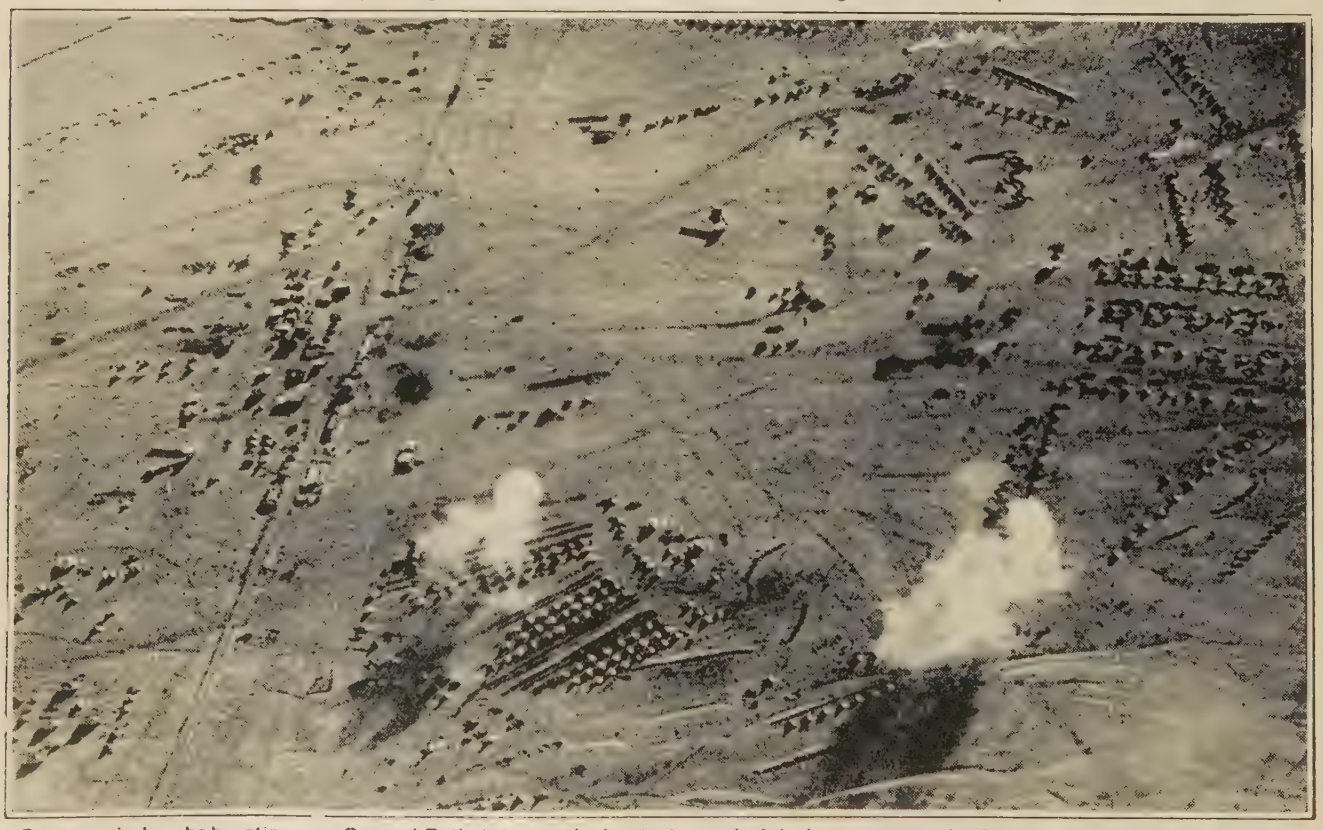
FIGHTING MAN AND BEAST IN THE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.—Two British patrols in East Africa when attacked by a lion had to use the bayonet. To have fired would have warned the enemy.

Fall of South-West Africa in Enemy Photographs

Men of the rearguard of the retreating Germans in South-West Africa placing charges on a railway preparatory to blowing up the lines in the hope of hampering the victorious advance of General Botha and the Union forces.



The explosion of one of the charges placed on the railway by the retreating enemy. Railways are the lifelines of an army, whether it be operating in the deserts of Africa or on the battle-grounds of Europe.



German air-bombs bursting over General Botha's troops during their wonderful advance across the desert to conquer German South-West Africa. Airmen flew out to meet the advancing Union forces, and this remarkable photograph was taken from a German aeroplane.

Black Defenders of the White Hope in Africa

After a protracted campaign the Germans were driven from the Cameroon, February, 1916. The above photo shows the primitive method of transport adopted by belligerents in West Africa.

Native troops landing in the Cameroon. Inset: Couriers marching in single file heavily laden with war material. Such was the only means of conveying the munitions, food, etc., from place to place, and of course was mainly responsible for the long drawn out campaign.

The Passing of a German African Possession:

General view of the British Nigerian Regiment's camp somewhere in the Cameroon. Garua, an important stronghold in the German line, capitulated on June 10th, 1915; severe fighting continued for some time longer in the colony.

THE Germans, slowly but surely, were stripped of all their Colonial possessions. For some time before the Cameroon was wrested from them they retained Yaunde and a certain part of territory in the centre of the colony.

The fight for this valuable strip of Western Africa was a stern one, and many brave Britons perished for the great cause under circumstances even more trying than on the western front, in the Dardanelles, or Balkans. Intense heat, swamps, torrential rains, and impenetrable jungle were among the hardships endured by our troops.

The proverbial cupidity and frightfulness of the German plans in Europe were similarly in vogue in the Cameroon. On one occasion, however, in retreating from Lomje, the enemy resorted to burning villages, thereby causing a mutiny among the native troops in German service. Every effort was made to influence the Mohammedans against the Allies by wonderful stories of the fall of Paris, the capture of English towns, and such-like "victories."

Encampment of the British Nigerian Regiment in the Cameroon country. Some stalwart natives who fought for the white cause of liberty are seen collecting stores. Inset: Officer's tent in the zone of operations. A brilliant British success was scored west of Yaunde by Major-General C. M. Dobell, and in the north Brigadier-General F. H. G. Cunliffe shattered the enemy resistance.

Closing Scenes in the Contest for the Cameroon

British officers snapped at leisure among the huge boulders typical of parts of Equatorial Africa.

Machine-gun in action in the British trenches in the Cameroon. Earth sacks were used here as in Europe.

Another view of an officer's tent, a haven of refuge from the scorching rays of the sun. Tropical vegetation is seen in the background.

British officers photographed in the course of their work behind a barricade of stones. Inset: Major W. Wright, V.C., on the left, one of the leading men in the campaign against Kaiserism in the African Continent.

Britons in the Cameroon and East Africa

British blockhouse in East Africa protected by a forest of barbed-wire entanglements. Three officers are seen surveying the country for signs of the enemy. Inset: Squad of R.M.L.I. operating against the Germans in the Cameroon.

German guns in action against German East Africa. These weapons were captured during the campaign against South-West Africa, and notwithstanding the fact that they were spiked and the German gunners refused to explain the working, the officers and men of the S.A.M.R. soon adapted them for use against their former owners.

With the Old Flag Under a New Command

Training East African natives as stretcher-bearers. Owing to the illness of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, the command of the British East African forces operating against the adjacent German colony devolved upon General Smuts, February, 1916.

Indian soldiers holding an advanced post which had been barricaded by stones. In spite of the rough nature of the country and the terrific heat, the Indian was better able to adapt himself to conditions in East Africa than to those obtaining in Europe.

Fun and frolic in the wilds. How to relieve the monotony of "easy days" is, perhaps, the only care of the fighting man. These Britons in far-away East Africa seem to have got some amusement out of attiring their docile chargers in pants and running a race.

Glimpses of our Little-Known War in E. Africa

Indian troops advancing under cover of the bush, about to engage the German forces.

Natives of the King's African Rifles collecting wounded. An injured enemy soldier is seen bandaged.

Native porters of British East Africa carrying ammunition in the rear of an advancing column. This is the only means of getting munitions into the firing-line. The thick bush makes wheeled transport an impossibility. Inset: Indian mountain gun in action in the East African bush. These weapons, by reason of their mobility, proved most serviceable in this tropical environment.

Indian and African Soldiers of Our Empire

Issuing firewood at Nairobi. Although so near the Equator considerable cold is experienced on the higher lands, which reach an elevation of 7,000 feet, and fires are often needed for warmth as well as for cooking purposes.

Weighing the Sepoys' kits. Twenty-five pounds was the maximum weight allowed to be carried by each man.

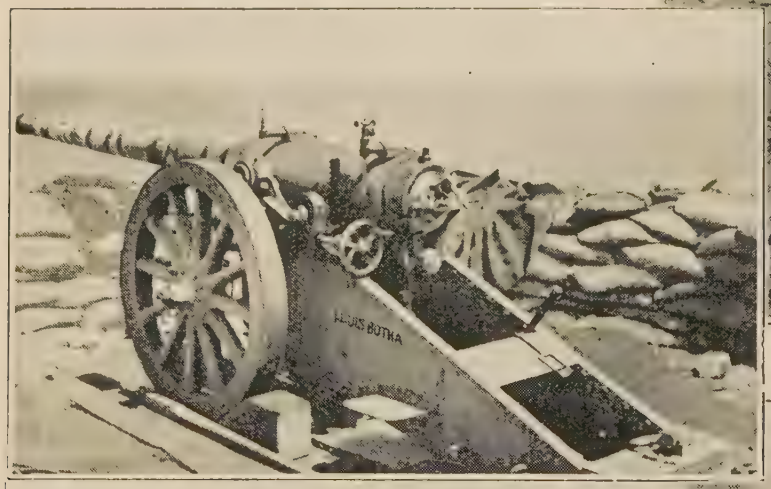
Native scouts employed by the British force. These natives belong for the most part to races speaking the Bantu languages.

Landing from a ferry at an East African harbour. Heavy rains rendered the progress of military operations against the Germans in East Africa and Nyasaland a matter of great difficulty.

British Activities from the Equator to Capricorn

German prisoners incarcerated in a South-West African camp, drawing water from a well.

Repairing damage caused by an explosion on the Uganda Railway, which was easily liable to isolated attacks by hostile raiding parties.



How a scouting-party in a narrow-gauge line penetrated into enemy country from Omarieru. Inset: One of the heavy guns at Shark Island, which overlooks the erstwhile German town of Luderitzbucht, S.-W. Africa. The weapon was christened "Louis Botha." As an indication of Britain's responsibilities, these photographs embrace war areas stretching from the Equator to the Tropic of Capricorn.

New Glories of the French Armies

Athwart that land of bloss'ming vine
Stretches the awful battle-line;
A lark hangs, singing in the sky,
With sullen shrapnel bursting nigh!
Along the poplar bordered road
The peasant trudges with his load,
While horsemen and artillery
Rush to red fields that are to be!

—J. B. Dollard.

The Terrible Fight for Douaumont in the Great Battle of Verdun, February, 1916.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Terrible French Defence in Champagne

THE swift, smashing defeat of the German offensive movement in Champagne on Sunday, January 9th, 1916, was an affair of great technical interest. The battle was merely a sudden, machine-wrought slaughter on a large scale; the interesting, illuminating thing about it was the method by which thirty thousand German troops of fine fighting quality were shattered. The event proved that the French had discovered the best solution of the problem of trench defence.

This problem had occupied the minds of the leading military men of the belligerent nations for the previous sixteen months. They had to find the means of reducing the "wastage" of their infantry while these were holding the trenches so strongly that no surprise rush by the enemy could succeed. The old-fashioned British and Russian method of packing troops into the fire-trench and sweeping the zone of advance with rapid musketry fire was very expensive, for the men were too densely exposed to high-explosive shell fire, torpedoes, bombs and mines.

The Enemy's Method

The Germans were able to save their entrenched infantry by a now well-known device. At the outbreak of war they possessed more than four times as many machine-guns as any allied army. As the struggle proceeded they rapidly increased their productive plant, until by the winter of 1915 they had one Maxim, either fixed or pivoted, for every twenty infantrymen. They bristled the front with machine-guns, built machine-gun redoubts between their lines, and in the rear they protected their artillery and made a rallying line for their troops by means of a row of houses, hills, block-houses, and earthworks containing machine-guns. This rear row of Maxim posts, which stopped our advances at Neuve Chapelle and Loos, was the main element of the German defensive system. The mass of infantry, during the ordinary course of trench life, was sheltered in dug-outs, secure from practically every form of attack, except a gas cloud.

The French armies gradually increased the number of their machine-guns, but yet remained far behind the enemy in regard to this important secondary armament. Meanwhile, General Joffre had quickly to discover a regular system of trench defence which should avoid wastage, and leave the balance of the process of attrition heavily against the ingenious and foreseeing German.

We do not yet know the names of the French officers who invented and developed the national form of trench defence, but their work was a miracle of terrible, subtle skill. It reversed the German system. The forts, in their modern form of deep, narrow earthworks, with underground chambers of refuge, were placed well in advance of the fire-trench. Saps were dug at fairly wide intervals towards the hostile wire entanglements. Round the head of each sap a machine-gun redoubt was made and garrisoned with the gunners and artillery observing officers, connected with their distant batteries by telephone wires.

The modest name of "listening-posts" was given to these small advanced forts, but they were so arranged that the ground between them was swept by their machine-guns. They guarded the entire front from surprise rushes. The fire-trenches behind them were weakly held, chiefly by parties of infantry working trench mortars, periscoping for snipers, and watching over sappers engaged in driving mines or making saps for further listening-posts. The masses of troops were, like the main bodies of German infantry, sheltered in dug-outs in the second and third lines. Therefore the daily wastage was small.

Shells and Fumes

On Saturday, January 8th, a movement was seen in the German lines behind Tahure Hill. The French commander divined what was about to happen; but, when the great hostile counter-attack was seen to be coming, he did not pack his fire-trenches with troops. On the contrary, he stripped his front-line of men, but increased his artillery ammunition, and meanwhile brought his howitzers to bear on the German lines.

The German guns, on Sunday, started a violent reply, and their fire rose to an intensity which would have been devastating if the French lines had been full of troops. It was the famous "drum fire," heralding an infantry advance—the fire in which the big guns make a continuous rolling thunder of enormous volume. The great shells, flung by the hundred thousand on the trench position on the downland between the Suippes River and the Argonne Forest, were chiefly asphyxiating shells, and the green poison fumes spread over the deep trenches dug out of the chalk of Northern Champagne. Had there been two French riflemen to every yard in those trenches the casualties might have been heavy. But the narrow, zigzagging cuttings were empty, except for a few masked figures in dug-outs, watching through periscopes, and, like their comrades in the out-flung listening-posts, communicating by telephone to headquarters and batteries.

The German gunners changed to high-explosive shell, with which they battered the first French line. Then they changed again to shrapnel and mixed explosive and bullet missiles, with which they curtained off their opponents' support trenches. This they did when a north-easterly wind enabled the German gas corps to float a terrifying cloud of chloride fumes towards the French trenches between the Hill of Tahure and the Hill of Mesnil. But the clerk of the weather on that Sunday afternoon was in an anti-German mood, for when the cylinders were opened the wind changed, and a large part of the gas was driven into the grey masses of German infantry.

The Wall of Melinite

But these consisted of part of the Prussian Guard Corps, often reconstituted, but still inspired by its fine traditions, and regiments selected for their proved valour. In all there were two army corps drawn up for attack, and of these three divisions were actually launched against the French lines. Nominally, 60,000 German soldiers, therefore, were employed; but of these only 36,000 were infantrymen, and, in matter of fact, the battalions were already wasted by fighting, and not more than 30,000 men seem to have taken part in the charges.

They advanced in dense lines on a front some five miles in length. Their ranks were closer at both flanks—near the village of Tahure and near the down known by its peculiar shape as the Hand of Massiges. In the middle of the crescent which they formed their weight was lighter. But whether it was light or heavy, the result was the same. There was a marked line along the zone between the French and German trenches which no German passed, for thousands of French gunners, directed by officers in the advanced posts, maintained a rampart of melinite and shrapnel shell.

The French infantry had practically no work to do. They were gathered in the communication trenches and in the large shelters hewn from the chalk, in some of which an entire battalion could safely rest. They were loaded with hand-bombs and armed besides with daggers, and close at hand they had vast magazines of grenades capable of keeping them supplied for days. Practically all the dangerous work fell upon the small advanced parties, watching the enemy, noticing the effect of gun fire upon him.

When night fell the Germans made a last mass attack—their fourth. But the French gunners, having their ranges fixed mechanically, scarcely needed star-shells and search-lights. Only in two places, near each flank, did any body of attackers reach a French fire-trench, and the couple of hundred yards that was lost was quickly recovered by bombing parties, who rushed up the communication ways. By Monday morning the enemy held only a single listening-post near the farm of Maisons de Champagne. The French losses in the advanced and fire trenches were under a thousand; the German losses exceeded ten thousand. It will thus be seen that our allies used their fine light field-gun, the 75 millimetre, with a more deadly effect in defence than the enemy used his innumerable machine-guns. The French infantry seldom held their trenches under heavy pressure; they retired and let their gunners knock the enemy out of the position, and then returned with bombs to complete the clearance.

EDWARD WRIGHT

The Two Heroes: An Idyll of the Champagne Front

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ARTIST GEORGES SCOTT.

Great Men & Great Guns for the Glory of France

M. Poincare, in company with General Dubail, General Humbert and Staff officers, closely following the effects of a bombardment of the German position with heavy guns. From the very beginning of the war the French President played a part in the affairs of France fully in keeping with the great period of his regime. President Poincaré ever applied his splendid intellect to bring about the Great Revenge.

Impressive photograph from the Champagne district, showing a huge 155 mm. cannon in action. The gunners were masked in readiness for a possible gas attack, and wore special goggles to mitigate the effect of what are known as "weeping shells," German projectiles whose gas made the eyes water.

The Effective French Howitzer & its Deadly Work

One of the many huge French guns which fire 220 lb. shells. These weapons proved themselves quite as efficient as the smaller "75," and it was mainly due to their power and accuracy that the French secured the Champagne victory of September, 1915.

After a bombardment of the German trenches by the French howitzers. Wounded enemy soldiers seated by the roadside awaiting the arrival of the ambulance. A number of dead are lying in the ditches, and Red Cross men on the other side of the road are removing the bodies for burial.

More Sidelights on French Victory in Champagne

French infantrymen about to search a dug-out in a section of a captured German trench in Champagne.

Almost daily the French added to their huge army of German prisoners, who were quite happy in the knowledge that they had missed the fate of "cannon fodder." Inset: Carcase of a horse thrown into a tree by the force of a bursting shell.

The Wine-press of War in the Land of the Vine

In Argonne little trucks drawn by horses along very light railways were used for conveying supplies to the troops. The saving of labour was immense where the roads had been badly cut up by the traffic of war.

Champagne, pre-eminently the land of the vine, was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the war. In the serious way in which these French cavalry and cyclists are contemplating one another one seems to detect the change that the war wrought over the whole of France.

The Work of One Shot: A Lesson in Shell-Power

The destructive power of a modern shell may well be understood from this illustration, showing the interior of an office at Rheims. A heavy German projectile, falling almost perpendicularly through the roof, tore huge holes in each floor, finally shattering the massive roof of the cellar. Though this beautiful French cathedral city was still liable to enemy bombardment in January, 1916, quite a number of the inhabitants elected to remain, confident that Père Joffre would deliver them from their peril in the next great advance.

Steel Caps and Steel Hearts Nearest to the Boches

French patrol passing through a village in "No Man's Land," the church of which has received the proverbial baptism of Hun fire. These steel-helmeted warriors are on the look-out for raiding Boches. Every German the less brought victory nearer.

How a French artillery commander's headquarters were made more or less immune from destruction by enemy shells. The neatness with which the position was consolidated with stones, sandbags, logs of wood and gabions is characteristic of French thoroughness. Nothing less than a powerful mine could shatter this very strong dug-out.

Mass in the trenches. French priest conducting a religious service in the open air. A large congregation of French infantrymen stand bareheaded in an attitude of reverence.

A religious interlude in the strife of war. French soldier-priest, using an ammunition waggon as an altar, celebrates Mass in the presence of his comrades.

Divine thoughts in the trenches. Another religious ceremony held in a French first-line position. Bareheaded, a group of pious Piou-pious are listening to the consoling voice of a man of God. Note the rifles ready in position.

Before departing on a perilous mission two French soldiers are commending their souls to the Almighty. A short service is being celebrated in the little chapel, which is characterised by charming taste and artistry purely Latin.

A Daughter of France Amid the Ruins of Rheims

The women of France did much to win the war for General Joffre. They inspired the Poilu to steel his heart against the "Furor Teutonicus." With the war on the very thresholds of their homes, the women of France knew from tragic experience that the issue was either victory or death. This photograph shows a charming French girl who was only contemptuous of German shells, in spite of the havoc that they wrought on the beautiful city of Rheims.

Theatricals Behind the Lines & Prison Walls

The drama at the front. Queue of French soldiers waiting for admittance to a "show" behind the lines. The theatre was an old shell-wrecked farm building, and the posters and props alike were the work of local talent. Among the amusing notices on the walls was one which read, "Counterfeit money taken here."

A little tragedy in the great tragedy. Dramatic performance given by Belgian prisoners interned at Amberg, Bavaria. The audience and orchestra, as well as the cast, consisted of allied war prisoners. In view of the amateurish material available, the talent of the actors and the scenery may be counted a very distinct success.

The French Private in Castle and Schoolroom

The French "Tommy" as a chatelain. Although the famous Bouisin Chateau, situated in the Aisne district, was battered by German shell fire, most of the valuables were collected and kept under guard by French soldiers. The Boche had a very broad view on the subject of property, especially when fighting under the Crown Prince, who had a partiality for trinkets.

Leisure moments for the French soldier billeted in a schoolhouse. Some of our allies occupying themselves in writing home, reading letters, repairing clothes, etc. In such large, airy billets as these, the lot of the convivial French private was by no means an unhappy one. In fact, it was rather the reverse.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Death and Resurrection of the Foreign Legion

IN the old days the Foreign Legion of France was the last refuge from suicide. Broken young gentlemen from foreign countries, and despairing scamps whom the police prevented from earning a dishonest living, found in the Legion a last foothold on life. Then, as writers of romance took to glorifying the hard-bitten, iron-disciplined body of foreigners who cleared Algeria, Tunis, and the Sahara of fighting Arabs, young men of an adventurous turn of mind joined the Legion for sport.

At the outbreak of the war the fame of the Legion attracted many young fighting lovers of France from the neutral States, and by the time these recruits were fully trained the Legion was somewhat changed in character through wastage and fresh drafts, while retaining its formidable character. The men had a superb pride in themselves, and they lifted each new recruit to their own level in the great charge they made against the Vimy Ridge on May 9th, 1915. The Legion was then set to win the White Works, a great underground German fortress lying between Carency and Neuville. But this job was too small for the Legionaries.

In one great leaping movement they broke through five German lines in an hour and a half, and completely shattered an entire German division, taking two thousand prisoners, a large number of guns, and killing or wounding another ten thousand enemies. But after breaking through the German front to a depth of three miles, the two regiments of the Legion reached Vimy Ridge, on the reverse slope of which was the last German line. Between the crest and the line of entanglements, trenches, and gun-pits, there was a grassy slope, four hundred yards in breadth. This the Legion could not cross. It was shattered in trying to do so; for the enemy machine-guns, quick-firers, and heavy artillery swept every yard of the ground. After losing three out of every four officers, and having its companies reduced from two hundred and fifty to fifty men, the remnant of the corps crawled into shell-holes on the slopes, and remained in these shattered covers until relieved.

In the Valley of Death

When the survivors were drawn back into reserve, it seemed as if the famous Legion were for ever destroyed. But thousands of volunteers still poured in from Switzerland, America, the Peninsula, and Scandinavia, and at the end of four months the corps was able to take the field again. It was given to General Marchand as a reserve to his Colonial Division at Souain in the Battle of Champagne on September 25th, 1915. The Legion did not like this.

The men began by being angry; they ended by being in a maddened fury. In marching up the Punch-bowl of Souain on September 26th they lost two thousand men without firing a shot; for the Germans, after checking the Colonial Division near Navarin Farm, maintained a curtain of shrapnel and shell fire over the Punch-bowl to prevent the French general from moving up his supports. After being badly knocked about by their unseen enemy, the Legionaries had to lie all night on their stomachs in the pouring rain, under a pine-wood on the slopes of a down. When morning broke there was a heavy fog blanketing the country, and the French gunners and their observing airmen could not find the position of the opposing batteries. General de Castelnau was therefore in serious difficulties, for the enemy's howitzers continued to rake the valley with gun fire, while the French artillery could not see what to fire at.

The Germans held the chain of chalk heights, forming an immense horse-shoe, and all the main German trenches and gun-pits were on the reverse slope of the downs. Nothing of them could be seen, and in many cases the French troops were allowed to top the crest before an annihilating combination of converging fires was brought to bear on them. The most formidable of these German positions was the western point of the Horse-shoe at a place called Sabot Wood. This clump of fir-trees grew on the sides of a down near Navarin Farm. The works in it were also in the form of a horse-shoe in front, while behind was a maze of trenches and great caverns, dug out of the chalk, with railway-stations into which reinforcements and munitions were brought along two light railways built by the German engineers and connected with the old French railway running along the Py River. It was against the Sabot Wood fortress that Marchand's Zouaves had broken.

All this the Legionaries learned as they lay in the rain at night in the fir-wood and grieved over their wrongs. There was some talk of their acting as supports to Zouave, Colonial, and Moorish columns charging against the Horse-shoe. But the Legionaries could not stand this. They sent a deputation to their colonel, and asked him in a more or less polite way if he had any regard for the honour of the corps. The colonel, who was also fretting at losing thousands of men without having struck a blow, sought for his army corps commander at Souain, and put the matter before him. As a special favour the Foreign Legion begged to be allowed to attack Bois Sabot. It was pointed out in reply that the Legionaries were only asking to be allowed to commit suicide.

Glorious Attack on Bois Sabot

What could two regiments do against the great fortress which needed at least an army corps to operate against it? But the Legion was sick of life. It did not care about tactics. At last it was arranged that the Legionaries should have their way, and make a frontal attack between the horns of the Horse-shoe. Then, while the enemy was engaged in repelling this assault, the French general prepared to launch another division on the flank of the fortress. Naturally, it was this flank attack which the French commander expected to succeed. From his point of view he was sacrificing the maddened Legionaries in an impossible kind of attack, which would simply draw out the enemy's forces, and enable him to deliver a more scientific blow from another direction.

But things did not fall out in this way. The angry Legionaries dislocated the plan of their general. At three-thirty in the afternoon of September 28th they were drawn up in the pine-woods in columns of two, having only eighty per cent. of their original effectives, the others having been killed by shell and shrapnel fire in a long period of waiting in the Punch-bowl. The woods in which they were sheltering were still being shelled as they started to charge. The 1st Battalion leaped over the heads of French soldiers entrenched outside the wood, and amid cheers of encouragement the narrow columns changed into single file and, quickening their pace, swept out between the horns of the Horse-shoe.

The leading battalion was raked front and flanks with machine-gun and musketry fire, and caught in the middle and rear by shrapnel. Whole sections fell to a man, but the other men held on and reached the barbed-wire entanglements. A path was made, but only one Legionary of the 1st Battalion got through it, and he fell headlong into the enemy's fire-trenches with a bullet through his knee.

A Lodestone for the Brave

Almost immediately, however, the 2nd Battalion of the Legion arrived at the entanglements and pushed through, and jumped into the trench. Maybe a hundred out of two thousand broke into the German position, but with hand-bombs and daggers they cleared out a hundred yards of the line, then other battalions joined them with fewer losses, and the real struggle for victory then began. The Legionaries worked their way through the warren with so absolute a frenzy for slaughter that the German division, garrisoning the works and supplied with abundant hand-bombs, could hold no barricade. No prisoners were taken, and the half-shattered Legion, fighting in sheer madness, careless of its losses, was reduced at last to a score or so of men. But when the flanking French division arrived on the scene there was no work for it. The tiny remnant of the Legion was master of the whole fortress.

The Legion had perished in its victory, but such was the power of example of its dead upon the minds of thousands of living men in neutral States, who had no call to go to war, that the Legion was re-born in Paris. Volunteers came in such numbers that by the end of November it was in training again.

The Spirit of France: A Symbolical Impression

There are in France, more than in any other European country, many inspiring monuments symbolical of that love of country which proves the greatness of a nation. It is doubtful, however, if any of them could surpass in beauty and dignity this group of French soldiers, recorded by the camera, leaving the trenches to attack. A colonel at the head is carrying the Tricolour, Colonel Desgrees du Lou, who took the flag at the critical moment from the real standard-bearer, Lieut. Lobert, the better to inspire his men forward. The nearest man, with the beard, is the "garde du drapeau," or flag-guard, who always shields the standard-bearer. The gallant colonel was struck down mortally wounded. His two companions likewise fell, but the flag was saved.

Père Joffre Reviews his Devoted 'Childre

THIS superb impression of General Joffre and his Staff reviewing French troops in Lorraine calls to mind various celebrated incidents of warfare under the relentless but picturesque "General Winter." The paintings of Napoleon with his army on the St. Bernard, the Retreat from Moscow, and the clashing Batt Hohenlinden are but a few. Nowadays, the camera is some successful in portraying with as much reality the striking epi that were once the exclusive province of the brush and p

a Snow-white Field of France

snow-covered Lorraine, some of Père Joffre's "children" are awn up for inspection. Tricolour to the fore, the peculiar ench bayonet fixed, in full winter kit, including the invaluable lmet, they stand ready to the last gaiter button; prepared to go forward and complete the reconquest of this beautiful Rhine province at the decree of France, under the direction of the most magnetic leader since the "Little Corsican" led the Republican armies to victory in the first years of the nineteenth century.

Rifles & Grenades Along the First Trench Line

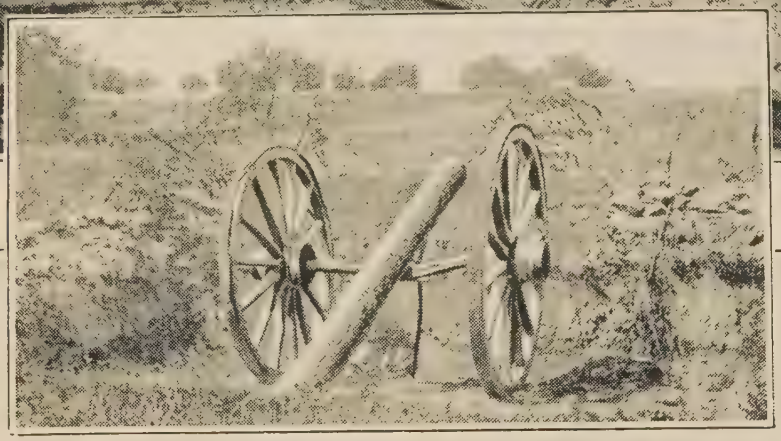
French infantry manning a trench they had captured in Champagne. It had been battered out of all semblance of its original form.

School of war within sound of the guns. French soldiers being taught to throw grenades by means of tiny trench cannon. Inset: Dog that followed his master into the trenches, refused to leave him, and became the pet of the regiment.

A Casualty in the Red Cross Canine Contingent

French Red Cross dog having his wounded paw dressed by an Army doctor. This dog, struck by a stray bullet while searching for wounded behind the firing-line, wears an expression of patient optimism, almost as though aware that he had suffered in his country's cause. Dogs played useful parts with the French Army, some as sentries and others as Red Cross helpers. In this latter capacity it was their duty to search for wounded men who might have been overlooked, possibly through having crawled into undergrowth. When the dogs found a soldier they took his kepi or something else belonging to him, and hurried back with it to the ambulance workers.

Ruse & Requisite to Further the Progress of War



The hauling power of a motor-car fitted with railway wheels and run on rails is, as this photo from the French front shows, very considerable. Inset: A "dummy" gun to beguile the hovering Taube.

French farm retaken from the Germans. The destruction to the buildings looks more serious than it really was. Although the farm was actually struck by one or two shells, the tiles in reality were shaken off by the vibration of continual fire.

French Warriors Equipped for Wintry Weather

"Some" mud. French soldier in a waterlogged trench finds his long rubber trench-boots indispensable.

Japanese military attaches in French uniforms inspecting our ally's trenches and a shattered village in Artois.

A heavy bombardment having commenced, two French soldiers are entering a "funk hole."

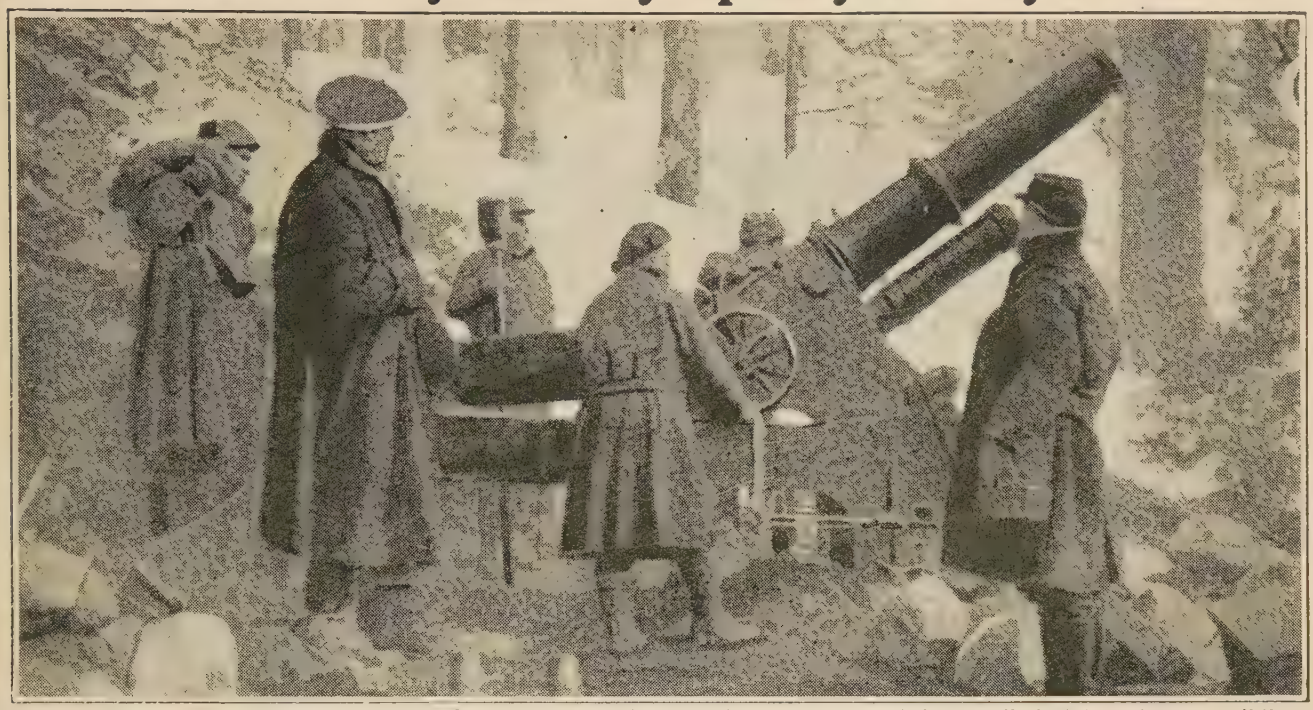
French officers in full winter kit photographed in a corner of a first-line position.

The Clemency of the French to the Captured Hun

French infantrymen distributing cigarettes among a recently captured batch of German prisoners. The captured Huns all seemed very eager for the gifts, and generally looked about as miserable a collection of Boches as one could possibly see.

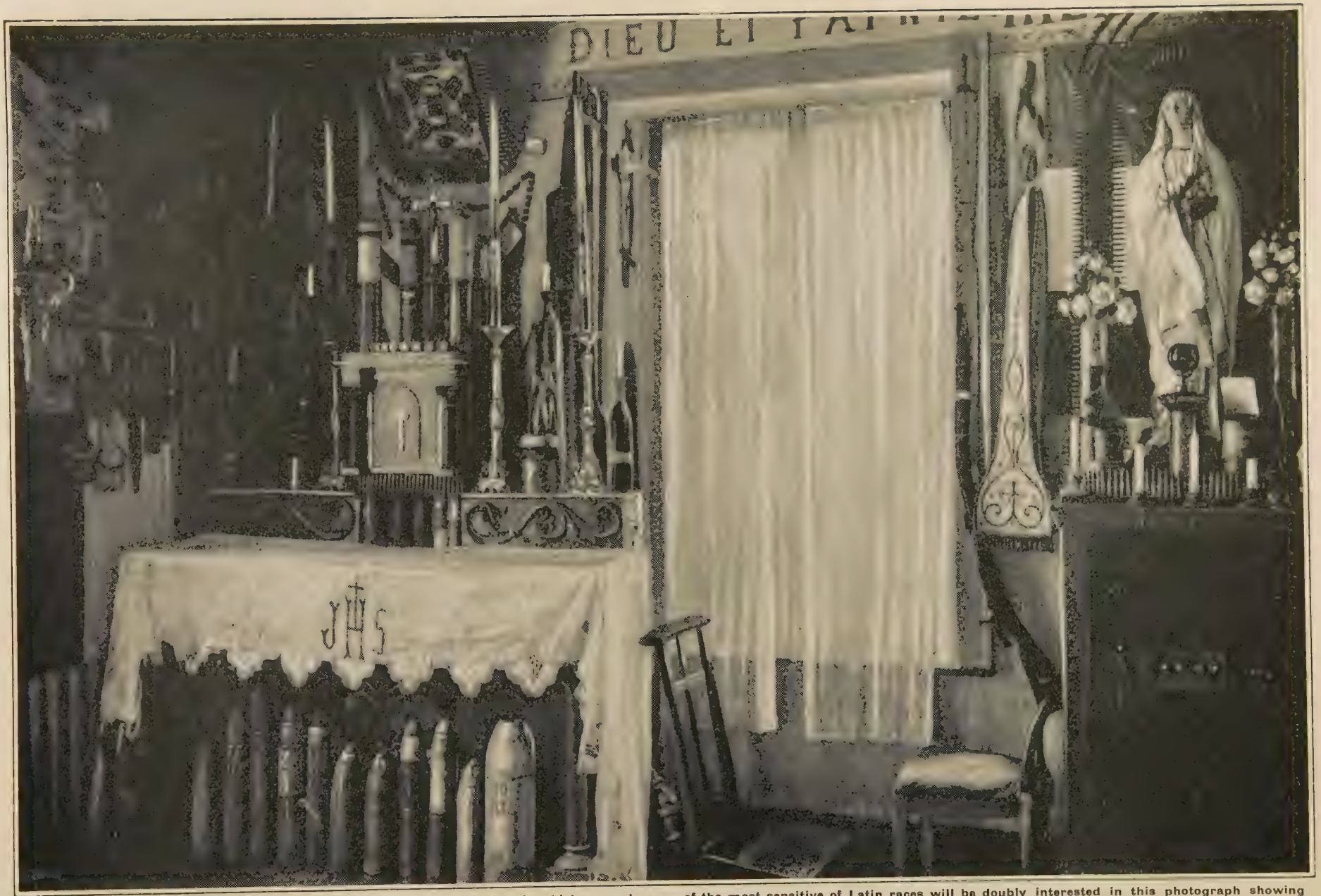
French Tirailleur endeavouring to persuade a wounded German prisoner's comrades to look after the injured man. The chivalrous attitude of our French allies to captured Germans seems remarkable in view of the destruction that the Huns wrought in France.

Notes of Victory and Sympathy in Loyal Alsace



French 155 mm. gun barking at the Boches from an Alsatian forest position. Snow had fallen heavily in this region, and all the gunners were warmly clad in thick winter overcoats.

The Allies in Alsace. Representatives of the European Coalition visited the Rhine province as the guests of the French Army. This charming photograph shows an Italian officer with two Alsatian girls in their picturesque costumes. He is holding a bouquet in his left hand. In the background a Serbian officer and a number of French soldiers are seen, together with inhabitants of the village.



THE RIGHTEOUS WAR.—From the beginning of the war the manner in which every class in France rallied to the standard was significant of our ally's determination to win. Nowhere was there a dissentient note. The number of priests who changed the cassock for the soldier's uniform was remarkable, and those who know something of the intense religious fervour of the most sensitive of Latin races will be doubly interested in this photograph showing the interior of a priest's house at Belleville. His church having been raked by shot and shell, he erected an altar in his own dwelling, decorated by shells, cartridges, and military equipment. Even the figure of the Virgin stands between two exploded shells used as vases.

First-line Contrasts in the Stress of Battle

The pain of war amid the restful silence of a French wood. A sentry, discovered wounded at his post, being carried to a dressing-station.

The label of honour. Frenchmen, slightly wounded and wearing the official "wound tickets," walking from the trenches to a hospital behind the lines. Right: A moment of tension. The bugle about to sound the charge in a French trench manned by United States Legionaires—who were not "too proud to fight."

The "75"—Marvel of Modern Quick-Firers

The Wonder Weapon of the Great War by General Percin, of the French Army

Posterity will accord to General Percin and Colonel Deport much of the credit for the superb condition of French artillery on the outbreak of war, and consistently throughout the whole campaign. Colonel Deport invented the splendid 75 mm. gun, which has been picturesquely described as the "Saviour of France," and General Percin, after laborious experiments, inaugurated a system of firing which made this weapon the most redoubtable ordnance in the world. General Percin was born in 1846. Entering the Ecole Polytechnique in 1865, he made a special study of artillery. He took part in the '70 war, was twice wounded, and achieved the distinction of rising to be a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour at the early age of twenty-five. After his initial struggle with the "Boches," General Percin devoted himself to the problem of rapid gunnery, and in the following article he puts us in possession of some little-known facts about the "75," the wonder weapon of the Great War.

NO gun, since artillery first came into use, has been more justly praised than the French "75," and no gun has been more feared by the enemy. Sometimes, indeed, it has received exaggerated praise—as when this gun was said to have dethroned the infantry, hitherto considered the "Queen of Battles."

The truth is that there has been no change in the rôle of the different weapons in action. The infantry remains the "Queen of Battles." Its mission, ever more glorious, because ever more full of peril, is always to drive the enemy from his positions. And never, as the present war has proved once again, has the most overwhelming artillery fire been able to bring about this result. Nothing but the assault of the infantry, or at least the threat of assault, can force the enemy to give ground.

But the infantry would have great difficulty in advancing if it had no other support than the rifle. For, on the one hand, while the attack is advancing it does not fire, whereas the defence can maintain an uninterrupted fire. On the other hand, the defence being behind shelter, exposes only a very small portion of the body, while the attack is entirely exposed during the advance. In this duel of rifle fire the defence holds an immense advantage over the attack.

Conditions are completely changed if the friendly artillery takes up a position at a point outside the range of rifle fire from the objective of attack. By firing from this point upon the defence, which can make no effectual reply, the guns compel it to put "nose to ground." The attack can then advance unchecked by rifle fire.

Bombarding the enemy sharpshooters who fringe the objective, and thus assisting the advance of the friendly infantry, constitutes what is known as "supporting the attack."

The Futility of Slow Fire

Down to 1895, the only available support for infantry attack consisted of guns firing one shot a minute, that is, sixty shots per hour. This slow rate of fire made little impression on the defenders of the position. Between each gunshot the sharpshooter felt secure during a whole minute, and could fire on the assaulting party quite at his ease.

After 1870, artillerymen understood the advantages to be derived from possessing a gun firing ten times more rapidly. Not that they proposed to fire six hundred rounds an hour, for no possible supply of ammunition would have permitted so large a consumption; but it was hoped to make a more judicious use of the sixty shots which would still be fired in an hour. For example, a "rafale" (squall) of five or six shots might be delivered, followed by a silence lasting several minutes; then another "rafale," followed by another interval of silence, and so on, the duration of the "rafales" and the silent intervals being varied at the will of the firer in order to surprise the enemy.

General Percin, the French artillery expert, who contributes the above article.

In order to obtain this result it was necessary to perfect the method of loading, and to get rid of the recoil, which obliged the gunners to haul their piece forward again and lay the sights after every shot, thus greatly prolonging the operation.

The Artillery Duel in Peace

Krupp began experiments by placing blocks of india-rubber at the points where the force of the gun's recoil was exerted.

In 1880 the English artillery tried a gun of 76 millimetres (3 in.), whose cradle was connected with the rod of a piston moving in an hydraulic cylinder fixed on the carriage. The force of the recoil being thus imprisoned, combined with that of a spring, drove the gun forward again, and the carriage remained almost motionless.

Krupp adopted this idea, and applied it in 1883 to a gun of 84 millimetres. He subsequently perfected it, and adapted it to the quick-firing gun of 77 millimetres which he manufactured in 1896.

France followed suit, but discovered at the first attempt a hydro-pneumatic brake far superior to the German pattern, and applied it in 1897 to the "75" gun created by Colonel Deport. The secrets of this brake and of the other details of the gun were so well kept that the Germans had to wait several years before improving their "77"; but the imitation was not so good as the model. France maintained her lead, not only as regards the brake, but still more as regards the breech mechanism and the gun-laying apparatus. Above all, she maintained it as regards methods of fire, in the application of which the French gunners had acquired a skill that the Germans never managed to equal. Indeed, they confess as much in letters found on prisoners, killed and wounded.

Deadliness of Indirect Fire

The most original part of the French fire methods, that in which France has gone ahead of all the other Powers, is the general employment of *indirect fire;* that is to say, a kind of fire in which the gun-layer aims, not at the actual target, which may alter from moment to moment, but at a fixed point, easily visible and easily identified, situated in front, at the side, or in the rear of the gun; as, for example, a church steeple, a tree taller than its neighbours, or the corner of a solitary house. The aiming apparatus is so arranged that if the line of fire is made to form a certain angle with the line of sight, the gun is directed towards the target. This angle is given by the battery commander to the layer, who marks it off on his apparatus. By this means—for the old ways of designating the objective

[*Continued on page* 1532.

French Cavalrymen Save the Day as Infantrymen

Cavalry which, owing to the exigencies of siege warfare, had little chance to exercise its powers, was used to a great extent as infantry. A notable incident in which two squadrons of French Hussars saved the day in a charge on foot took place in the Champagne offensive. The infantry had been brought to a standstill by a number of small forts. The cavalry came to their relief, only to be held up themselves by a withering machine-gun fire. Thereupon the gallant Hussars dismounted and charged the enemy trenches with drawn sabres, rallying the infantry to enable them to shatter the German resistance.

MARVEL OF MODERN QUICK-FIRERS (Contd. from page 1530.)

are so laborious and liable to error—there is substituted the indication of a few figures, by virtue of which the fire is shifted to right or left, nearer or farther away, higher or lower, at the will of the commander, without the layer seeing either the shell-bursts or the target.

No lengthy remarks are needed when indicating the figures. The commander is therefore no longer obliged to remain near his guns. He can place himself at the point from which he can best see the objective, and from which he can best judge the effects of the fire. From this position he transmits his orders to the battery by signals or by telephone.

The guns can be posted behind a ridge or a wood, or at the bottom of a valley. They are thus invisible to the enemy. Their position can be ascertained only by aerial observers, whose information is not available until an appreciable time has lapsed. This means that they can be shifted before the enemy opens fire.

At the beginning of the war the Germans, being less skilful than ourselves (the French) in the application of these new methods, had a considerable number of guns demolished by the French artillery, whose losses, on the other hand, were very trifling. The Germans hoped, thanks to the superior numbers and the greater calibre of their field artillery, to reduce ours to fragments; but they destroyed only a very small number. In the long run they followed our example, the result being that the artillery on either side contrived to do very little damage, the one to the other.

When Artillery is Vulnerable

The characteristic of the present war is just this—the considerable diminution of the losses sustained by the artillery, and the increased losses of the infantry, who are obliged to expose themselves during the advance, while the guns can remain under cover.

On the other hand, never before have so many guns been captured. This is a new fact easily explained.

It is impossible to destroy a masked battery piece by piece, as artillery in view is destroyed. All that can be done is to subject it to "watering-pot" fire (tir d'arrosage). If the guns are in battery formation, the crews protect themselves from this kind of fire by sheltering behind the shields. But if the guns get on the move, they become very vulnerable. If one of the six horses forming the gun-team is badly wounded, this is enough to stop the gun and prevent its being shifted. The gunners then run the risk of being destroyed by the following bursts of fire.

For artillery under fire, if the enemy infantry succeeds in approaching, only two courses are open—surrender, or a half-turn, which involves destruction without the chance of winning fame. Sooner than suffer this latter fate, it submits to capture, conscious of duty done by seeking to hold out to the last possible moment.

This, then, is the new fact. Hostile artillery is no longer destroyed, but captured. To effect a capture the infantry are sent forward; and to enable the infantry to reach the guns their advance is supported by fire directed either on the enemy infantry, who are destroyed if they come into view, or on the enemy guns, which are pinned to their positions but not destroyed, unless by some lucky chance—some grave mistake on the part of the enemy. Thus it comes about that the increase in the destructive power of the artillery, which is the consequence of adopting the quick-firing gun, brings this result—that on both sides the artillery remains comparatively uninjured, while the infantry suffer heavy losses.

The Death Dealt Out by the "75"

The statistics of the losses inflicted by the artillery have not yet appeared, either in Germany or in France. But we now know that they have been heavier on the German side. This difference is largely due to the efficiency of our high-explosive shell, which is far superior to the similar shell employed by the Germans.

The shell of the "75" sends out a considerable number of small chisel-edged fragments, which are death-dealing up to twenty yards from the bursting-point. Moreover, the gases released by the explosion cause a kind of asphyxia—unless, indeed, it be the shock produced on the brain and vertebral column which kills all those men whose bodies show no apparent wound.

The dead, according to the official communiqué of August 26th, 1914, were fixed rigid (cloués) in the position of aiming.

"What makes the strongest impression," wrote a soldier in the 'Guerre Sociale' of October 25th, 1914, "is the attitude of the men killed by the explosive shell of the '75.' Few of them appear to have been wounded. You find them in the position in which they were struck, with their eyes starting from their heads, and a trickle of blood on their lips."

"Your '75,'" said a captured German officer, "is not a gun, it is an instrument of butchery."

"The German soldiers call your gunners *the black butchers*," said General von Bülow to a French landowner (chatelain) on whom he had billeted himself.

Such are the effects of the "75" explosive shell. But it is very evident that these effects would not be so terrible if the gun, as formerly, could fire only one shot a minute, and if our gunners did not excel in the art of sending the projectile precisely where or when it is required.

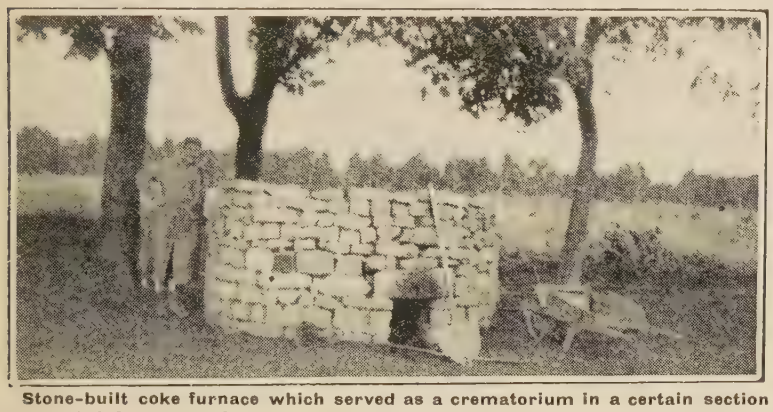
The effects of our shell are therefore the resultant of its own qualities of rapid loading, of the value of our methods, and of the skill of the gunners in applying them.

Somewhere on the French front. Well-screened "75" in action. A gunner is about to reload, while others are getting ready a plentiful supply of shells.

"75" gun on a specially-made emplacement. A member of the crew is placing the machine in position again after the recoil, which is hardly noticeable with this weapon.

Varied Work and Play Behind the French Lines

Bird-cages, wicker chairs, and baskets, made by French soldiers during their rest from the trenches. Two pigeons can be discerned on the cage roof.



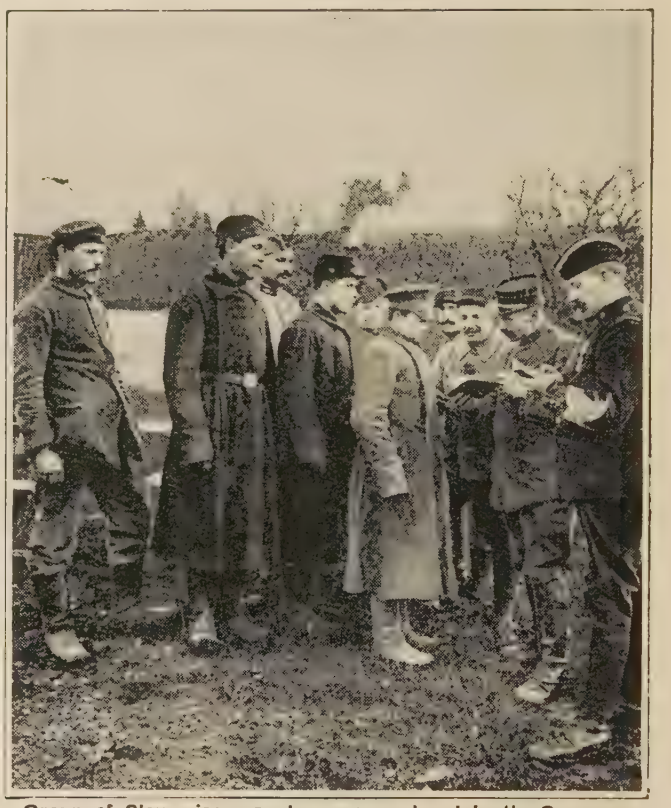
Stone-built coke furnace which served as a crematorium in a certain section of the French front. Right: Paper-knives made by French infantrymen from the heads of 77 mm. shells. Above: Anything to relieve the monotony of warfare was welcomed in the French trenches. Some of our allies interested in the antics of a mascot blackbird.

French soldiers constructing a peculiar form of wooden trap, from the branches of trees, used in the trenches to impede German charges.

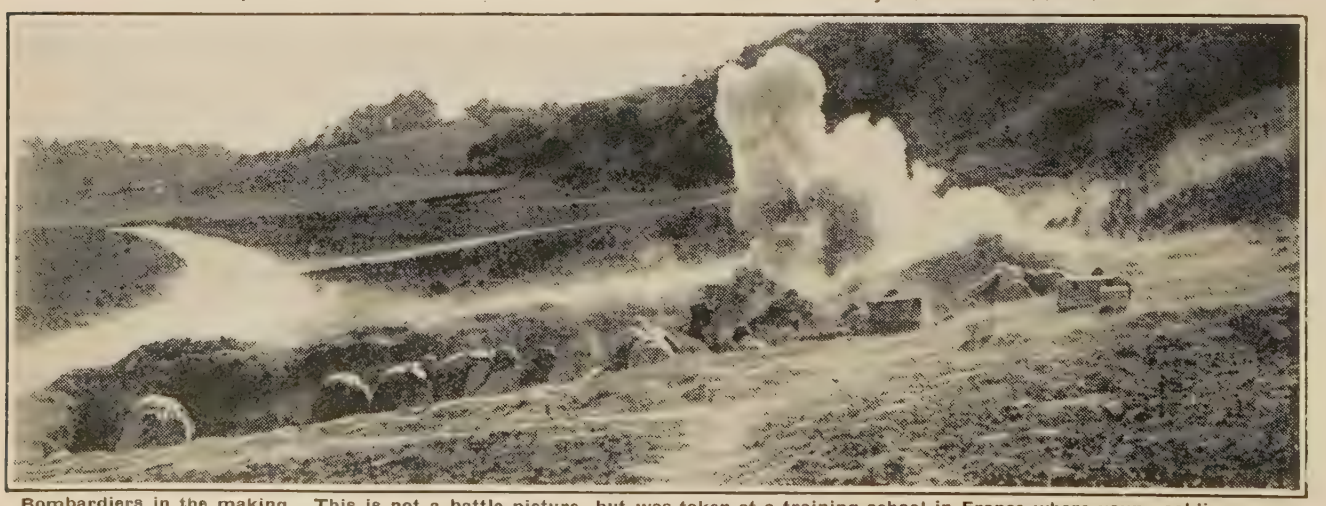
Russians in the West: A Romance of the War

The broad French highway in the Meuse sector. A number of transport waggons were drawn up under cover of a hill, and a troop of trench-worn warriors were on their way to the base. The picture has a true atmosphere of ceaseless preparation and endeavour.

These two Russian soldiers were captured on the east front, and sent to the west to dig German trenches, but managed to escape to the French lines.



Group of Slav prisoners who were employed by the Germans, but who succeeded in escaping to their French allies, from whom they received a warm welcome.



Bombardiers in the making. This is not a battle picture, but was taken at a training school in France where young soldiers were taught to throw grenades and experience the shocks of bomb explosions.

Joffre's Men Harass Huns in the Vosges

French patrol, in advance of the main force, following the rearguard of the retreating enemy in the Vosges. Before retiring the Germans had set fire to the village, whose burning houses can be seen in the background.

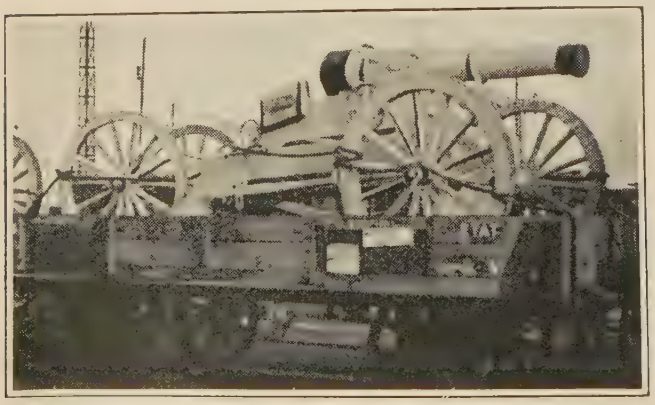
A skirmish with the Germans in the Vosges during the enemy retreat. The French infantrymen had come upon some of the enemy at the entrance to a forest road.

From Log Cabin to First Line on Western Front

At a portion of the French line near a wood the soldiers had built a number of compact and comfortable wooden shanties. Left: An officer's "palace," with glass windows. Right: A wooden field "restaurant" and the cooks who built it.

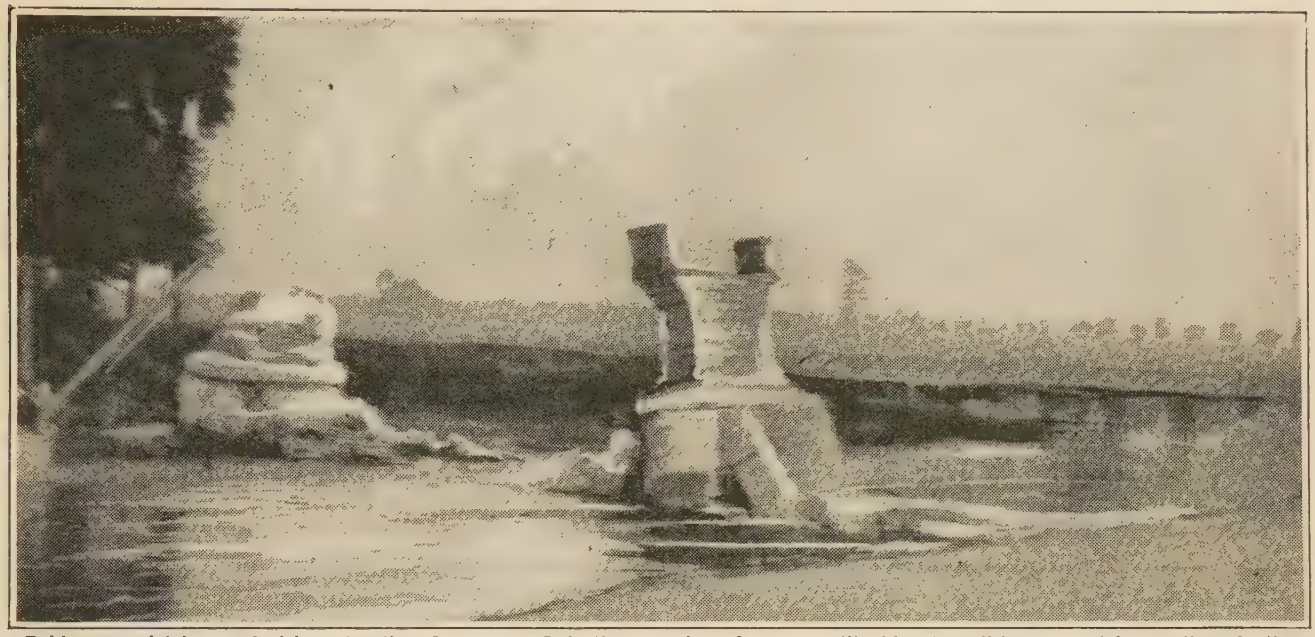
Scenes in and near a first-line French trench. Left: Shell bursting in front of the lines—a note in the Germans' morning chant of hate! Right: Luncheon in the firing-line—an interval for soup while the rifles remain ready for immediate use.

French sappers digging a new trench near the firing-line in the neighbourhood of Arras. Right: Once a prosperous tobacco factory, transformed into a splendid billet for British soldiers behind our lines in France.

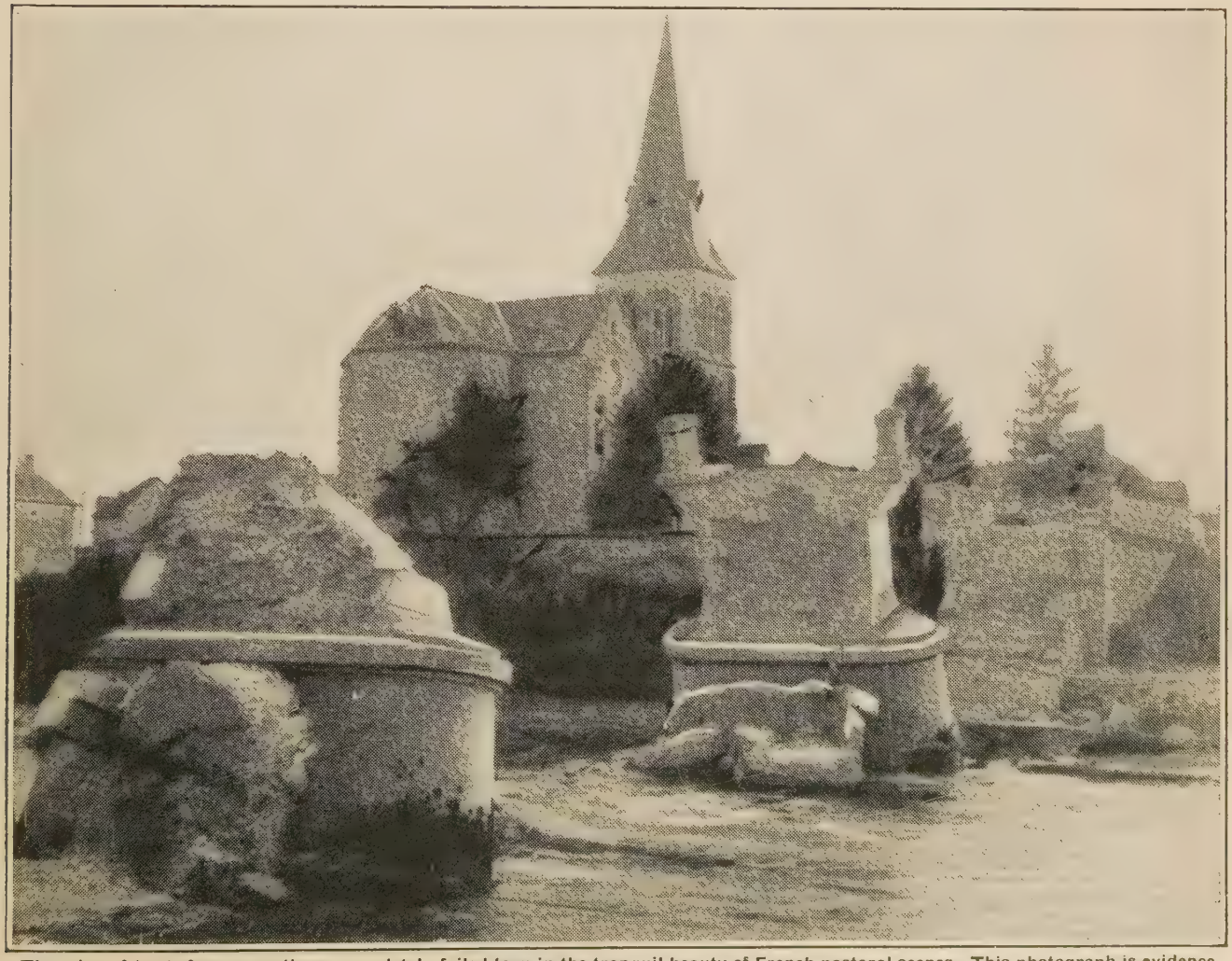


New 155 mm. gun about to be sent to the French front, and soon to receive its baptism of fire. Right: Hauling a 120 mm. weapon into a new position in the French lines. When the gun was in place behind the barricade it would be masked to screen it from the view of hostile airmen.

Beauty Surviving in Spite of 'Frightfulness'



Bridge completely wrecked by retreating Germans. Only the two piers, in a very dilapidated condition, were left standing. In the far background is seen a wooden structure, hastily erected by the pursuing French for the passage of troops.



The reign of brute force sometimes completely failed to ruin the tranquil beauty of French pastoral scenes. This photograph is evidence of the singular charm of a scene somewhere in Eastern France, in spite of German devilry. The Huns destroyed the ancient bridge; the force of the explosion broke the windows of the adjacent church, and set the bells clanging a funereal discord. When the French troops arrived, the bells, still intact, echoed over the countryside as if happy to be restored again to France.

ARMOUR FOR MAN AND TRENCH.—French soldiers, wearing their steel helmets, holding an armoured trench during a violent bombardment by German artillery. On the western front the old-style trench, with its barricades of sandbags and piles of esrth, was largely abandoned in favour of substantial steel-plated redoubts, heavy earthen and wooden defence works, and also metal shields. The revolving steel cupola seen above was captured from the Germans, who led the way in introducing these small portable "fortresses" into the firing-lines. In trench defence the aim was to prevent the many head wounds caused by shrapnel and high-explosive shells bursting directly over the earthworks.

In France by War-Worn Way & Shattered Home

Improvised shelters for Belgian war dogs pending their services being required to track the wounded. On the right: French wounded hurrying along a trench to the first-aid post during a heavy bombardment.

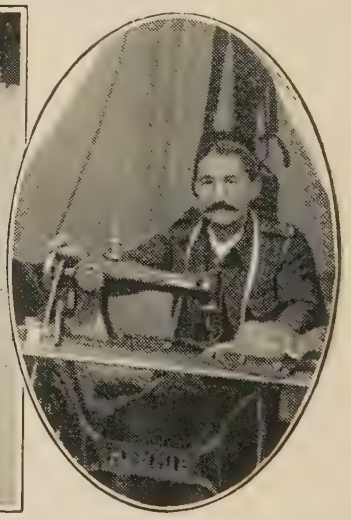
A little French maiden pointing out the way to a stern-faced English soldier, in whom she showed perfect confidence. On the right: A machine-gun in action. The quietly businesslike gunners belonged to one of the French colonial regiments.

Only one of many little homes destroyed in France; but burning, deserted like this, with no one daring or caring to put out a hand to stay the flames, it is a poignant picture of the ruin of home happiness that followed the invader.

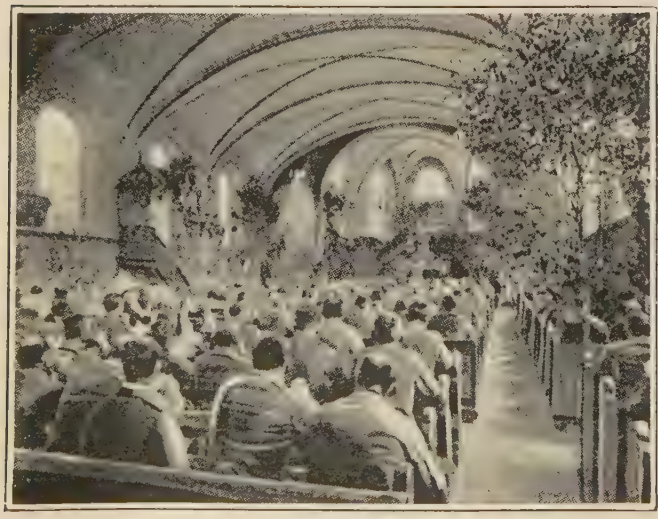
Behind the Allied Lines When Guns were Silent

One of the small autos built to run on the French railway system. French Generals used these autos for quick transit behind the front lines.

Sledges were used by the Italian Red Cross men to bring the wounded down the mountains. Once on level ground, wheels were affixed to the runners.



Touching illustration of a French soldier's confidence in his British comrade's ability to improve his nibbling apparatus—one occasion when a little gas might have been welcome. Centre: A French Red Cross ambulance being drawn by dogs through a deserted town. Right: A tailor patching up his comrade's uniform.



Although the Germans desecrated so many churches they decorated this one for service on Corpus Christi Day. Right: The English chaplain set this Communion Table in a casino, and thither our men flocked in hundreds to pray instead of play.

Towing a French Pontoon Bridge into Position

French military engineers on a long pontoon bridge that is being towed up a river to its position. The bridge is practically completed, but it is in sections, which are connected when they have been swung into the required position across the stream. Each section consists of two long pontoons covered with floorings of planks. When the ultimate destination is reached, the engineers make the flooring more secure, after having lashed the sections together. The men wear life-belts in case of accident.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."—Where is the language that can do justice to the beauty of this casual snapshot from the battle-front? In this venerable pile, desecrated by the horrors of war, profaned by the blatant song of shell and bullet, a group of British and French fighting men, each holding a little Prayer Book, are bent in pious supplication. A French priest conducts the service before the shattered altar. One Tommy has brought his rifle into God's house, and placed it against the broken column on the right.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Pierre Petit

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU

The Gallant Defender of Nancy, and General Joffre's Second in Command

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU

LYING on the southern border of the central plateau of France, between the Auvergne highlands and the rugged range of the Cévennes, is the picturesque and largely pastoral department of Aveyron, the ancient home of the Celtic Rutheni. Its climate, like its contour, is trying to the stranger, but its hardy sons, as seems to be the case with hill-folk all the world over, are marksmen almost from their childhood. This the Germans found out to their cost in the early days of the war, when four hundred Aveyron riflemen, cut off during the retreat from the Meuse, sought sanctuary in the friendly fastnesses of the Ardennes.

An Organiser of Victory

More than one distinguished soldier of France has come from the country of the Garonne and its tributaries. Murat, the hero of Marengo, was one. So was another of Napoleon's favourite generals, the Baron de Marbot. The old military glories of this part of France gain fresh lustre from the fact that General de Castelnau, one of the three outstanding organisers of victory under the Tricolour—the other two being Joffre and Pau—is a native of Aveyron. All three men, and de Castelnau not the least of the three, had personal reasons to remember the bitter days of 1870-71.

Born in 1851, of distinguished ancestry, Marie Joseph Edouard de Curières de Castelnau received his early training in the Jesuit College of Saint-Gabriel. He next entered the famous military school which Napoleon instituted at the instance of Marshal Saint-Cyr on the foundation of the suppressed school for poor girls of good birth that had Madame de Maintenon as patroness.

Memories of 1870

In young de Castelnau the school of Saint-Cyr found one of its most brilliant pupils. He left it on the memorable day of the Battle of Wissembourg—August 4th, 1870—when the Germans won their first notable victory over the French in Alsace. Then, as in August, 1914, all the cadets were given commissions. There were two hundred and fifty of them, and before leaving the school for the battlefield they assembled in the courtyard, and, in accordance with old custom, baptised their promotion, giving it the name of "the promotion of the Rhine."

In the following October Sub-Lieutenant de Castelnau joined the 36th Regiment. Three weeks later, for rallying a party of fugitives and fighting a small rear-guard action on his own initiative, he was made a captain. Through the fighting in which he took part with the two armies of the Loire he passed unscathed, but later, during the Commune, he owed his life to his presence of mind and his marksmanship when suddenly confronted with a dozen armed Communists, of whom he accounted for five, their companions seeking safety in flight. His next experiences of active service were in Cochin-China, during the difficulties with Siam, and in Algeria.

Defender of Nancy

After passing with distinction through the École Supérieure de Guerre, he took up a Staff appointment as colonel in the Seventeenth Army Corps. Joining the General Staff in 1896, he made his mark as head of the mobilisation department of the War Office. His next appointment was at Nancy, where he commanded the 37th Infantry Regiment in the "Iron Division," the regiment once commanded by Marshal Turenne. In 1906 he was made a Brigadier, and commanded at Belfort and Sedan. Three years later he assumed command of the 13th Division at Chaumont.

Called to Paris in 1913 by General Joffre, he became Chief of the General Staff. When Germany broke the peace in 1914, de Castelnau was placed in command of the Second Army of Lorraine, and in winning the great battle of the Grand Couronné de Nancy he saved Paris.

This memorable battle lasted from August 22nd to September 12th. Three days after the opening of the attack the Crown Prince of Bavaria and General von Heeringen had under their command more than 450,000 men. De Castelnau's forces were in far inferior numbers. They occupied the heights and plateaux running from the Moselle to the Meurthe, and, despite their heavy losses, inflicted such terrible punishment on the invaders that the Kaiser, who with a glittering escort had watched events from the heights of Eply, first of all in complete confidence of the fall of Nancy, retired discomfited shortly before his "invincible" armies themselves retreated over the Seille. The same day the enemy were vanquished on the Marne, and France was saved.

General Joffre's Right-hand Man

With his reputation as a brilliant strategist fully assured, de Castelnau was now given command of the new Seventh Army, formed for service in Artois, and measured his strength against General von Kluck, holding gallantly the line from Albert to Ribecourt, which was the objective of a series of fierce but unavailing German attacks. Resigning his command to General Pétain, who in the spring of 1916 directed the historic defence of Verdun, General de Castelnau was placed at the head of the central group of armies fighting between the commands of Maunoury and Maud'huy, and had a great share in the victory in Champagne.

In December, 1915, when General Joffre took over the supreme command of all the French Armies operating in Europe, he appointed General de Castelnau to be his Chief of Staff. In this capacity the gallant defender of Nancy visited the Balkan front, passing through Italy on his way, and conferring with General Cadorna.

General Galliéni's Tribute

According to one Paris paper, "L'Œuvre," when President Poincaré consulted the veteran General Galliéni with reference to the most likely officer for appointment as successor to General Pau as Chief of Staff, the answer was "Castelnau."

"And as a second, whom would you say?" asked the President.

"Castelnau," was the reply.

"And a third?"

"Castelnau," again answered the War Minister.

Arriving at Salonika on December 20th, he inspected the French and British fronts, approved the defensive measures of General Sarrail (whom he congratulated on his masterly conduct of the retreat from Serbia) and General Mahon, and then visited King Constantine at Athens.

Three Sons Who Fell on the Field of Honour

Despite his more than three-score years, General de Castelnau struck all observers by his alert military carriage. He made a distinguished figure with his square chin, bold aquiline nose, large, broad forehead, and piercing eyes. Those who knew him well were no less impressed by his high qualities of heart. Spoken of by his officers as "L'Homme de Devoir," as one who throughout his life had subordinated everything to the organisation of victory against the foe of 1870, the soldiers, named by him "Mes enfants," regarded him in return as "Père Général."

Of his five sons, two—Captain Gerald de Castelnau and Lieutenant Xavier de Castelnau—fell quite early in the war. A third—Lieutenant Hugues de Castelnau—was killed in Artois in September, 1915. The story is still told with impressiveness of the news of his son Xavier's death being brought to the General as he was engaged in directing some important tactical movements. He paused a moment, then went on working with his officers. His first duty was to his country. There was no time for a father's feelings.

A Born Leader

Believing in frequent relations with his men, it was General de Castelnau's custom, whenever possible, to visit them in the trenches, to chat with them in that inimitable way beloved of the French, speaking of their homes and families, and keeping bright in their hearts the flame of devotion to their country. It is said that he never forgot a face. Officers and men occupy common ground in describing him as "a leader." The two words imply all that is necessary to describe one of the most experienced and trusted of French commanders.

To face page 264.

MISSIONERS OF MERCY AT THE CONVENT PORTICO. BRITISH WOUNDED ARRIVING AT A R.A.M.C. HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE

The Allies now have men and munitions as well as money, and the great day is coming when the Belgian King, in the midst of his patriotic people, will again ride through Brussels.

—M. Paul Segers.

We are all determined to fight energetically until right is triumphant, and to fight for the defence of that right and justice for which we have unhesitatingly sacrificed ourselves after the unjustifiable violation of our beloved country.

—Baron Beyers.

Another Winter with the Brave Belgians

King and Queen of the Belgians with their family. Inset: Princess Marie Jose, with her pet bulldog.

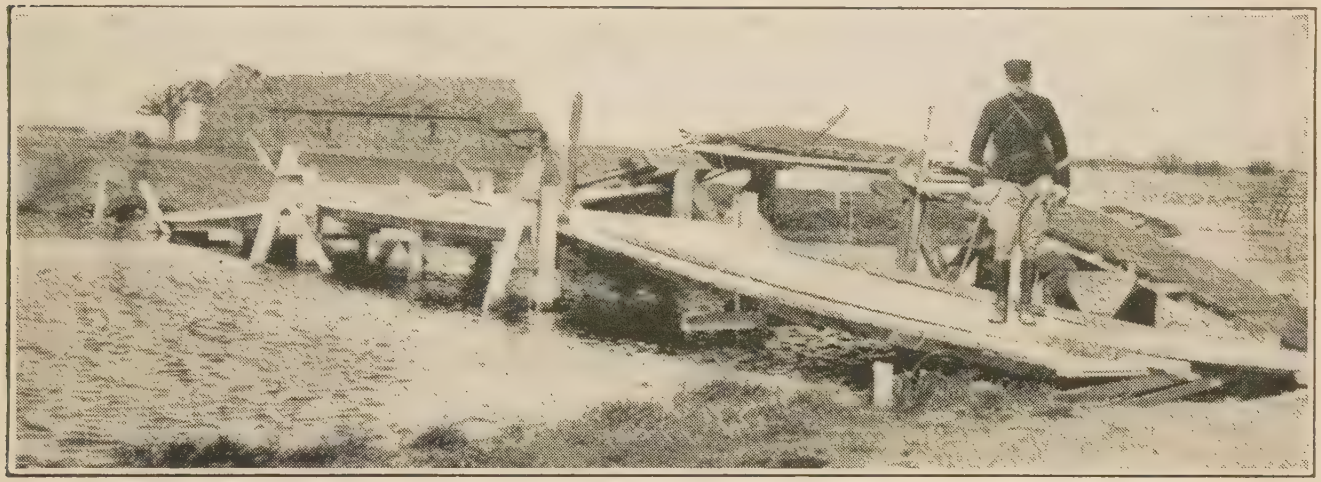
Spartan Belgian artillerymen taking a wintry dip and washing their horses and guns in the sea. Despite the rigour of the Flanders winter of 1915-16, the Belgian troops stationed among the sand-dunes along the coast frequently enjoyed cold sea baths. After spending winter in the trenches one is fairly well able to stand anything in the nature of cold and wet.

WHERE KING ALBERT'S ARMY STOOD FIRM AGAINST THE ENEMY.

Belgians in khaki saluting their commanding officer on parade near the Flanders front. Right: Steel-capped Belgians standing at the salute. The value of steel helmets as a protection from head wounds having been proved by their use, the Belgian military authorities lost no time in adopting these metal casques.

Belgian Gunners and Cavalry by Dune and Dale

Belgian machine-gun section at work in a part of Northern France that still bears signs of agricultural activity. The machine-gun, like high-explosive shells, is an essential to victory, and the increase of such weapons reduced the Allies' casualty lists.



Small military bridge over the Yperlee constructed by our Belgian Allies. One of King Albert's officers poses for his photograph in the foreground, while in the distance a shell-ruined farmhouse is conspicuous on the flat countryside adjoining the dunes.

While the farmer yet follows the plough and anxiously watches the weather in anticipation of the coming harvest, the din of war echoes over his fertile lands. A body of Belgian cavalry leaves the cover of a wood and dashes at break-neck speed over the ploughed acres, which may at any moment become the fields of honour.

Indomitable Soldiers of an Indomitable King

Practice with a mitrailleuse on the sand-dunes at La Panne, in Belgium. Inset: Lieut. Robert de Hensch, of the Belgian 4th Lancers.

A first-line trench in Flanders. Keen-eyed and grim-jawed, the soldier looks as strong and serviceable as the trench that marks the confines of what was left to him of his country.

WHEN almost nothing of his kingdom was left to King Albert, he remained as indomitable as he was when he forbade the Germans to set foot on Belgian soil. That he succeeded in imbuing his soldiers with his own high courage is shown by these photographs taken of some of them when released temporarily from the sterner business of war. There is an expression of strength, resolution, and purposefulness on all these faces that is unmistakable. King Albert's refusal to leave the strip of his soil that alone remained unviolated by the Hun had the enthusiastic approval of his entire people. All were animated by a quiet confidence in the ultimate recovery of their country, which was justified by their resistance to overwhelming odds at the beginning, and brave endurance throughout.

A game of cards behind the firing-line. Off duty for the time being, these well-groomed Belgian officers were as bent on their game as they were bent on victory when on duty. On the right: Three officer brothers-in-arms.

Entente Episodes with Belgium's Gallant Sons

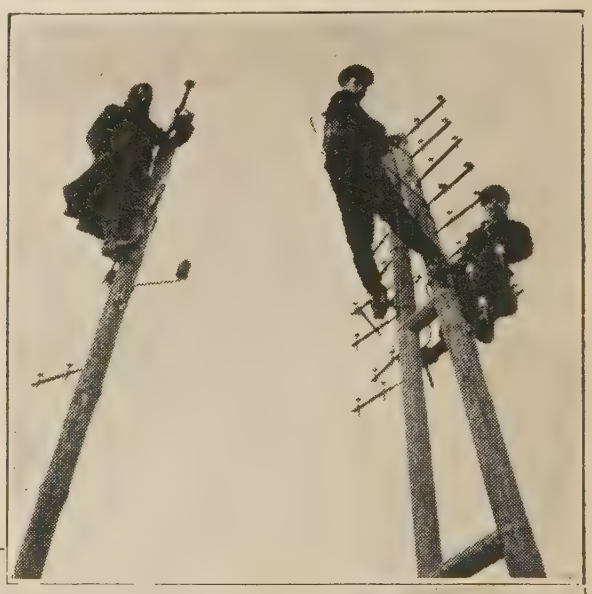
The sartorial entente. With all the manufacturing towns of Belgium in the hands of the Huns, our ally was unable to procure necessary material for their national uniforms. Great Britain, therefore, supplied the Belgians with khaki uniforms.

Belgian engineers throwing a bridge over a stream in France. They are seen hauling a support into position. Inset: The Allies' tea-party within sound of the guns. Belgian armoured-car squad enjoying the hospitality of a British squad of the same arm of attack.

In the Firing-line with Belgium's Dauntless Army

Belgian soldier's chilly but welcome toilet in a strongly-built first-line trench in Flanders. The solid brick dug-out had a perfectly made wooden door. Right: The day's news in the firing-line. A Belgian soldier newspaper vendor going his rounds.

Belgian artillerymen hauling a 4·8 in. gun into position. Aided by the Allies, the Belgian Army obtained many new guns and plenty of munitions.



A redoubt in the Belgian lines which the soldiers christened "Elisabeth Redoubt," in honour of their heroic Queen, who many times visited the first-line trenches, even while the Germans were firing. Inset: Belgian engineers repairing telegraph wires immediately after they had been damaged by a German shell.

Activities of King Albert's Khaki-Clad Warriors

Battalion of Belgian infantry, wearing the khaki uniforms and caps which made them resemble British troops, marching into the firing-line. With the aid of Britain and France, Belgium was better equipped than ever to continue her part in driving back the invader.

Left: Belgian boy who was adopted by a British Mechanical Transport section, and equipped with a British uniform. Above: Belgian Red Cross worker negotiating a channel on a part of the front that was under flood.

Belgian infantry advancing behind the sand-dunes on the coast. In the late autumn of 1915 a renewed "liveliness" was reported from the lines on the western front which King Albert's sturdy Army still held intact.

A Wartime Soup-Stall Along the Yser Way

Money was subscribed freely by this country for every conceivable object that could mitigate distress in Belgium and diminish the discomforts of her soldiers in the desolate strip of their country left to them. This photograph shows one of the field kitchens presented to the Belgian Army by British subscribers, and from which a meal is being served to the men.

And what shall these proud war-lords say
At foot of His mighty throne?
For there shall dawn a reckoning day,
Or soon or late, come as it may,
When those who gave the sign to slay
Shall meet His face alone.

—Clinton Scollard.

Peeps Behind the Enemy Lines

A Hun, skulking behind a comrade, attempted to shoot a British officer, but the latter was too quick for the coward, and despatched him with revolver and bayonet.

General Erich von Falkenhayn

Concerning the Romantic Career of the Great War Administrator of the Central Empires

Contemporary with the Great War as we are, it is almost impossible to pick out the leaders of genius in these gigantic days. Frequently the thought occurs: Where is the Napoleon, the Cæsar, the Hannibal of our time? Only will the light of history reveal the men who really mattered in the greatest of racial feuds. The enemy, however, can claim one man whose career is as romantic as up to 1916 it was triumphant. That man is General von Falkenhayn, on whom has rested the fate of the Central Empires and all the territories occupied by the Teuton peoples. Originally the son of a poor Austrian nobleman, Falkenhayn towered far above Mackensen, Hindenburg, the Crown Prince, and even Wilhelm himself. In the following article Mr. Edward Wright, who is known to our readers as the brilliant author of the "Great Episodes of the War," gives an interesting study of this General's amazing personality.

THOUGH the Germans did not think much of the fighting qualities of the Austrians, they had to go to Austria for a leader; for after the German Emperor and his first Chief of Staff, Helmuth von Moltke, failed to break through to Paris in September, 1914, the direction of all the campaigns was undertaken by Erich von Falkenhayn. By race a Bohemian Austrian, about fifty-three years old, he owed his position largely to his southerner qualities. There was nothing of the stoic pose of the Prussian about him; a tall, handsome, and still youngish-looking figure, with bright eyes and mobile face, he had all the charm of temperament of the Viennese type.

Personality the Secret of Success

And it is by his personal charm that this son of a poor emigrant Austrian nobleman made his way in life. His people left Austria about the same time as the Moltkes left Denmark, and after being educated in a cadet corps, Falkenhayn served as subaltern in 1880 with an infantry regiment at Oldenburg. Seven years later he entered the Academy of War in Berlin, which he left in 1890 with such distinction that he was given a position on the General Staff. There was no doubt that he was a man with a brilliant mind; but, like thousands of young German captains of merit, he would have risen very slowly in his profession had it not been for his great personal charm.

The First Rungs

After sixteen years of work and study he was only a commander of a company of infantry at Thorn when his fine drawing-room manner enabled him to climb out of the rut. At that time the great man in Germany was Count von Waldersee, the favourite of the elder Moltke, and his successor as commander of the forces. Waldersee was the principal intriguer against Bismarck, and it was mainly due to his influence that the young German Emperor threw over the old Minister, and began to prepare for a struggle with Britain. Falkenhayn made himself useful to Waldersee, and by way of reward the young captain was sent to China to help in the reorganisation of the Celestial Army. His handsome face and graceful ways helped him wonderfully at the Court of Peking. The Dowager-Empress liked his company, the Manchu Princesses made tea for him with their Royal hands, and the Order of the Double Dragon was conferred upon him.

General von Falkenhayn, the man of Destiny in the Central Empires, the leader who had the supreme charge of the Germanic Armies, east, west, and south.

The Courtier-Soldier in the Orient

For two years Falkenhayn remained at Peking helping to instruct the army which Yuan Shi Kai was afterwards to use with such surprising effect. It is said that Falkenhayn's fame in China spread to Japan, and that he was asked to come to Tokio and work for the Japanese Staff. The tale, however, seems unlikely. Falkenhayn went to Berlin for a brief period of work on the General Staff, and then returned with the rank of major to China, where, after working at Kiao-Chau, he joined his old patron Waldersee when the German Expeditionary Force arrived during the Boxer troubles.

The death of Waldersee in 1904 interrupted his progress.

In 1905 Falkenhayn was a lieutenant-colonel, and six years afterwards he was given command of the 4th Regiment of Guards. All this time he was working on General Staff problems, and in the ordinary way he would have become one of those solid, well-experienced officers to whose obscure yet magnificent labours the efficiency of the German war-machine is due. But in 1912 he rose with an extraordinary rapidity that amazed the German public.

The Zenith of Fame

At the beginning of the year he was appointed Chief of Staff of the Fourth Army Corps; in April of the same year he was made Major-General; and in the summer of 1913 he became Minister of War. He eclipsed all records. Never had Germany had so young a Minister of War. Then, on December 1st, 1914, while still retaining his post as Minister of War, he became Chief of the General Staff. Even Roon and the elder Moltke had to split up the work of forming the armies and directing the operations; but Falkenhayn alone did everything.

The explanation of his surprising rise resides in his

[*Continued on page* 1556.

The Enemy in Russia—at Large and in Leash!

German Red Cross contingent following in the wake of their army in Russia. The Russians left no bridge standing once they had finished with it, and the movements of the enemy forces were hindered and delayed on all sides by the thorough means taken by the Russians to hamper hostile transport operations.

A silk-hatted Hun and another wearing a "bowler" among a crowd of German prisoners captured by the Russians. Most of the Germans appear happy to have been captured. The two in the foreground are exchanging pleasantries with the guards.

GENERAL VON FALKENHAYN (Continued from page 1554)

relations with the Crown Prince. Owing to his Chinese reputation, he had been charged with the military instruction of the heir to the throne; and while carrying out this task in an admirable manner, he succeeded in making his pupil his friend and admirer. Falkenhayn, besides being a charmer, was very great on strategy; and though all Germans then reckoned that General von Haeseler was their supreme military genius, yet Falkenhayn managed to win a high, sound position for himself by his talent for diplomacy. In the quarrels between the Crown Prince and the Kaiser, Falkenhayn, by acting as intermediary, gained the confidence of both parties. As is known, there were Haeseler and the war-makers behind the Crown Prince, and Ballin and other German industrial magnates behind the Kaiser. Falkenhayn pleased the war-party by the overbearing manner with which he put down in the Reichstag the agitation over the Zabern affair; and at heart, of course, he was as eager for war as any man on the German General Staff.

Falkenhayn Busy on All Fronts

Yet he succeeded in retaining the confidence of the Kaiser, and when the Emperor was won over and made to strike before he wanted to, Falkenhayn became his factotum. Instead of remaining at Berlin and watching personally over the administration of the Army, Falkenhayn travelled from front to front in the Kaiser's company. The administrative machine was so well constructed that it worked automatically, leaving Falkenhayn ample leisure to study the mistakes of his rivals.

And their mistakes were tremendous. Haeseler, who was supposed to be the greater Napoleon, failed in his great stroke at Rethel on September 2nd, 1914, and went to pieces in the Argonne Forest. At his command was the most powerful of all the German armies, consisting of six corps under the nominal leadership of the Crown Prince. The Kaiser in person, with Heeringen and Rupert of Bavaria to help him, made a bad failure at Nancy; and Helmuth von Moltke came near to smashing up the whole German campaign in the Battle of the Marne.

The Man Who Criticised Wilhelm

Falkenhayn, as Minister of War, with no responsibility for any operations, was able to criticise, and according to German rumour he showed himself, during the break-up of the original scheme of attack, a man of great moral courage; for it is said that he turned on the German Emperor, and gave him some very candid advice about not interfering in the technical business of the battlefield. Falkenhayn regarded the French field, in October, 1914, as a lost campaign. He had no desire to hack a path to Calais; and when the Calais coup failed, Falkenhayn was made, by one of the most surprising turns of destiny, the practical master of Germany and Austria-Hungary. He had completely subdued the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince regarded him as the only possible saviour of Germany.

Could Have Taken Calais

Hindenburg alone stood in the way, and though Falkenhayn desired to see his brilliant friend, Mackensen, in supreme command on the eastern front, he had to put up with continual interference from the old Field-Marshal, who had become, by reason of his victory at Tannenberg, the idol of the public. It was not until Hindenburg failed before Warsaw, and allowed the Russian Army to stride the Carpathians and menace the wheatfields of Hungary, that Falkenhayn got a free hand. What he then did, with Mackensen as his spearhead, is a matter of history.

It was Falkenhayn who organised the new munition factories in Germany and Austria, more than half a year before the Powers of the Triple Entente saw clearly that shells and guns would win the struggle. As early as the winter of 1914 the Germans were using fifteen shells to Russia's one. But Falkenhayn artfully restricted the number of rounds per gun on the western front, so as not to alarm the French and British commanders. When, at the end of April, Falkenhayn was ready with two thousand new pieces of heavy artillery, and a shell output of a quarter of a million a day, he could have won Calais with at least as much ease as he won Warsaw.

Falkenhayn's Bid for a New Empire

It was his personal predilections that largely determined his point of attack; and it was as an Austrian by race that he struck at Russia. His scheme was as grandiose as anything that Napoleon ever attempted. He estimated that in fifty years' time Russia would have three hundred million inhabitants, and Germany only a hundred million. With a view to preventing the Teutonic Empire from being crushed in the next war, Falkenhayn designed to create a new European Power of the first magnitude. It was to consist of Poland, Lithuania, Courland, and Southern Russia, with Odessa as its Black Sea port and Riga as its Baltic outlet. This new State was to be called "The Eastern Slav Confederation," and Falkenhayn, with the blood of the Bohemian Slavs in his veins, was to be its virtual founder. He won over the Kaiser to his way of thinking, but while he was still trying to overcome the dislike of the Austrian Court to losing their Polish territories, Russia created a new army and resumed the offensive six months before Falkenhayn thought she would be able to strike again.

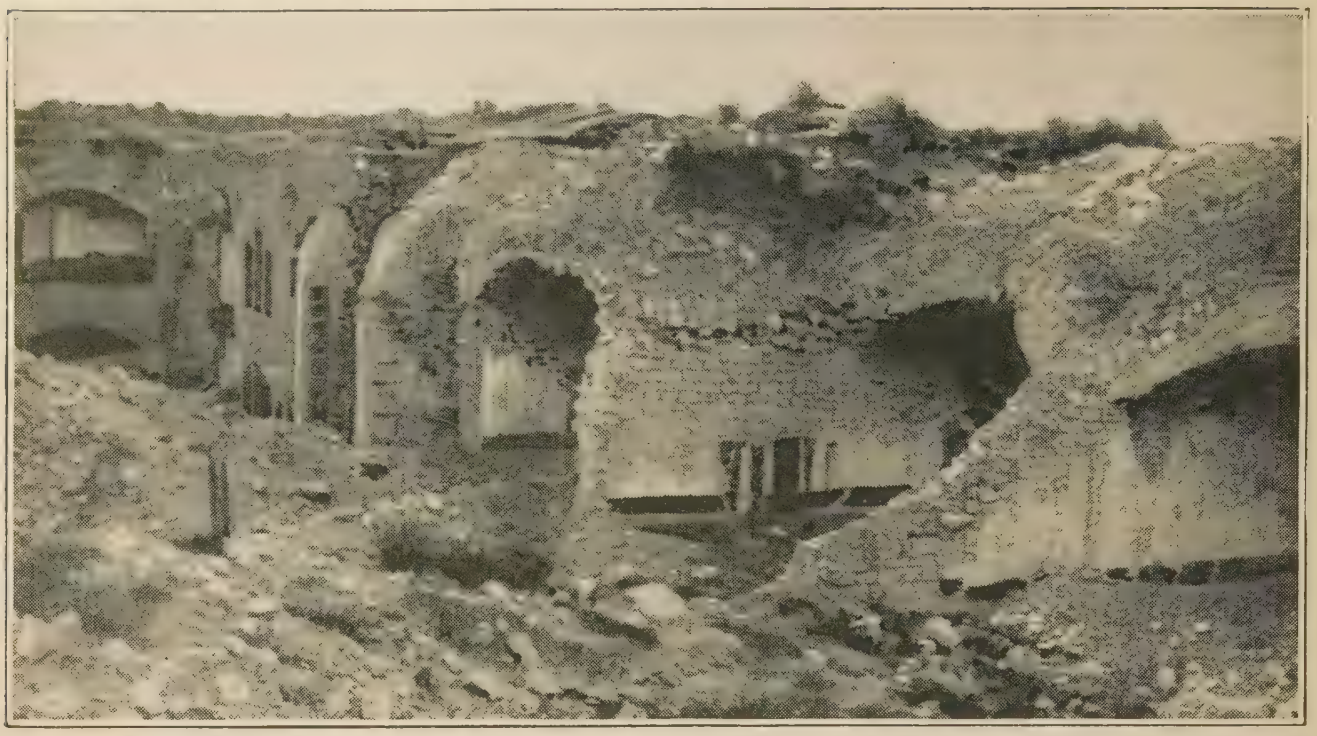
EDWARD WRIGHT

Digging themselves in in face of the enemy. Special war picture from the vicinity of the Butte de Souain, where sixty thousand Germans attacked the French positions and were repulsed with terrible losses.

German Battery in an Inferno of 'No Man's Land'

With a loud clatter of hoofs on the ancient cobble-stones, the crack of whips, and hoarse exhortations of men, a battery of German artillery dashes through an inferno on the western front. This spirited yet detailed drawing by an enemy artist purports to represent an incident which took place in the village of Passchendaele. Burning, tottering buildings all around them, the martial cortege galloped through the main street of the village to take up a position facing the British lines in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

Chaos of a German Position in Eastern France



Impression of the interior of a fort in Eastern France which was retaken from the Germans by our ally. The casemates were torn out and all the subterranean shelters were disclosed to view by mine explosions.

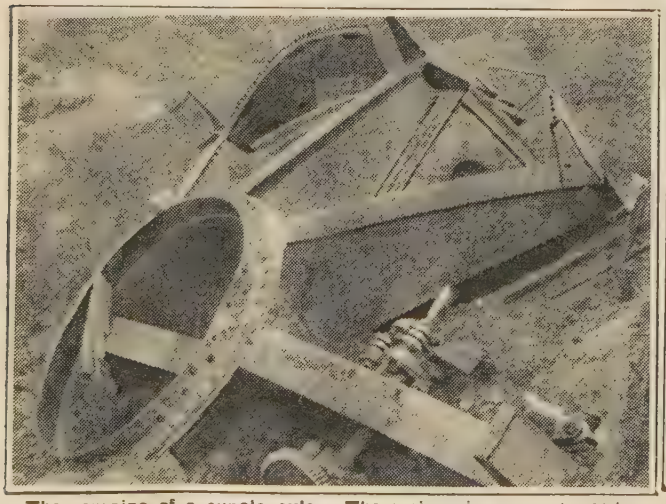
The amazing destruction wrought on the emplacement of a huge German gun. The solitary shell indicates the size of the cannon.

SAVE in the case of Verdun, Toul, and one or two such instances, the siege-gun shell and other devilish scientific inventions levelled fortifications before them as hailstones level a field of corn. Few forts, unless uniquely placed and protected by a large army miles in advance, are able to withstand modern machinery.

The noteworthy photographs on this page show exactly what destruction can be wrought on the most elaborately constructed defence work by mine and shell explosion.

The scene of this chaos is a fort on the eastern frontier of France, which changed hands more than once to the accompaniment of strife sanguinary beyond description.

Huge concrete blocks were displaced and thrown many yards from their original position by the force of several explosions. Part of the havoc was, however, wrought by the Germans before they were compelled to retreat, but in the main the damage was done by French shells and mines.



The remains of a cupola axle. The entire pivot was turned upside down like so much matchboarding.

Like a cocoanut shell, the cupola steel emplacement was shattered into small fragments.

German Lies Circulated by the Cinema

This fantastic scene purports to be the timely entrance of brave Huns into an Alsatian home, where our French allies were indulging in an orgy of wine and song. The picture, widely exhibited in Germany, does not bear analysis. The alleged French soldiers are wearing epaulettes, old caps, and white gaiters, which were not used in the French Army under General Joffre.

The "wicked Frenchmen" have been driven out of the Alsatian home. The beautiful girl rescued by the noble Hun is restored to her father! Her mother, attired in her best clothes for the occasion, effusively thanks the modest German knight, while all around stand the soldier-deliverers, looking rather bored—and hoping the cinematograph film will come out all right!

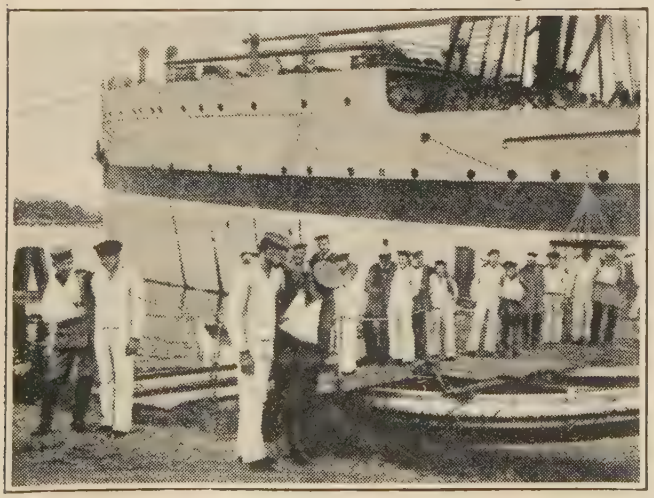
German Naval Activities in Fact and Fiction

"U" boat passing through the Strait of Gibraltar. There is evidence to prove that the pirates slipped through the lock of the Mediterranean, but it is incredible that they did it with the bravado so admirably represented in this drawing.

German Marines were utilised, after their Navy was locked up in Kiel Canal, for the purpose of holding coast trench positions. This photograph shows the interior of a barricade on the Belgian coast.

THAT the pirate "U" boats slipped through the lock of the Mediterranean is proved by the frequent cases of "frightfulness" which occurred in 1915.

Thus science once more triumphed over the "impregnable." No longer did the Rock of Gibraltar bar the way to hostile craft. While, however, the skulking submarines were active, the main German Fleet was still faithful to the Kiel Canal. The frozen Baltic was closed to the German Navy, and the chance of a stand-up fight with Britannia in the North Sea seemed to grow more and more remote. Inertia spells defeat, and it is safe to say that no sea victory could be more complete than that which "bottled up" practically the whole of the enemy Navy.



Safe work for the Kiel "bargees." German sailors are seen employing their surplus energy in assisting wounded soldiers on board a hospital ship in the Baltic.

Looking out over the Baltic. Group of German wounded, who were recuperating where they could meditate on sea-power and the impotence of Von Tirpitz's fleet.

Brutal Cowardice of a Baffled Hun Officer

The incident illustrated took place in the early days of the war, but was only related months afterwards by Private Joseph Graves on his return from a German prison camp, as being unfit for further service. On August 23rd, 1914, Private Graves' motor-cycle was struck by a German shell in the vicinity of Bruges. Badly injured, he was captured by some German officers, who demanded information as to the British movements. This was steadfastly refused, whereupon one of the company applied a lash to the wounded man's back. Finally a second officer interposed, and Private Graves was conveyed to Hamein camp in Germany.

Prussian Maps and Imperial Plans

By SIR WILLIAM M. RAMSAY

If there was ever any doubt in neutral countries as to who are the enemies of man, and the transgressors of all laws, human and divine, the childish maps of the world under German domination, prepared in all seriousness and circulated throughout the Fatherland for years before the crash of Armageddon, are damning and final evidence. The Prussian, to make up for a lack of psychology and imagination, is gifted with an alarming egotism, and that he would one day control the destiny of the world was no less the dream of the underpaid clerk and servile waiter than of the arrogant Junker. In the following absorbing article, written in December, 1915, Sir William Ramsay compares the ready-made ideals of Kaiserism, in relation to the map of the world, with what really happened after the Teuton "kicked over the traces" of a civilisation incompatible with his natural savagery and conceit.

A FAVOURITE ornament in Berlin restaurants about five or six years ago was a map showing the world of the future, as it was to be when it had been reorganised by the Prussian victory. I am not sure that this map was displayed so often in the fashionable restaurants which tourists and foreigners would frequent, but it was to be seen in those which were thronged by the resident population of Berlin.

It is worth while to compare the ideas expressed six years before Armageddon in the Prussian map after the war with the present situation, and to examine how far they have been realised. The comparison will also give some solid ground for estimating the German plans for the future. The ideas of the map were those on which every child throughout Germany was trained; these were the natural and lawful claims on which children, as they grew up, were to insist.

The Fantastic Dream of Pan-Germanism

On this map Germany, united in one country with Austria, extended from the English Channel to the Black Sea, the Ægean Sea, and the Adriatic. Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, all the Balkan countries except a small Greece, and the whole of Turkey in Europe with Constantinople were included in Austro-Germany. Most of France and a large part of Western Russia were also incorporated in the great Central Empire. Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais, on the north, with the whole of the Seine valley and most of the Rhone valley, had been taken in. Switzerland and Italy remained independent; but the Central Empire encircled Switzerland on all sides except the Italian frontier. The whole of "German Russia," the parts of Western Russia where Germans are more or less numerous, had been added to the German dominions.

The map gave some clue to the way in which this growth was to be accomplished. Obviously, it was understood that France had been conquered, and reduced to a tiny State along the Atlantic Ocean. No one, not even the most confident of Prussians, could have supposed that France would have consented to this dismemberment except as the result of a successful German invasion. The most powerful influence in bringing about the great war was the absolute certainty felt by every German and Austrian that a war against France would be a promenade to the Atlantic coast, in which the German legions would march doing the parade-step, practically without opposition, across Paris to the mouths of the Loire and Garonne. It will be found on examination of history that almost every war has begun through the proud confidence felt by one side that it was able at any moment to beat the other.

If nations and governments realised the facts of the case, there would be no wars. The few cases in which a nation has gained immediate and complete success have been misfortunes to the world, because they have fostered the hopes of the side which goes into war for the purpose of gaining land and spoils. Unluckily, the Prussian mentality has been determined entirely by success, sudden and complete, in three wars. Now, with an Army much larger, stronger, better equipped, and better prepared, Prussia and all Germany expected with undoubting confidence to eat up France at any time that it pleased, leaving only a tiny and helpless scrap of France in the west—not much, if at all, larger than Portugal.

The Bribes to Slavdom and Japan

As to Russia, the calculations of the map-makers were very different. They did not delude themselves with the idea that Russia was weak, and that it could be trampled in the dust. But a peaceful arrangement was possible; "German Russia" would be surrendered for an equivalent; and naturally the equivalent was to be given at other people's expense. The map showed Norway, Sweden, and Persia with the whole of Central Asia, coloured Russia, and forming one vast mass far surpassing in size European Austro-Germany.

The world that counted was to consist mainly of the two vast Empires, Germany and Russia. Peaceful penetration was the method that the map-makers relied on in dealing with Russia, which could always be Germanised at leisure; Russia was barbarian, and should be trained to German civilisation by German culture.

Japan was reckoned with also. It was greatly enlarged. Its "legitimate desire for expansion" was satisfied with possession of Australia, New Zealand, and all the great islands of Eastern Asia in that part of the Pacific. At the same time the existence of Japan was a menace to Russia, which would be helpless between Japan and Germany if the two latter Empires were in accord.

Most of Africa, including all French and Belgian territory, was taken over

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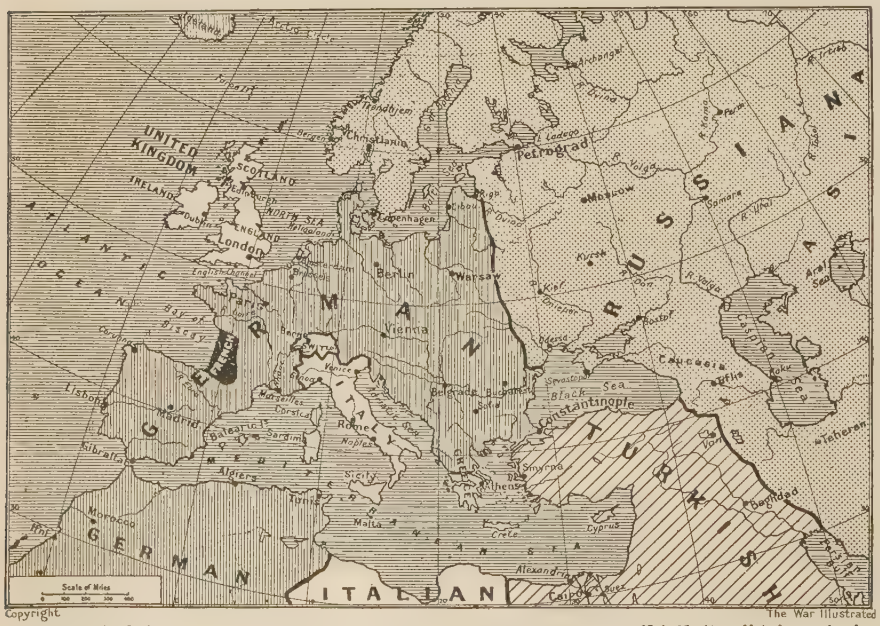

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The ideal of the Prussian. How the map of Europe would appear if "Kultur" triumphed—a fantastic forecast of German ambitions as impressed upon the Teuton peoples by their military and professorial tyrants.

Removals While You Wait: Two Teuton Efforts

A bridge on Serbian territory being demolished by a charge of dynamite. The centre of the structure was blown to smithereens, but, in spite of the danger, two Austrian soldiers placed a final charge to shatter the supports nearer the bank.

Another wonder of "Kultur." Moving a house bodily from place to place. German soldiers, by means of levers and rollers, are pushing a portable "headquarters" to another part of the line.

PRUSSIAN MAPS & IMPERIAL PLANS (Continued from page 1562.)

by Germany. South Africa remained free and allied. The fate of India I do not remember. The United States was left out of the account. The German opinion, very emphatically expressed in private by many Germans, has always been that the United States, being devoted to peace, do not count in the world, and would submit quietly to being ignored and disregarded. There was a large Germany in South America; but I do not remember its bounds.

The British Empire had shrunk to the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Obviously its sea-power had been transferred to Germany; for the harbours all over the world, on which sea-power rests, had been taken from it. A German Africa and South America implied command of the ocean.

Such were the ideals to which young Germany had been trained up from childhood long before the war. Now, look how Prussian war-plans in 1915 aimed at realising the ideals, and what success they had.

Prussia seized a part of France, far less than it hoped, and it formed a line of frontier defence which France and Britain were unable to break, for even the brilliant French victory in Champagne in September failed to break the line definitely, and Prussia retained the summit of the Hill of Tahure. The attempt to realise the ideal on the west was made, and was not successful except in a modest degree; but the idea is clearly seen in the fate of Belgium and French Lorraine.

The Junker Ideal and the Eastern Front

So also on the East the attempt was made to seize all "German Russia." As Russia refused to listen to the peace proposals that were made to it time and again, the seizure had to be forcible, and the plan was more successful on this side than on the west. Prussia gained—for the time—practically all that her map-makers intended; only Riga was not gained; and the line of frontier defence was not nearly so strong on this side as on the west.

Still, the plan of campaign is clearly seen. The German Army endeavoured to adjust the map to suit the old ideas. It was not quite successful; but men are imperfect, and it is human to fall short of perfection. Next in the plan comes the south-eastern region. Those who called the Serbian enterprise a gambler's desperate last throw may find they were wrong. It was the orderly execution of a plan formed many years ago. We trust it will be even less successful than the throw on the west; but it was no mere venture, and it had some success, for it gained part of Serbia and all Bulgaria.

As to the other elements of the plan, the sop to Japan, the giving of Norway and Sweden to Russia, a German Africa and South America, the allied South African State, etc., their execution has been postponed to a distant future; and it is evident in each case that the consent of those various countries has not been gained. While Sweden is, on the whole, pro-German in feeling, it is so because it has been deluded into believing that Germany was its protector against Russia, and it would not favour the completion of the Prussian plan.

The Huns' Asiatic Ambitions

It was never the intention of Prussian map-makers to alienate Turkey, which was to be compensated in Asia and Egypt for the loss of Constantinople. This part of the plan was committed to General von Mackensen. There is vast wealth in Asia Minor, which was for six or eight centuries after Christ the richest region of the world—richer even than Egypt, for the wealth of Egypt was carried away every year to Rome, leaving the enslaved Egyptians poor as before, while the wealth of Asia Minor remained in the country, except for Imperial taxes, because the population was largely free. The great Imperial estates, however, which were peopled by slaves of the Emperor, were ever growing larger in Asia Minor, just as all Egypt except Alexandria was one vast Imperial domain.

The wealth of Asia Minor is now potential, not actual. The country produces little more than enough to feed the population; but the amount can be immensely increased, and there is much unworked mineral wealth over and above the moderate amount that is exported. Within a year after reaching Constantinople the Germans, if permitted to remain there as masters, would stimulate largely the produce of Turkey. Schemes for this purpose have been in process of execution for the last six or seven years; grandiose schemes of irrigation, and new roads and railways; and it is nearly time for them to bear fruit. The small ruling class in Turkey will bear nominal sway over the whole of Turkey, but the masters will be German, and the profits will be mainly German. This is the plan. Has it any chance of success? I doubt it.

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"Deutschland über Alles," on paper. Map of the world, similar to those that appeared in German restaurants and text-books before the war. The complete disappearance of small independent kingdoms is the dominating note of this startling hallucination.

Enemy Photographs of Austria's Mountain War

Fake fortress, with dummy figures and "guns," arranged by Austrians in the Alps to deceive Italian aviators.

Austrian machine-gun in action against the Italians. Owing to the natural cover so often afforded by the rugged ground on the Alpine front, it was not always necessary to dig trenches, or even to erect sandbag breastworks. Inset: General Goininger, the Austrian Commander, with his Staff in the Tyrolean war area.

It All Happened Before!

New Light on Olden History proves the Hun of To-day True to His Shameful Past

In all the flood of war literature, no more interesting or valuable contribution has been made to our understanding of the German character than Mr. Ian D. Colvin's remarkable work, "The Germans in England (1066-1598)." The author explores a curiously neglected by-path of Anglo-German history, and the result is little short of amazing; for the German as we now know him, most hatefully selfish of humans, is proved the natural descendant of the earlier Germans, who, before the reign of Elizabeth, had secured a diabolical grip on England.

When that energetic sovereign cleared out the Teutonic vampires, she took the first step to enable the British genius for commerce to expand. There will have to be another riddance after this war, and it is the duty of every citizen to help in ejecting this infamous race of interlopers from these islands, for few Germans are here except as enemies and self-seekers. The article on this page will give our readers some idea of Mr. Colvin's notable work, which is published from the office of "The National Review," but the study of the book itself is recommended to all who wish to be well informed on this important subject.

CARLYLE said we were a race of fools; and he proved it. For he fastened on us a German plaster saint which is only now beginning to crumble. He taught us that the German was an idyllic, sentimental, poetic philosopher, entirely lost in beautiful, vague dreams; and he sardonically contrasted this lovely, innocent soul with the hard, practical, Philistine Briton. Then the disciples of Carlyle took to writing English history from the pro-German standpoint, until even the Germans were so deceived by all the false, fulsome praise that they began to think themselves the supermen of the earth.

The result is that in none of our modern history books will you find an explanation of the fact that our first great sea-fight was a victory over the Germans, and that in the age of Shakespeare there was not a single German alive in England. We all know about Drake and the Armada, but who has heard of the earlier Devon seaman, Robert Wenington, who won the Battle of Guernsey? Wenington had only a few small ships on May 25th, 1449, and off Guernsey he met with a German fleet of a hundred great ships, bore down upon them with his cannon charged and his linstocks lighted, and bade them strike their flag in the name of the King of England. But the ships of Prussia, Lübeck, Rostock, and other German cities shouted to the Devon captain, and told him to "skyte" in the name of the King of England. But Wenington oversailed them, and beat them ship by ship, with the odds of more than ten to one against him, and, capturing the whole great German fleet, brought it into the Solent. It is a fine, glorious tale, which every English schoolboy should know by heart in Bob Wenington's own words, but there is none of our school histories that will tell him anything about it.

Britain's False Prophets of "Kultur"

All this is part of one of the most extraordinary conspiracies of silence that ever were engineered. Had we possessed, in the age of the Prince Consort, a Star Chamber for falsifying our history in the interests of the Germans, the thing could not have been done better. It was really brought about by the fashion in thought introduced by Thomas Carlyle and continued by Matthew Arnold, Seeley, Freeman and other writers of the same school. We were sternly taught by all these mentors that the Englishman and the Scottish Lowlander were degenerate members of the noble, beautiful, Germanic family in whom were embodied all the chief virtues of humanity. As for the French, did not Tennyson, the friend of Carlyle, teach us to contemn

> The fool-red fury of the Seine,
> The blind hysterics of the Celt?

And so the great game went on; and nobody told us why Queen Elizabeth did not let a German live in England. This was a terrible family scandal, which had to be hushed up—so the pro-German party thought—at any expense of truth. Carlyle himself wrote a big book to show us that the German king Frederick the Great was the kind of man we wanted in our country. He received from Berlin the Order of the Black Eagle as a recompense for his work. This son of a race of independent Scottish peasants, who pretended to stand for the fine democratic quality of Scottish life, refused all British Court honours, but took the Black Eagle as a reward for whitewashing Frederick the Great, who was more given to unnatural vice than any man since Nero.

So it comes about that we have to go to German historians to know the truth about the old, long, terrible fight for empire between the Briton and the Teuton. During the last twenty years the German writers have been exceedingly frank about this ancient matter. It was, indeed, one of their main sources of inspiration for a renewed attack on our country. And with that curious tendency—which the German shares with the dog—to lick the hand of a master who knows how to use the whip, the Teuton historians have become admirers of Queen Elizabeth. For Elizabeth, like Napoleon I., won the deep admiration of the servile hucksters of Germany by giving them a good thrashing. We have been engaged in winning the admiration of our eternal enemy in the same manner. So it is well for us to know at last something about our former great victorious conflict with our enemy.

Time-honoured Method of the German Vampire

At the time when Robert Wenington captured the Grand Fleet of Germany, the Germans were the practical masters of the whole world. And, strange as it may seem, they won this position with but little fighting. It was mainly achieved by the worming, underways method that is now known as pacific penetration. The cheap German clerk, the cheap German technical expert, and the affable German bank manager have taught us what pacific penetration means, by stealing customers' names from the books of our merchants, spying on our processes of manufacture, and buying up British firms as cover for attacking our markets.

In all these things the modern German was merely following the practice of the ancient German; and if he had gone on with his undermining work he might have won what he wanted without war. The modern German financed our later Free Trade movement; backed both sides, the Roman Catholic and the Presbyterian, when civil war seemed likely to occur in Ireland; got a considerable control of our money market and our Stock Exchange, and tried by personal influence to sway members of our Government. These were exactly the methods by which the older school of Germany won the mastery of Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. For a considerable part of that period England, Denmark, Sweden, Flanders, Holland, and Poland were practically in a condition of economic servitude to the German Hanse. The Hanse consisted of a federation of some ninety German cities, headed by Lübeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, and Dantzic. They had a monopoly of the Baltic trade, the staple articles of which were pine masts, hemp, and

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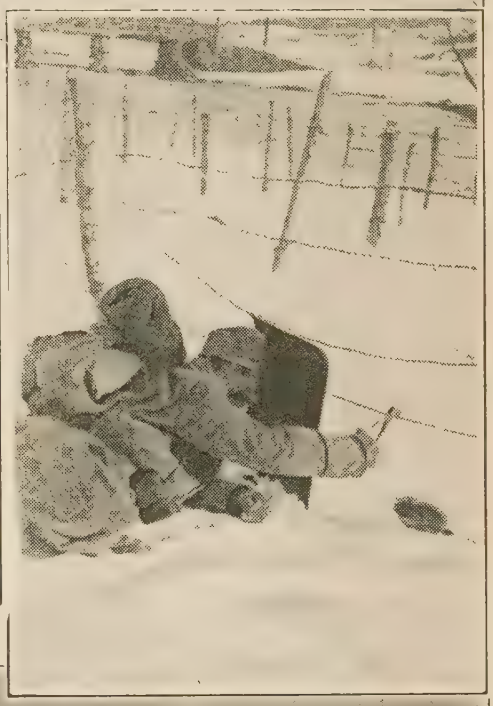
Enemy Movements Across Snowy Hungarian Plains

The utter dreariness and desolation of the wintry wastes chilled the hearts of the Hungarian troops as they trudged painfully through the snow towards the front—

—And the heavy labour of trench digging was increased a thousandfold by the iron hardness of the ice-bound soil.



German soldiers were equipped with snow-shoes to enable them to advance at all, and their infantry lost all military smartness in their resemblance to a Polar expeditionary party. Inset: A Hungarian, prone on the snow, cutting barbed-wire entanglements.

IT ALL HAPPENED BEFORE (Continued from page 1566.)

tar, without which ships could not be built. They won the command of the sea by keeping all these shipbuilding materials in their hands; and they would not sell them in England until our King agreed not to let his subjects build large ships. That is why Wenington had to use vessels little larger than fishing-boats when he broke the Grand German Fleet in the middle of the fifteenth century.

The Germans also organised, by means of their overwhelming merchant marine, a series of gigantic monopolies and manufacturing industries. England was merely their wool farm; they allowed us to raise sheep and sell them the fleeces at their own price. If our wool-merchants tried—as they often did—to get a fair price for their wool, the Germans threw their last year's stock on the London market, and by what is now known as a "bear" operation brought the price down to a bankrupt rate, and then bought in. They took the wool to their agents in Flanders, there had it made into cloth, and sold the cloth at double its proper cost through their London agency. If the English tried to make cloth from their own wool at a reasonable price, the Germans resorted to their modern trick of dumping our market, and wrecking it by underselling till they had re-established their monopoly.

The Origin of Hun Piracy

The worst of it was that the Germans were then the money-lords of the world. Our pound sterling is a clipped form of the old phrase a "pound easterling"—Easterling being one of our names for the German, who was also called Dutchman (Deutchmann). Silver was then the chief medium of exchange, and the Germans controlled the principal source of European silver in the mines of Bohemia. By their command of silver the Germans were able to turn the rates of exchange in their favour, and bring our home-grown wheat down in price, until they also controlled all the chief corn markets of Europe. They also directed the metal market—a thing they were largely doing at the beginning of August, 1914. When the bolder spirits in our seaports tried to get into the Baltic to get shipbuilding material, the bland, peaceful German hucksters did not make war upon them. But they kept a tame gang of pirates, known by the pleasant name of the Victualling Brothers, who bore down in a squadron on our single ships and took our seamen prisoners and tortured them to death in a terribly cruel way. For some hundreds of years our men could not even fish for herrings, for the herring trade, like most of the salt-fish trade, was a German monopoly. The Germans starved us, impoverished us, drained us of all the life-blood of our industry, and when our people grew discontented they skilfully worked off the popular passions by financing our king to make war on France.

The seat of the German power in England was the Steelyard, London. This was a great row of fortified buildings and wharves, sometimes known as the Guildhall of the Germans, standing in Thames Street and Windgoose Alley. The garrison were armed, and were not allowed to marry English women on pain of being outcast. English Custom House officers were not permitted to enter the great fortress; and a considerable proportion of the goods brought from the Hanse Towns for sale in England was taxed at lower rates than the same articles made in England. When, for instance, Shakespeare was born, the duty on undyed cloth per piece was one shilling and twopence for English merchants and one shilling for Germans; on dyed cloth the tariff was two shillings and fourpence for English merchants, and two shillings for German merchants; while on half-dyed cloth the Englishmen paid one shilling and ninepence a piece, the men of the Hanse paying one shilling and sixpence.

How much money the modern German magnates contributed by indirect channels, in recent years, to fight down all efforts at British Imperial trade unity, remains a matter for speculation. But it is known that in ancient days the German monopolists bribed our City authorities, our Custom House men, and, by more subtle methods of making Royal loans on hard terms, won over some of our kings, and the brothers of our kings, to sell their people into economic servitude.

Queen Elizabeth's Example

When Queen Elizabeth tried to put an end to this condition of affairs, and make England a manufacturing country, the great league of German towns financed Philip of Spain to make war upon us. They also supplied Philip with a large number of huge warships for his Grand Armada, and along the once more famous River Yser they brought sailors from Hamburg, Bremen, Emden, and other seaports, to work a great fleet of flat-bottomed boats by which an army of invasion was to be transported to England. Drake, however, not only broke the Armada, but captured the chief German merchant fleet of sixty Hanse ships near the mouth of the Tagus. Then on the memorable day of July 25th, 1598, the Lord Mayor of London seized the Steelyard, and every German was expelled from England. The last of them left on August 4th, 1598—one of the happiest days in our history. It took the Germans nearly three hundred years to recover from the blow we struck them. The story is told in a vivid, telling, and interesting manner by Mr. Ian D. Colvin, in his book, "The Germans in England." It is a work every British patriot should read in preparation for the great commercial struggle which is inevitable. If we do not want again to be pacifically penetrated, we should do as Queen Elizabeth did.

EDWARD WRIGHT

Remarkable scene in the room of a house occupied by the Germans. After a furious offensive, French soldiers retook the village and entered the house, to find that it had been converted into a concrete fort. Cement filled the establishment from the cellars to the first floor. The Germans did not even take the trouble to remove the furniture, as seen from the photograph.

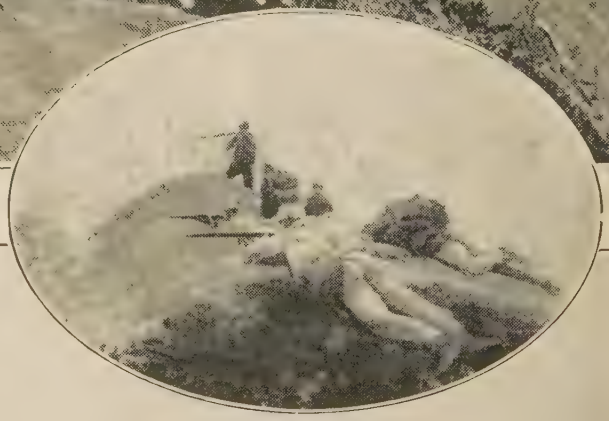
Alpine Warfare as Pictured by an Enemy Artist

Austrian scouts spying at night on an Italian encampment in the rocky fastnesses of the Alps. The topographical features of the Alpine front provided splendid opportunities for the scouts and snipers of friend and foe. These men are usually mountain guides or chamois hunters, well versed in the narrowest foothold of the mountain sides.

Austro-Hungarian soldiers guiding transport waggons up a difficult and rocky mountain-side roadway in the Alps, where the Italians made splendid progress on the highway to Austria. These drawings are reproduced from an enemy journal.

Austrian Mountain War Primitive and Practical

Austrians placing stones on the edge of a precipice. When the Italians climbed the mountain, the wooden stakes were withdrawn, thereby releasing these—the first weapons of warring mankind.



Austrians fixing barbed-wire entanglements in the Tyrol at an altitude of six thousand feet. Inset: On the barren, snow-capped, immemorial peaks an Austrian outpost is seen in skirmish with Italian Alpini across the valley. Such mountain warfare must necessarily proceed at a slow pace, though Italy made comparatively good progress against the ally of barbarism.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

Scenes from Italy's Alpine War

This Italian patrol, somewhere in the mountain district of the Isonzo, guarded a vital communication from enemy designs. This snapshot was taken through the archway of the bridge, which forms a natural frame.

The Cloud of Poison Settles on an Alpine Peak

Some idea of the volume of gas emitted by the high-pressure cylinders can be gathered from this photograph, which shows the beginning of an Italian attack against the Austrians. Nothing could survive in such a poison cloud.

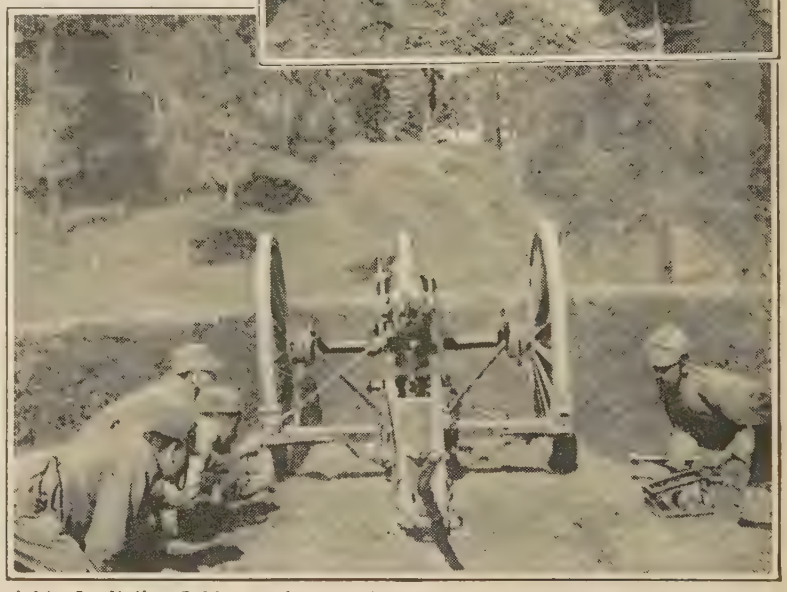
Making ready a gun for action on a mountain road overlooking a valley. An Italian officer is locating the range from what appears to be a singularly exposed position.

Austrian General Lassoed by Daring Sicilian

The British soldier, confined at times for days on end in a trench, must have envied his Italian comrades, whose methods of war, by reason of geographical conditions, were replete with the element of surprise and excitement. Many remarkable feats were performed by the Italian soldiers, gradually forcing their way into Austrian territory, but certainly one of the most amazing was that depicted in this drawing, showing a Sicilian soldier lassoing an Austrian general on the Isonzo heights. For this act of courage and skill King Victor Emmanuel awarded him a gold medal and a purse containing forty pounds.

Italian Guns and Lights Seeking Austrian Foes

Italian officers watching the enemy guns in the distance from an observation post established on the roof of a house. On the right: Prince Napoleon (left) talking to Prince Thomas of Savoy.



An Italian searchlight of 90 cm. diameter. On the right: An Italian field-gun about to fire. These guns were hardly, if at all, inferior to the famous French "75's," and the Italian gunners did splendid work with them.

Heavy guns in position. Poking their long black muzzles above the artificial mounds of brushwood-covered earth, these deadly inventions of destroying man yet seemed to be mocked by the eternal mountains behind them.

Women Shell-Carriers on the Italian Front

During the Austro-Italian campaign heavy Italian guns were hoisted on to mountain crags by cranes. Machines, however, did not entirely supplant the human element on the Alps, and this drawing demonstrates a more picturesque, if primitive, method of waging war. Thus the intensely patriotic women of Italy were able to take an active part in their brothers' campaign by conveying shells in baskets to mountain batteries. Though climatic conditions hindered plans of our Mediterranean ally, preparations went on along the Trentino front in the winter of 1915-16 for a spring advance.

Scaling the Iron Walls of 'Italia Irredenta'

Even the most intrepid Alpinist might hesitate before the task of climbing precipitous mountains while encumbered with a rifle and the heavy fighting kit of a soldier on active service. Yet this was the task of the men fighting on the Italian front. This photograph shows the advance of an Austrian mountain corps scaling the walls of that part of Italy which the Italians were fighting to recover from Austrian domination. Inset: Wounded Austrian being lowered down the slope by his comrades.

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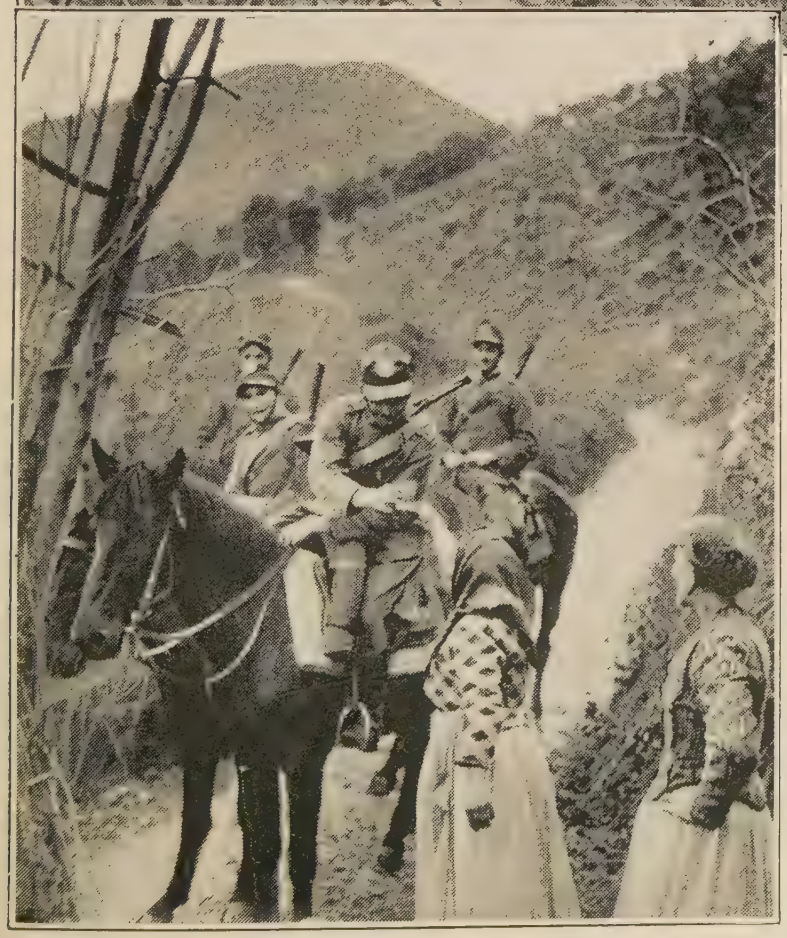
LONG STREAMS OF ITALIAN SOLDIERS HAULING A MONSTER GUN UP THE ALPINE STEEPS TO ITS POSITION.

Where the Trusty War Steed was Indispensable

Italian patrol scouting a mountain side. The chargers, with ears set back, evidently scented danger.



A war-time idyll amid imposing mountain scenery. Picturesque peasant women providing refreshment for Italian scouts. Right: Italian gun team rounding a pass in the Alps. Here, to the observer, warfare appeared to retain much of its historic pageantry.

Before and after Bombardment of Austrian Fort:

NO photographs could illustrate in a more graphic manner the appallingly destructive power of modern heavy artillery than the two remarkable views given on this and the opposite page. The first is a portion of a tele-photograph of the Austrian fort at Malborghetto, in the Carnic Alps, taken by an Italian official photographer from the height of Mittagskofel, a little over two miles to the south, on the ridge which divides Austria from Italy.

The second view shows the same Austrian fort photographed from the Italian height of Monte Pipar, about a mile west by south of Mittagskofel, and therefore still farther distant from the fort itself. The whole neighbourhood of the principal fort was reduced by the Italian heavy artillery to utter ruin, the surrounding forests completely obliterated, and the entire landscape changed. This fort was originally constructed in 1880-83, but had frequently undergone alteration, and was supposed to represent the last word in defensive fortification at the time that Italy declared war against Austria; but it was a matter of a few days for the Italian 11 and 12 in. guns, once they had found the range, to demolish the laborious fortifications on which years of work had been spent. We heard very little at the time about what Italy was doing, but these two photographs will at least help to show us that her big guns were not idle, and her steady, patient, but effective pressure on the Austrian front was of incalculable value to the Allies on the other fronts.

The Austrian fort at Malborghetto, in the Carnic Alps, surrounded by thick woodlands and protected by massive walls, before the Italian heavy artillery bombarded it. Note the solid steel cupolas. (This photograph, and that on the opposite page, were taken by tele-photography at a distance of upwards of two miles.)

—Rock-girt Stronghold pounded into Dust

The scene of utter destruction after the bombardment. The surrounding woods were blown away, the massive walls pounded into dust, and the main building suffered terribly, shell after shell having penetrated the roof, while one of the steel cupolas was shattered to pieces.

The Dogged Struggle on Alpine Peak and Plateau

Italian infantry advancing at the double under fire. This photograph was taken at a point exposed to Austrian shell fire, and the Italians were about to man some fresh trenches.

In monk-like garb on a dizzy peak. An Italian sentry watching for enemy aeroplanes at a lonely outpost station on a mountain-top. Inset: Anti-aircraft gun about to go into action on the Italian front.

The Winter War Game in the Alpine Playground

Italian Red Cross bearers conveying a wounded comrade out of the danger zone under heavy fire. Inset: The King of Italy, with his suite, including Prince Louis Napoleon, extreme left, and General Zupelli beyond the tripod of the King's binoculars.

Italy showed herself more prepared in the matter of heavy ordnance than were France and Britain at the beginning of the war. Some extraordinary machines were used on the Alpine positions, and such a gigantic piece as is seen in this photograph was by no means an isolated example of Italy's huge weapons. The difficulties attending their transport were, of course, colossal, but the Italian gunners and engineers proved equal to them all, putting forth an ingenuity and energy that won universal admiration.

Extremes in Ordnance on the Alpine Heights

This monster weapon is a type of siege-gun largely used by our Italian ally in the Alpine theatre of war. It was in action here against the Austrian Fort Hermann. So weighty are the shells fired from this weapon that a special trolley is used to transport them from place to place.

Italian mitrailleuse gunners in action. This position is practically unassailable, and the fate of a troop of Austrian infantry coming within range of this rapid weapon would be sealed. A member of the Red Cross sits complacently behind the two combatants.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA

The Italian Commander-in-Chief

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA

GENERAL COUNT LUIGI CADORNA, like the great Cavour, belongs to Piedmont. Born in picturesque Pallanza, on September 4th, 1850, he passed from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, while modern Italy was in the making. He represents the second of three successive generations of the Cadorna family whose names are inscribed indelibly on the banner of Italian freedom.

General Cadorna's Spartan Boyhood

While he was still a boy Luigi was sent to the Military College at Milan, a college noted for the simplicity of life imposed on the students within its walls, and for the rigour of its discipline. Thus early initiated into the truth of Tasso's lines :

> By toil and travail, not by sitting still
> In pleasure's lap, we come to honour's bowers,

he remained at Milan for a period of about eight years. Thence he passed, in 1868, to the Military Academy at Turin, where he greatly distinguished himself, with the result that when he was given his sub-lieutenancy he was immediately attached to the General Staff, and in this capacity he took part with his father in one of the most momentous events in modern European history—the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, which practically completed the campaign for Italian unity, and put an end to long centuries of Papal temporal power.

The Bersaglieri who crossed the Tiber, and burst with so dramatic an effect through the Porta Pia on September 20th, 1870, were led by General Count Raffaele Cadorna, who lived long enough—he died in 1897, at the age of eighty-three—to see his son rise to a position of distinction in the profession of arms, to see his country take her rightful place in the councils of Europe, and to witness also the utter explosion of Count Metternich's fallacious, if cynical, dictum that " Italy is but a geographical expression."

His Unique Study of Italy's Alpine Ramparts

After serving for a time in the artillery, Luigi Cadorna transferred to the infantry ; and when, in 1875, he gained his captaincy, he was already laying the foundation of his study of Italian frontier conditions, being convinced that the day would come when Italy and Austria would have to settle the problem of " Italia Irredenta "—Italy's unredeemed territories—by the arbitrament of fire and sword. His holidays and all his other leisure he devoted to a mastery of the topography of the mountains and passes which divide the Peninsula Kingdom from her old-time oppressor Austria.

As the years went on his knowledge of the Alpine ramparts became so exact that it was commonly said he could name every village, road and pass in the vicinity of the Austro-Italian boundaries without the aid of a map or plan of any kind. He published a series of monographs, in which he incorporated the results of his special topographical studies, and these monographs became standard text-books in the Italian Army.

Appointed Chief of the Italian Staff

On obtaining his majority, in the 62nd Regiment, Luigi Cadorna introduced the study of tactics on lines which so warmly commended themselves to the authorities that they were generally adopted. Appointed Colonel of the 10th Bersaglieri, one of the " crack " light infantry corps of the Italian Army—a corps similar to the French Chasseurs and the German Jaegers—he was for something like seven years Chief of Staff to General Pianelli, who commanded the Fifth Army Corps at Verona. In 1898 he was promoted major-general, and in 1905 lieutenant-general, with the command of the troops at Ancona, whence he was transferred to Naples, to become, in 1909, commander at Genoa and commander-designate of an army corps in the event of war. In the fateful year 1914, with unanimous approval, General Cadorna was appointed Chief of Staff in succession to the late General Pollio.

Gifted with a fine physique, a soldier to the finger-tips, with heart and soul in his profession, possessing the unlimited confidence of his King and country and all under him, carrying his years lightly, like Joffre and Kitchener " a silent martinet," General Cadorna has borne himself with distinction at the Council board as well as in the field. On one occasion, when the defences of Genoa were being seriously debated by a special commission, he spoke for four hours without map or note, trusting alone to his wonderful memory, and the plans he advocated were adopted.

Achieving the "Impossible" at Manœuvres

Two examples drawn from the history of the Italian peace manœuvres may be cited as showing how he won the confidence of superiors and subordinates alike. One of the commanders initiated a movement which, it was quickly seen, could be defeated only by a force outflanking him across a section of the Alps. Cadorna, at the head of his Bersaglieri, achieved the " impossible." He scaled the frowning peaks, and, springing a surprise on his adversary, won the day for his own side.

On another occasion, of more recent date, he set himself first of all to get entangled in what appeared to be a hopeless position. Orders miscarried, reinforcements were to all intents and purposes inexplicably delayed. Then, with one of those " lightning touches " for which he had made himself famous, he carried out an orderly and successful retreat which electrified all concerned, and provided the tacticians with food for thought and discussion for many a day to come.

It is hardly too much to say that when the war-cloud burst over Europe Italy was, comparatively speaking, unprepared. She was still suffering from the Tripoli affair. It fell to the lot of General Cadorna to bring order and efficiency into being. How admirably he accomplished his herculean task is a matter of history. When Italy entered the field in May, 1915, it was with a thoroughly reorganised army, increased to double its normal size, and with an efficiently armed artillery.

Deeds of Valour and High Adventure

The advantages possessed by Austria were enormous. The strategic situation all along the Trentino and Carnic Alps was in her favour. She held all the passes, she controlled all the valleys, she commanded all the roads giving access to Italy. By the end of the year, however, the situation was entirely reversed. Eastward, along the Isonzo, where the Italian frontier was entirely open, the Austrian line of defence had been broken and forced in many places, and many a deed of valour and high adventure had been added to the glories of Italian military history. The story of the conquest of Monte Nero, for instance, has yet to be fully told, and that of the enormously difficult advance to Gorizia ; while the indirect results in favour of the Allies of the Italian offensive remain to be generally appreciated.

Lord Kitchener, on his return from his visit to the Italian Headquarters in November, 1915, when on behalf of King George he personally handed to General Cadorna the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, telegraphed " the cordial greetings of a soldier " to the Italian General Staff, to General Cadorna himself, and to the whole Italian Army, adding these words : " I have carefully followed its operations, and can only express my admiration for the skill of its leaders, its general efficiency, and the tenacious bravery with which the whole Army is fulfilling the task confided to it."

General Cadorna and Lord Kitchener

General Cadorna's reply concluded thus : " I am happy to have the opportunity of personally knowing the illustrious general who has known how to create formidable English armies, which with the Allies are fighting in the firm confidence of final victory for the triumph of civilisation against the common enemy."

Count Cadorna, who has travelled in England, Belgium, France, North Africa and in other parts of the world, married in 1881. He has a son and three daughters. The son, when war broke out, was a subaltern in the cavalry regiment which his grandfather, Count Raffaele Cadorna, commanded in the campaign against Austria in 1866.

Russia's Revival and the Epic of Erzerum

To-day I have taken the supreme command of all the forces of the sea and land armies operating in the theatre of war. With firm faith in the clemency of God, with unshakable assurance in final victory, we shall fulfil our sacred duty to defend our country to the last. We will not dishonour the Russian land.

—The Tsar.

When the Grand Duke struck. Russian soldiers storm into the fallen city of Erzerum.

The valorous Siberian and Turkestan regiments capturing the forts of Erzerum at the point of the bayonet, February 16th, 1916. The advance of these two regiments over a snow and ice bound plateau, six thousand feet above the sea-level, at a temperature—

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

Russia's Hammer Stroke at Erzerum

SINCE January, 1915, when the Russians shattered the whole of the Ninth and Eleventh Turkish Army Corps at Sarykamish, so little was heard from this remote, almost mysterious, area of the world-war that it had practically lapsed from public memory. Both belligerents were undoubtedly at a standstill for nearly a year, until the moment when the Grand Duke Nicholas became Viceroy of the Caucasus, and took over the supreme command of the Russian armies combating the Turks. Aided by General Januskevitch, his Chief of Staff, he evolved a brilliant plan of campaign, which was carried out to the letter by General Judenich, culminating, with dramatic suddenness, in the fall of Erzerum, the old-world capital of Turkish Asia Minor.

The Grand Duke's Plans

Erzerum, like every other fortress involved in the Great War, was considered impregnable, and certainly if any place was naturally strongly situated it was this ancient city of Armenia. It is regarded as the key to Eastern Asia Minor, and as such the Germans in 1910 improved its fortifications on behalf of the Turks.

Erzerum lies in a hollow of an elevated plateau fringed with snow-covered peaks. The nearest important coast town to Erzerum is Trebizond, on the Black Sea, about two hundred miles away by the main road. The possession of this fortress city, therefore, practically cuts the Turks off from communication, Trebizond being one of the principal ports of Asia Minor, on the shore of the inland sea.

The Grand Duke divided his legions into three separate columns, operating independently towards the stronghold, the northern flank, via Olty, across a plateau of ice and snow, where the cold was fifty degrees below zero, the eastern flank taking the direct and obvious route to the fortress of Erzerum, via Kars and Sarykamish, and the south-eastern wing working its way up via Melasghert and Khnyss Kale. Thus the fortress was all but enveloped. But the Grand Duke realised that, under such climatic conditions, a lengthy siege six thousand feet above the sea-level in midwinter would be suicidal to any army. Even the iron-constituted Caucasians and Siberians could not endure the frightful cold for any great time, and he therefore resolved upon a lightning offensive, with the object of shattering the Turkish armies piecemeal.

Lightning Execution

With wonderful dash, which recalls the strategy of Napoleon's early triumphs, the south-eastern column fell upon the Ottomans, already half-demoralised by the cold and the supreme confidence of their adversaries, driving them out of Melasghert to Mush. This onslaught, violent and successful as it turned out to be, was in reality only a feint, the principal staggering and altogether unexpected attacks coming from the north across the Dumlu Dagh ridges, intersecting the plateau of eternal snow, while the other advance was made along the Kars road, leading dead on to the most formidable defences of the city facing east.

Enver Pasha, capable leader and accomplished assassin though he has proved himself so far to be, was completely deceived. Knowing the country north of Erzerum, the endless miles of untrodden snow, the Arctic cold, the rugged ridges rising high above the elevated plateau, the lack of roads for transport, he counted that way impassable. Surely the Caucasians would never attempt to descend on Erzerum across this fearsome white plain of desolation which was, moreover, commanded by a chain of forts.

Avalanche and Blizzard

To the east of Erzerum, Hasankala and Koprikeui had been already captured by the Russians, facilitating the direct attack on the Deve Boyun forts, and on February 14th, 1915, after heavy bombardment, the first of these strongholds fell into our ally's hands.

Meanwhile, with a physical endurance which would have done credit to the Eskimos, the Siberian and Turkestan regiments, in their picturesque Astrakhan headgear and long flowing redingotes, so reminiscent of the equipment worn in the Spanish Peninsular War, advanced slowly over the Dumlu Dagh ridges, an avalanche of men swallowed

—registering fifty degrees below zero, was one of the most extraordinary stories of the war. The outstanding feature of this timely Russian triumph was the rapidity with which the General Staff's plans were carried out, the whole affair lasting only five days.

up in an incessant blizzard. During this amazing march the whole army was lost sight of for some time, and, fearing unprecedented disaster, the commander rapidly sent reinforcements up from Olty.

By no means disheartened by their terrible ordeal, these regiments eventually loomed up before the northern forts of Erzerum, black spectres in a winding-sheet of driven snow. It was but a question of getting the heavy guns into position against the Turkish defences protecting the Dumlu Dagh stretches. How this herculean task was accomplished will make one of the finest stories in military history. From that moment the Turkish Armenian stronghold was doomed. Once having silenced the forts on the north side of the city, the more formidable Deve Boyun strongholds could be shelled from behind. These were already being bombarded by frontal attack along the Kars road.

So impetuous were the hardy Siberians that, instead of waiting for the various forts to be completely reduced, they charged down in a tempest of steel, and completed the work of the artillery in a very determined and sanguinary fashion.

Like a Pack of Cards

The conflict from the moment of the attack on Melasghert lasted only five days. It was estimated that there were 100,000 men, with 467 guns, some of them of old calibre, in the advanced forts, 374 guns in the central forts, and about 200 field guns. One by one the strongholds fell before the Russian bombardment and bayonets, till the last day of the onslaught, February 16th, when no fewer than seven hitherto considered impregnable positions capitulated.

The exact number of guns and prisoners captured in the débacle may be calculated in thousands. Suffice it that this master-stroke of the Grand Duke Nicholas was the greatest blow inflicted on the Osman dynasty since the war began. Even the fall of Bagdad, city of the Caliphs, could not have had a more disconcerting effect on the Turks than this signal triumph.

The outstanding feature of the whole affair was the speed with which the plans of the General Staff were put into execution. Even under the very best climatic conditions the Russians could not have shown more enthusiasm and power in attack. One corps alone is said to have captured something like 250 guns; and before a week was completed the Russian left column had forced its way down as far as Mush and Akhlat, carrying both places by assault, the former town being 75 miles south of Erzerum. Undoubtedly great credit for the success of the operation devolves upon General Judenich, Chief, under the Grand Duke, of the Caucasian Army.

The vigorous offensive of the Grand Duke, following up his success as far as the shore of Lake Van, diverted Turkish forces from Mesopotamia, thereby relieving pressure on the British armies there, and disorganised other Teuton-Turkish plans in the East.

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Map showing the position of Erzerum, in Asia Minor, and the relative distance of Trebizond, Constantinople, and Bagdad from the fallen fortress. The fall of Erzerum, February, 1916, had a far-reaching effect on the British Mesopotamian campaign.

This appealing snapshot, which recalls the impressive painting of the retreat from Moscow, shows a troop of Russians advancing to meet the enemy. Clad in their winter kit, they are taking the road over the frozen snow-field, ammunition waggons bringing up the rear.

The element of snow seems associate eternally with Russian military achievement. The hardy Cossack during the winter months was more than a match for the less acclimatised German, who bitterly felt the cold.

General Tamishkevitch, the Grand Duke's Chief of Staff, embracing a Russian soldier after having conferred on him the Order of St. George, the V.C. of Russia, for exceptional heroism.

In the frosty Caucasus, where many feet of snow was the lot of the Grand Duke's army. This spirited photograph shows some Russian officers watching a troop of cavalry canter past, colours flying, in desolation's waste of white.

Sturdy Slav Soldiers From Riga to Erzerum

Russian field-gun detachment in the Riga region, including a youthful Muscovite, who looks distinctly debonair with his cap cocked over his right ear. There is a strong strain of the Mongol type about these soldier subjects of the Tsar.

THE happiest event of the winter campaign of 1915-1916 was the fall of Erzerum. By losing this fortress, together with hundreds of guns and a large number of men, the Turks sustained their severest blow since the war began. Grand Duke Nicholas once more proved a supreme strategist, and in pushing his armies on to Mush he consolidated the victory. Russia, in February, 1916, held Armenia and all the roads to the Black Sea, and this had a tremendous political effect in the East.

From the two photographs, the Russian of the north seems a strikingly divergent type from his brother of the Caucasus. Whereas the northerner seems almost Mongolian, the southerner has a peculiarly Latin appearance.

Turkish prisoners taken in the fighting round Erzerum, February 16th, 1916, going into captivity under a Russian guard. The cold in the Caucasus was intense, and these hardy Orientals have the appearance of Polar explorers.

Splendid types of Caucasian soldiers in their picturesque uniforms. Ammunition is all that these soldiers receive from the Russian Government, but in return for their services they are given so many acres of land for farming purposes.

'General Winter' commands the Eastern Front

Russian soldiers about to go into action. A striking photograph of a Russian patrol leaving their camp at the double to attack approaching Germans.

Russian "Amazon" with her German captors. When taken prisoner she was fighting bravely in a trench.

Russian camp kitchen near a railway base. A refugee peasant woman is acting as a camp cook. Inset: Russian field kitchen in the midst of a dreary, snow-covered waste on the eastern front, where a Russian outpost was encamped.

The Genial Slav Soldier in his Natural Element

There is every indication that the Russians, after the advent of winter, showed a marked superiority over the enemy all along the eastern front. Winter is Russia's season, and under this hard taskmaster the Slavs have undoubtedly achieved the best military results in their history. The Germans lost the initiative in the Riga region, and as a whole suffered severely from the intense cold. Furthermore, the Russian equipment for this season was thorough to a degree, as witness the uniforms and headdress of the soldiers in the above photograph, most of whom were so hardy that they could sleep in the snow without discomfort.

Russians in Bessarabia and the Frosty Caucasus

Russian machine-gun section in action on the Bessarabia front. Terrible was the havoc which these weapons, when concentrated in large numbers, wreaked on the ranks of the enemy advancing in massed attack.

The importance of the Caucasus campaign cannot be over-estimated. Had it not been for Russia's numerous forces threatening the Turks, and her capture of Erzerum, February 16, 1916, Persia and India would have been open to a Turco-Teuton combination. This photograph shows a Russian advance guard entering a village in this snow-bound mountainous area.

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A COSSACK AMBULANCE CONVOY IN A SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT.

Stretchers constructed of bamboo poles and a carrier frame were used by the Russian Army Medical Service to convey the wounded to the field hospital. Each stretcher was made fast between two horses, and an armed escort rode alongside.

Bayonet & Transport Amid the Russian Snows

Ghastly work with the bayonet. During the German attacks on Warsaw the bayonet fighting was of the most desperate character. Many of the combatants who came to death grips were locked together in pairs, the one transfixed by the weapon of his opponent.

Thousands of pack-horses were employed by the Germans in the arduous service of transport during the severe winter campaign against Russia, with the result that there was a marked disappearance of German cavalry from Western Poland. These two striking pictures were drawn by Mr. Charles W. Simpson, R.I., from the description supplied by an eye-witness.

Incidents in the Van of Tsardom's Forces

Russian scouts on the alert near one of their outpost positions.

Russian soldiers rescuing an Army horse from a treacherous mudbank into which it had sunk while in search of water. Pigs, temporarily attached to the regimental field-kitchen, are drinking at the edge of the mud. Inset: Russian military butcher examining an ox that a peasant woman offered for sale.

Cossacks' Daring Raid On An Austrian Convoy

In spite of modern conditions of warfare, which render the regular use of cavalry impossible, the redoubtable Cossacks sometimes got the opportunity to attack isolated enemy transport columns. On one occasion a number of waggons were "spotted" from an observation post, and a detachment of Russian raiders hid in a wood until the Austrian camp-fires flickered out. They then charged down on the convoy, throwing hand-grenades among the waggons, which were reduced to chaos. The Cossacks then retreated to the wood, followed by Hungarian cavalry, who, however, dared not pursue them into the treacherous marshes.

Some of the Tsar's Dauntless Fighting Men

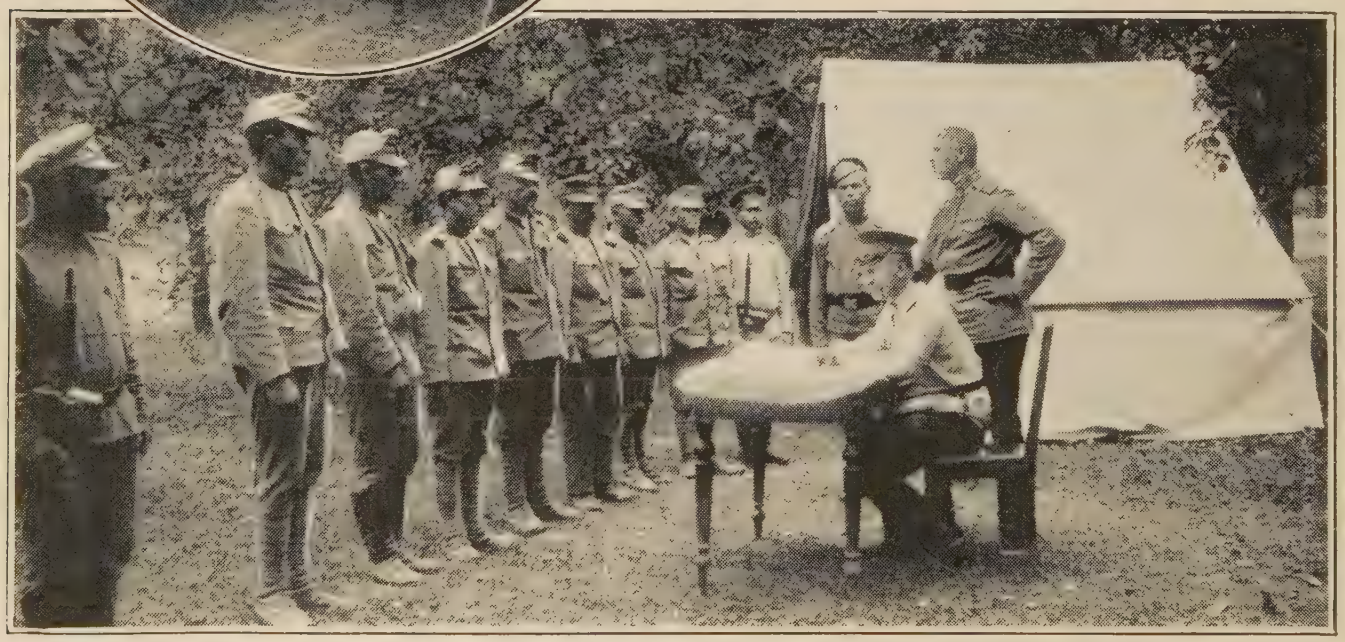
Left : Russian officers lunching near the Dvina trenches.
Above: Wounded Russians at a rest camp behind the lines near Riga.

THESE photographs from our camera-correspondent with the Russian forces near Riga show some of the men who defeated the terrific German attacks made on the Russian line, from Dvina to the sea, at the beginning of November, 1915, of which a detailed account was not published until some weeks had gone by.

At first the Russians were compelled to retire somewhat before the fierce offensive, but soon they delivered a counter-stroke which defeated all the German attempts to cross the Dvina, and cost the enemy no fewer than 12,000 lives, according to his own estimate.

Retiring in perfect order, the Russians crossed the Dvina and destroyed their bridges. Then, in their hidden trenches on the bank, they exercised wonderful self-restraint, actually allowing the unsuspecting enemy practically to complete a pontoon bridge without firing a shot to betray their presence.

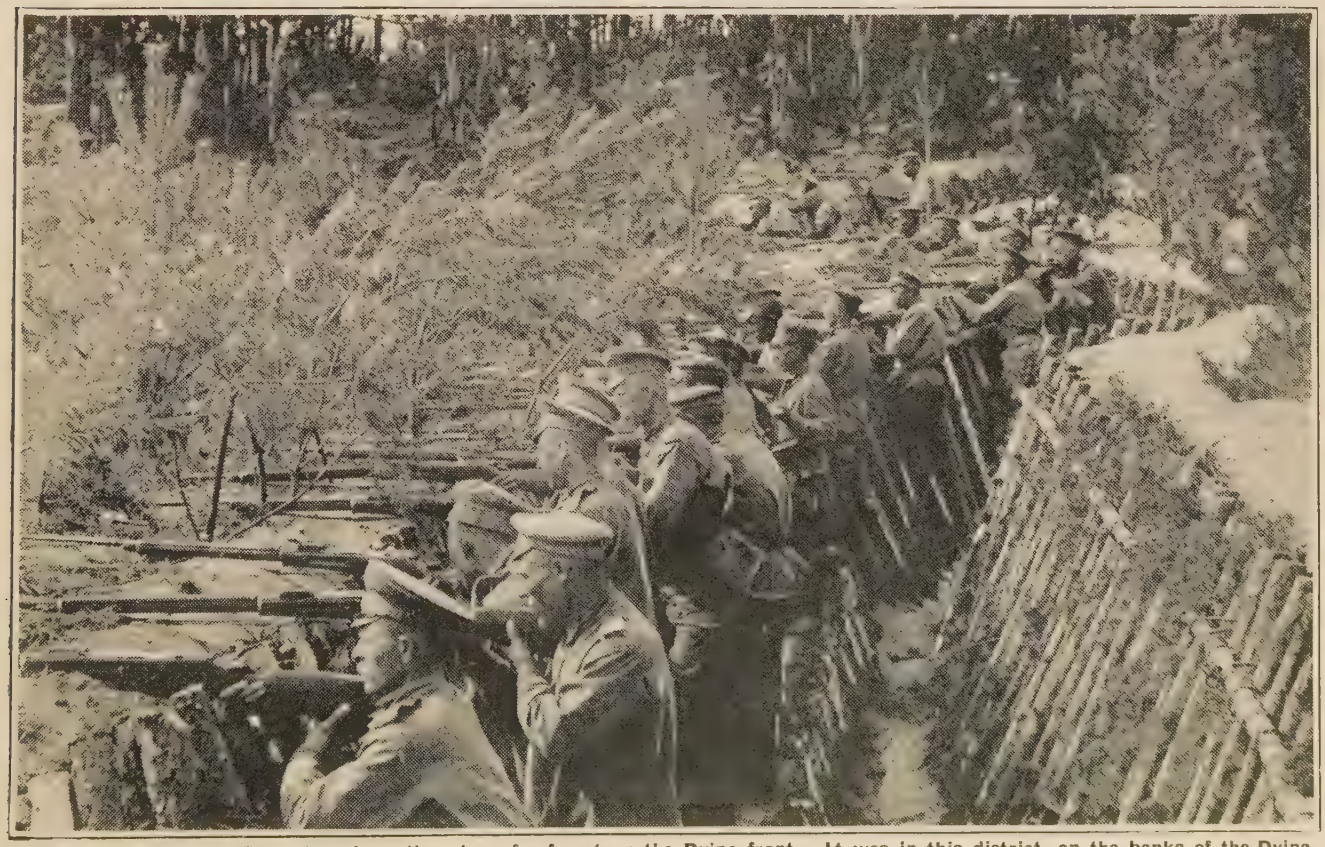
Just as the German battalions were ready to rush across the river, a Russian gun "spoke," and a shell tore the pontoon from its moorings. The Russian guns continued to hurl shell after shell among the confused masses of Germans on the opposite bank, driving the enemy into precipitate retreat.



Captured Austrians being interrogated by Russian officers. Inset above : German deserter who entered the Russian lines on the Dvina front about to be cross-examined by Russian officers at the Staff Headquarters.

A Lair of the 'Bear' in a Dvina Forest

Russian machine-gun section entrenched on the Dvina front—a difficult country of forests, marshes and rivers. Hidden in a well-screened trench dug deeply in the hard-frozen ground, the Russians, at the time this striking photograph was taken, were on the alert for an expected attack by German infantry.

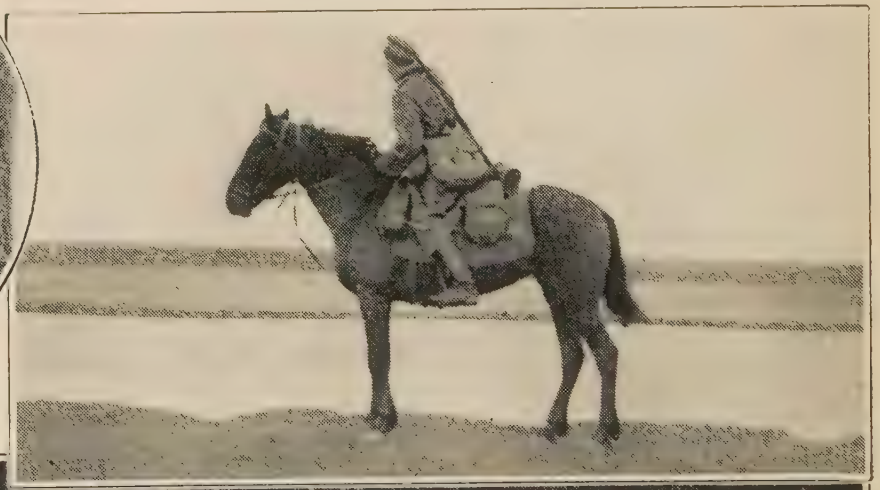


Russian infantry manning a trench on the edge of a forest on the Dvina front. It was in this district, on the banks of the Dvina River, that the Russians, at the beginning of November, 1915, beat back a terrific German onslaught which cost the enemy, according to their own computation, no less than 12,000 men.

Germany's Weakened Hold in Eastern Tug-o'-War

Russian field-gun team driving down a steep pass near Grodno, on the River Niemen, to a new position in the centre of the Russian front.

Scouts watching the enemy from a well-concealed "nest" in the fork of a tree.



Refugees from the districts occupied by the Germans encamped at the edge of a wood. Above: Russian scout riding near a fort. The Russian offensive in the winter of 1915-16 was planned to foil the German initiative at a critical moment, while French and British were strengthening their positions in the Near East, fortifying and landing troops at Salonika, and evacuating Gallipoli.

Serbia is marching towards a new field of battle; Serbia is marching to death, and yet I do not say in my own heart "Poor Serbia," for I know the greatness of her soul, and great souls never die, for the soul is the idea for which the body dies.

Nor must you say "Poor Serbia"; say rather "Rich Serbia"—for can any of the nations show greater wealth of heroism?—but do, each one of you, in God's name, all you can lest she succumb in the struggle for lack of friends—she, the friend of all the world, because the friend of Liberty!

—Ivan Mestrodie.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, the British Nurse-Heroine of the Balkans, tending a wounded Serbian.

The Balkan Kingdoms and their Boundaries

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This map indicates the relative positions of Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, of which little kingdoms the two last-named mobilised their forces in September, 1915, Bulgaria leading off and Greece following in self-defence. The portion of darkly-shaded territory to the west of the River Maritza, in Adrianople, is that ceded by Turkey to Bulgaria in the mysterious pact of September 17th, 1915. By this concession Bulgaria gained the railway line to Dedeagach and the Maritza River.

The Tragic Glory of Serbia's Last Stand

By Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek

Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek is a retired officer of the Russian Army, and a well-known military writer in his own country. He served through several campaigns in the Pamirs and Afghanistan, and he took part in the Boxer Campaign of 1900. He was a military correspondent in the Greco-Turkish War in 1897, and in 1903 he fought for the liberty of Macedonia as chief of a Comitadji band. During the Russo-Japanese War Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek was on the Staff of General Kuropatkin, and afterwards in Port Arthur with General Stoessel. He was a prisoner of war in Japan, and was three times wounded, and the result of these wounds was to render him medically unfit, and to prevent his serving with the Russian Army in the present war. Keen, however, to help, Lieut.-Colonel Roustam Bek, in addition to his writings and lectures on Russia, took an active part in the recruiting campaign for the British Army.

THE Serbians are the aristocrats of the Balkans. For the most part they are peasants, but they belong to the oldest and purest branch of the Slavonic race, and they have retained to the full the traditions and qualities of their ancestors. As a nation, they inherit a readiness for sacrifice, an overmastering patriotism, and a devotion to national duty. The Serbian to-day, in common with his forefathers during the centuries of war against the Turks, is ready to surrender home, property, and life at his nation's call.

In estimating the heroism of the Serbian people during the Autumn Campaign, it must be remembered that they had no illusions about the Bulgarians, and that they were fully acquainted with the possibilities of Bulgarian savagery. I, myself, saw something of the Bulgarian atrocities in Macedonia during the Second Balkan War. That was only a little while ago, and the Serbians could not have forgotten. The Bulgars are the Cains among the Slavs. After a victory it would be as idle to expect mercy from them as from a hungry beast when he has once smelt blood.

Until the actual mobilisation of the Bulgarian Army the Serbian Government agreed with the Allies in regarding the joining of Bulgaria to the Central Powers as impossible and incredible. Serbia, of course, realised Bulgaria's hostility to herself, but it was not to be believed that even the Tsar Ferdinand could persuade his people to betray Russia and to sell Serbia to the enemy.

Marshal Putnik's Tragic Predicament

The moment, however, that the mobilisation of the Bulgarian Army began, no further illusions were possible, and it was realised that the tragic hour for Serbia had come.

The Serbian effective Army consisted of 310,000 men. Marshal Putnik, the Commander-in-Chief, is unquestionably one of the greatest among living soldiers. He had shown his skill, and the Serbian Army had proved its courage, by the fact that they had met and defeated numerically superior forces in the early part of the war. And now again they were prepared to repeat their defence against the Austro-German attacks. They were well supplied with guns, ammunition, and food. The entry of Bulgaria, however, at once placed Marshal Putnik in a hopeless position, for it was clear that every position attacked by the Austro-Germans could be outflanked or even threatened from the rear by the Bulgarians. Every soldier will at once see that such a situation was strategically impossible.

Putnik and the Serbian Government were then faced by a great alternative. They had to decide whether they should accept a general battle with the Austro-Germans before the Bulgarians could begin their invasion or to effect a strategic retreat, falling back, but constantly fighting, defending every inch of their Motherland and saving the greater part of their Army.

If the first course had been adopted, it is almost certain that the Serbian Army would have been gloriously defeated, but Putnik might have secured a separate and not unfavourable peace. This was assured by the many efforts made by Berlin to induce Belgrade to begin independent negotiations.

The idea was rejected because the Serbian nation realised the great role that its Army must play in the development of the war and in finally securing victory for the Allies. Marshal Putnik therefore decided to keep his Army intact until the moment when the Allies could concentrate their forces and begin a common campaign for the rescue of the Balkan Peninsula from the Teutons. If he had started a great offensive against the northern invaders, or had attacked Bulgaria at the moment of its mobilisation, he would, from the common point of view of the Allies, have committed a serious strategical blunder. I have personal knowledge that there was grave anxiety in Petrograd concerning Putnik's decision, and there was some doubt as to whether he would feel justified in temporarily sacrificing Serbian territory and a large part of the Serbian nation in order to preserve the Serbian Army. That is exactly what he did, and, in doing it, he put Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy under a tremendous debt of gratitude. The destruction of the Serbian Army would have been a real and substantial victory for the Kaiser. The fate of Serbia was decided by her military leaders. They had no illusions. They knew exactly what they were doing, and the sacrifice was made for the common cause.

The Sterling Qualities of the Lesser Slavs

Serbia indeed followed the aristocratic tradition, the tradition which has been so splendidly justified in this war in every nation involved.

I have an intimate personal acquaintance with Serbia and the Serbians. It is a homely, unaffected country, where hospitality is a law. The Serbian peasant cherishes the glorious events of his past history, enshrined for him in folklore and poetry. The national legends are distinctive and beautiful. The Serbians themselves are honest, industrious, generous, and straightforward. Loyalty is the mark of Serbian policy. The Greek has betrayed the Serbian, but it is quite certain that, whatever the temptation, the Serbian would never have betrayed the Greek.

The Serbians present, in every way, a striking contrast to the Bulgarians; and nowhere is this more evident than in Macedonia. There I have found a ceaseless Bulgarian propaganda, the chief weapon of which was a perfectly ruthless terrorism, but I never discovered any trace of a similar movement initiated by the Serbians.

Serbia has always loved Russia. She has admired France, respected Great Britain, desired to maintain friendly relations with Rumania, and regarded the Montenegrins as her brothers. The formation of the Balkan League, largely the work of M. Venizelos, found warm support throughout Serbia, but the treachery of Bulgaria in the Second Balkan War made the Serbians reasonably suspicious and caused them to hesitate at the concessions suggested by the Entente Powers some months ago. Belgrade had a far more accurate knowledge of the intrigues in Sofia and the relations between Ferdinand and Wilhelm than London or Paris could possibly have had.

The Eclipse of a Great Nation

For two months the Serbian Army fought on alone, ever retiring closer and closer towards the mountains, and while the fighting men were retreating the nation went to its Golgotha without a murmur.

I should like to be able to make my readers realise the enormous difficulties of an army engaged for many weeks in a fighting retreat. Remember that the rear of an army is its most important part. From the rear it receives its supplies. In the rear the new formations are preparing, the new recruits are being drilled, and the wounded, sick,

and prisoners are concentrated. While the Serbian Army was still in Old Serbia it was able to supply itself from a friendly population, though this was not easy, since the positions were changed day by day. Conditions became much worse when Prizrend was reached and the Army entered the Kossovo Plains. Here the land is sparsely cultivated and thinly populated, and the Serbian forces had, in addition, to endure a constantly falling temperature.

Moreover, the individual soldier was harassed by the knowledge that the territory he and his comrades had abandoned was left in the hands of an enemy incapable of showing mercy to women, children, and old men. It was part of the German plan to harass the retreating Army with responsibility for legions of refugees, and nearly a million non-combatants followed the troops and added immensely to the confusion of the military authorities. It was difficult enough to find even sustenance rations for the soldiers, with bread selling at twenty-five shillings a loaf. What was to be done with these hordes of helpless, hopeless women and children, almost without clothes, exhausted after their long marches, frost-bitten, starving? It was impossible, indeed, to do anything. They died like flies by the side of the rough roads, or they fell into the hands of advanced parties of the Bulgarians to endure unspeakable atrocities before kindly death came to end their sufferings.

Was ever in the history of the world a more tragic fate than that of King Peter, riding or being carried, with his gallant son, Prince Alexander, through an awful national cemetery? One can hear the cries of babies and old men asking for bread from a king who had none to give them, and it was with their cries in his ears that King Peter, worn out and broken-hearted, accompanied his unconquerable Army across the mountains.

No Place of Friendly Refuge

Von Hindenburg declared that Germany demanded ruthless punishment for Serbia. The Teuton, it would seem, had decreed Serbia's annihilation. Otherwise she could hardly have allowed the barbarities that attended this retreat of a nation.

To me, the tragedy of Serbia has been particularly awful because of my recollection of many happy hours spent in the country. I recall the days of her religious festivals, called "Slavia," when the women and girls put on their most picturesque dresses and the stranger is invited with true Slavonic hospitality into one house after the other to share the sweets and wine. I have personal knowledge of the soldier-like capacity of the Serbian officers and the splendid courage of the peasants. I have often admired the always ready courtesy of the people, the simple as well as the exalted. And when I think of these people torn from their homes, massacred by the roadside, dying of starvation amid the snow, I am overcome with horror and anger.

The fate of Serbia is indeed worse than that of Belgium. The Belgians had, at least, places of refuge in Great Britain and France. Serbia is bound by wild mountains, and she has nowhere to flee except to savage Albania, uncertain Greece, and small, harassed Montenegro.

Kossovo and the Duty of the Allies

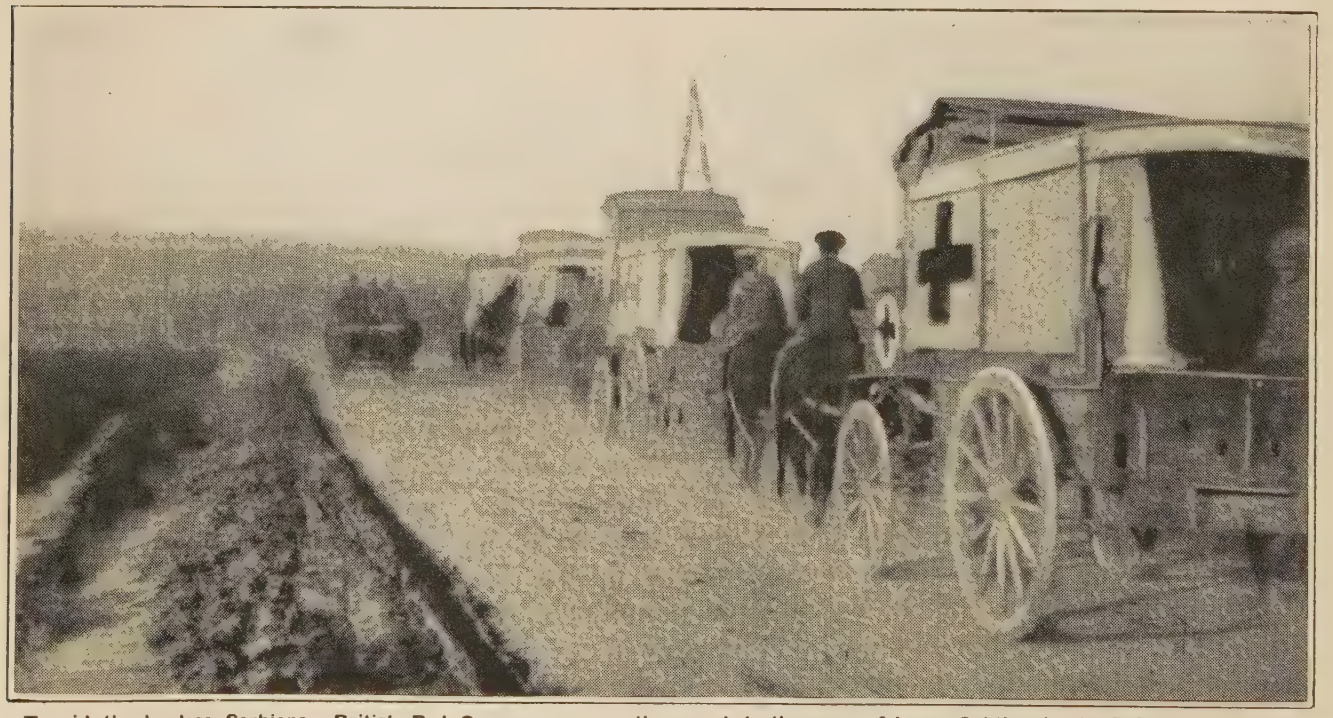
The Northern Serbian Army retired to the Kossovo Plains. It numbered about 150,000 combatants divided into two groups. The first made its way to Northern Albania and the second into Montenegro. Both groups were obliged to destroy their field artillery and ammunition, which could not be carried across the mountains. Think what this meant to these gallant men, forced now to depend on the Allies for new supplies! There are surely few more pathetic figures in the world than that of the war-worn gunner obliged to destroy his own guns! These peasants had already lost home, mothers, wives, children. Now they must surrender their weapons, and with them their hope of revenge.

The Southern, or Macedonian, Serbian Army consisted of about thirty to forty thousand men. Part of it entered Albania and part marched towards the Greek frontier in order to join up with the French and British.

There was no surrender and no capitulation in the Serbian theatre of war. The Serbian Army remained a fighting entity, now basing its hopes on Durazzo, Scutari, and Valona, through which ports it could be re-supplied with arms and ammunition. But even before these, food is necessary, and there can be surely no question that the Allies were already re-victualling Marshal Putnik's gallant forces.

Serbian territory fell temporarily into the hands of the enemy, but while the Serbian Army is in being Serbia cannot perish. The Serbian high military spirit is unbroken, and this is a fact of vast importance in view of certain developments in the Balkans. We are proud of our ally, and honour and interest both force us to ensure her reconstruction.

We could not save Serbia. It is our duty and our privilege to hesitate at no sacrifice that will hasten the day when the Serbians shall be at home again, assured of freedom and tranquil prosperity.



To aid the hapless Serbians. British Red Cross convoy on the march to the scene of heavy fighting in the Balkans. All along the fateful route up from Salonika to the allied front one heard the incessant roll of guns, equipment, munition waggons, and lastly, the caravan of succour.

Men who Shaped the Destiny of the Balkans

THE attitude of Greece towards the European War, although professedly friendly to the Allies, was all along enigmatical. The Greek Court was strongly under Hohenzollern influence, and certainly failed to stand by its treaty obligations with Serbia. In allowing the allied troops to land at Salonika, doubtless the Hellenic Power was influenced by consideration of the allied fleets. A glance at the Greek coast will show exactly how vulnerable by naval bombardment is the birthplace of civilisation in Europe. The Greek Army was a well-organised fighting machine of between 300,000 and 400,000 effectives, remodelled, within recent years, under the impetus of the German Military League. The opening message of the new Greek Premier, M. Skouloudis, to M. Cambon, the French Foreign Secretary, in which the former expressed belief in the continuance of Greece's friendly relations with the Entente Powers, seemed a hopeful augury that if Hellas moved it would be on the side of the Allies.

King Peter of Serbia, the soldier monarch of a Spartan race.

Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia, the valiant heir to an unhappy kingdom.

General Putnik, the indefatigable Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army.

M. Pasitch, the Serbian Premier, who died in November, 1915.

Col. Tivko Paviovitch, the Serbian Military Chief during the illness of General Putnik.

[Barnett

His Excellency C. L. des Graz, British Minister in Serbia.

M. Zaimis, ex-Greek Premier in succession to M. Venizelos. M. Zaimis was succeeded in turn by M. Skouloudis.

[Russell

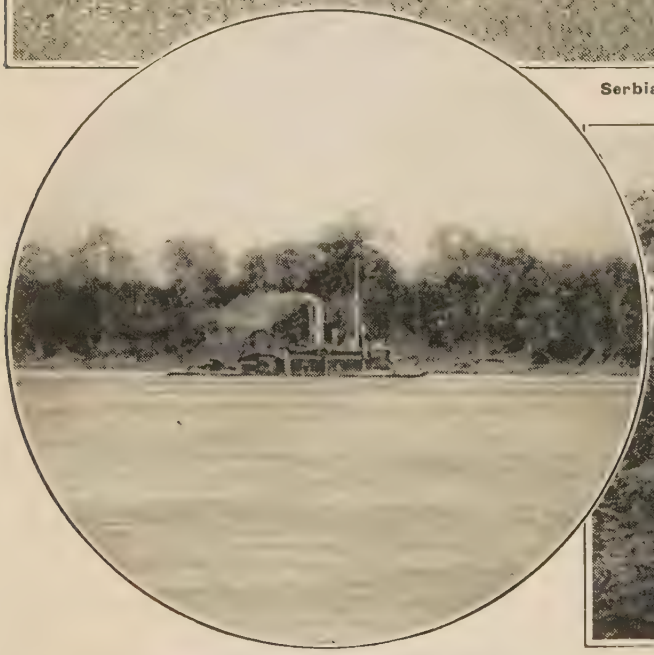
King Constantine of Greece, otherwise known as "Tino," the Kaiser's brother-in-law.

[Elliott & Fry

Sir Francis Elliot, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., British Minister at Athens, where he had remained in office since 1903.

Defending the "Bridge" Between Europe and Asia

Serbian infantry in action in a meadow, covering a movement of troops to the second line at Vratchar, east of Belgrade.



Austrian monitor which helped the German artillery during the bombardment of Belgrade, and was later sunk by British guns. On the right: Serbian infantry position along their first line by the River Danube.

Serbian first-line trench, screened from prying aircraft by a roof of planks and twigs, at Semendria. Right: Serbian artillery in action against the Germans at Dedinje, west of Belgrade. It will be noticed that the guns and ammunition carts were masked by brushwood.

With Valiant Serbia's Warrior Men and Women

Left: One of Serbia's heroic wounded being taken to hospital in a crude bullock-cart. Above: Typical crowd of sturdy Serbian peasant fighters.

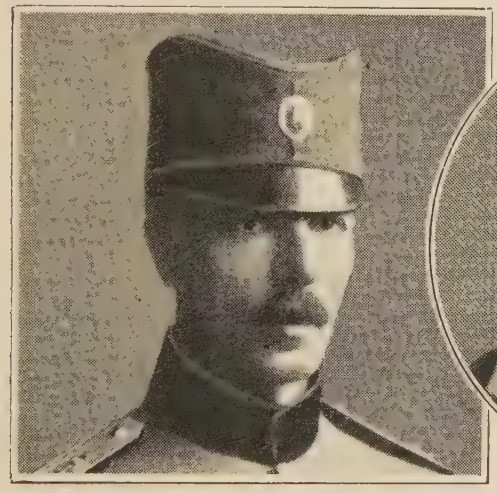
Serbian soldiers outside their dug-out on a bank of the Vardar River, which flows into the Gulf of Salonika. The men are guarding a near-by railway bridge.

Homeless and outcast, these Serbian refugees, representative of various classes, were waiting for a train to take them to safety. A striking contrast is afforded by the well-dressed man, seated with a newspaper, and the weary village folk in the foreground, or the poor peasant women in the right-hand photograph.

THE ANNIHILATION OF A FAMILY.—A dramatic story of the retreat from Nish, November, 1915, concerns a family named Yankovic. The mother was making for Monastir with her six children, each of whom carried some remnant of the household goods, but these were soon abandoned, the woman retaining only a parcel of food on her back. The journey proved too much for the children, who one by one fell down to perish by the roadside. Distracted with grief, their mother determined to avenge her losses, and set out to find her husband in the trenches. Unable to procure from him a spare rifle, she gathered up a handful of stones and flung them towards the enemy's lines. Thereupon the Huns turned a Maxim on her.

In the Line of the Great Serbian Retreat

The adventures of the Stobart Mission to Serbia were varied, but all called for the highest courage and devotion to duty. On one occasion three Austrian aeroplanes raided the town of Kragujevatz, and dropped bombs near the camp of the Stobart Field Hospital, shown on the right. On the left: Interested and fearless nurses, in their pyjamas, watching the enemy aircraft.



After months of almost superhuman work in stricken Serbia, the members of the First British Field Hospital reached Salonika safely. In their final seven days' march through the snows and blizzards of the mountains they had to abandon all their instruments, kit, and cars. On the left: Lieut.-Col. Dr. Hartnell Beavis, commandant, who led the expedition on the awful march. On the right: Maj. Dr. Gerald Sim, deputy-commandant. In circle: Nurse Florence, who was decorated for service under fire.

Gratitude and personal affection of extraordinary intensity were won by the British hospital workers in Serbia from the people to whom they gave such heroic service. This photograph shows a crowd of patients awaiting their turn outside one of the dispensaries of the Stobart Mission.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Resurrection of the Immortal Serb

IT dumbfounds a man to recollect that, only a few short years ago, the Serb was commonly despised as a coward. His reputation directly led the Hungarian and German intriguers to plan a parade march through Serbia to Salonika, Constantinople, and the Persian Gulf, the attempt at which produced the ghastliest scenes of carnage ever seen on this blob of mud spinning round our gas-jet of a sun.

The Serb used to be remembered only by his conduct in his first war with the Bulgars in 1885. It was notorious that he then mutilated himself by the thousand to escape military service, and his Army was so violently defeated that only the intervention of Austria saved the Serb nation from destruction. Had anyone at the time told the politicians of Europe that the Serbs were simply too sincere Christians and too true patriots to fight strongly against their Slav kinsmen the Bulgars, he would have been laughed at. Even the Socialistic pacifist, Mr. G. B. Shaw, jeered at the Balkan Slavs for their apparent cowardice in his play, "Arms and the Man." This was afterwards produced as a satirical comic opera, "The Chocolate Soldier," by a Viennese composer, under the subtle inspiration of the German-Hungarian intriguers. Shaw may have written in all innocence, merely in a spirit of buffoonery, but the Viennese composer knew well what he was at. His work was a light-hearted prelude to the march to Mesopotamia.

History's Most Fateful Murder

But by December, 1914, the march became the funeral dirge of the Hapsburg Empire. Three times had the Imperial armies been beaten back from the Serbian mountains. The defeated commander, General Potiorek, had at last to be locked in a madhouse. Potiorek had won his command by taking a very active part in the Sarajevo assassinations, where, by checking the carriage of the doomed Archduke to enable the Bosnian assassin to fire accurately, he had helped to accomplish the double task of removing the chief opponent of Hungarian ascendancy and of fixing the guilt on the Serbs, whose territory was coveted. But in the end, the combined burden of achieving the most fateful murder in history and of failing afterwards in the military operations against the scapegoat Serb people, caused Potiorek's mind to give way. Then his master, Count Tisza, who, like many extreme villains, was superstitious, feared to attack the Serbs for the fourth time. The mountaineers at the time were terribly enfeebled by five campaigns in three years, and ravaged by a mortal epidemic of typhus. But Tisza was unnerved by the strange doom of his assistant conspirator Potiorek.

The stronger-minded, free-thinking Prussians openly contemned their partners in crime. When Mackensen reached the Pripet Marshes in August, 1915, and finished with his great siege train, the German Staff found in the indomitable Serbs a means of diversion. The drive into the heart of Russia had practically failed, but it had at least removed from the cautious mind of the ruler of Bulgaria his fear of Russian action in the Balkans.

So, towards the end of September, 1915, there came about the monstrous combination of German, Austrian, and Bulgar forces against the small, weakened Serb race. As first arranged, the scheme of destruction would have given the three attacking nations the odds of ten to one in both men and guns. But the sudden Russian offensive in Galicia, the Italian offensive on the Trentino and the Carso front, and the more violent movement of the French and British armies in Champagne and Artois, upset the plan of the German Staff. Only three armies of Austro-German troops could be spared for action against Serbia. and their total numbers were scarcely as large as those of the three armies of Bulgar troops. The Serbs were faced with the odds of about three to one in men, but the artillery power brought against their frontiers of six hundred miles remained still more overwhelming, and modern battles were mainly decided by artillery.

This was clearly seen when Marshal von Mackensen in person, with the German general, Gallwitz, and the Austrian general, Kövess, as his subordinate commanders, opened the final struggle for the Danube crossings on October 3rd, 1915. Great arcs of artillery—3 in. field-guns in front, 6 in. field-cannon and howitzers behind, 8 in. siege pieces farther back, and 12 in. batteries right in the rear—were drawn over against Belgrade and Semendria. These two river cities, picturesquely rising above the broad waters of the Danube, commanded the entrance to the valleys by which the invading armies intended to advance and connect with the Bulgar forces. Against these cities, therefore, the chief attacks were made. But to compel the Serbs to extend and thin their lines, all the northern, north-western, and western river fronts of the Danube, Save, and Drina were assailed, from Orsova, near the Rumanian frontier, to Vishegrad, near the Montenegrin border.

Serbia's Inadequate Artillery

Some French batteries helped in the defence of Belgrade, and a small British force with naval guns operated between Belgrade and Semendria. The Serbian armament consisted chiefly of light 3 in. guns, suitable for mountain warfare, but utterly inadequate to answer siege ordnance. The first effects of the enemy's hurricane fire seemed overwhelming. It swept the banks of the Danube and Save, wrecking the trenches and redoubts of the defending forces, smashing Belgrade citadel, and wrecking city, towns, and villages. The gunners then used shrapnel instead of high-explosive shell, and lengthened their range, forming a wall of falling death a mile or more beyond the river banks. Behind this wall the German and Austrian engineers built without any serious opposition the great pontoon bridges by which the armies of Kövess and Gallwitz could cross. A flotilla of Austrian monitors steamed up to help to protect the pontoons.

It was then that the French, British, and Serbian gunners took full payment for the terrible bombardment they had endured. The British sailors, with their long-range naval guns, smote the monitors, sinking two and damaging another. The French artillerymen, with quick-fire mélinite shell, mowed down the massed brigades along the riverside near the pontoons, while the more numerous Serbian gunners worked with deadly speed at all important points along the rivers. The movement of the hostile troops stopped. Again the huge arcs of artillery came into action with a more intense and more sustained fire. The unexpected check made Kövess's men and Kövess himself diabolically cruel. The defeat of the forces defending Belgrade did not content them. They put a curtain of shrapnel behind the city, and then poured some fifty thousand great explosive and thermite shells into palace, church, house, and hovel. The design was to annihilate the civil population by cutting off the flight of the fugitives. The result was only to exalt every Serb in the city—soldier, woman, boy, and girl—to a tremendous height of courage.

Women and Children in the Van

The Austro-German troops, under cover of the last bombardment, got over on the pontoons, by way of a river island, and entered the streets of Belgrade. There, however, they met with such resistance as dims the old story of the Saragossa battle in Spain. For two days and nights the struggle went on, house to house, floor to floor, room to room, the boys of Belgrade becoming, as bomb-throwers, especially dreadful to their murderers. And as a small army of veteran Serb, French, and British fighting men, led by expert and ingenious commanders, headed the frenzied population, the slaughter was terrific. It was not until October 9th that the city was conquered.

Then, on the southern hills, there followed epic combats, in which heights were lost, retaken, lost again, and again recovered. On October 10th the enemy was smashed back into Belgrade. If the Bulgars had not opened the attack on the eastern frontier of Serbia on October 11th, the armies of Mackensen would, as soon as they had reached the mountains, have met the terrible fate of the armies of Potiorek.

Serbian Boy Fighters in the Forefront of Battle

When the complete history of the war is written, the magnificent valour of every individual Serbian—man, woman, and child—will be one of its outstanding features. A remarkable story is told of an incident which took place during a German attack on Palanka. All the inhabitants had fled before the hordes of invaders, save a number of Serbian boys of about fifteen years of age, who, barricaded behind a waggon in the main street, continued to throw hand-grenades on the advancing enemy.

SERBIAN ARTILLERY TREKKING SOUTHWARD.—This photograph of Serbian artillerymen bringing their gun up a steep incline during the great fighting retreat gives a vivid idea of the difficult nature of the country in the mountain regions of Serbia. But, fighting fierce rearguard actions by day and retreating in good order by night, our gallant ally's soldiers displayed indomitable courage in the face of misfortunes such as cannot be realised in Britain. The overwhelming advance of the Teuton forces, the ravages of fever and famine, the floods that hampered the movements of troops, the pitiable plight of their women and children, failed to break their fighting spirit or to cause them to cower before the "mailed fist" of Kaiserism.

King Peter's Flight from his Tragic Kingdom

Though pitifully frail and ill, King Peter of Serbia insisted on staying among his heroic soldiers in their tragic retreat. Here the aged monarch is seen on horseback, though scarcely strong enough to keep in the saddle. When urged to seek refuge in Italy, his Majesty replied: "My place is with the Army, and I must stay till the end."

King Peter being lifted on to his horse. While the roads were good enough and petrol was obtainable, his Majesty accompanied his troops in a motor-car. Then he rode on horseback, until so weak that he had to be carried on a stretcher. (These photographs were sent by aeroplane from Scutari to Durazzo by a correspondent with the Royal suite.)

British Heroines' Devotion to Suffering Serbians

Madame Grouitch (wearing furs), wife of the Serbian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who inaugurated a home and hospital for orphaned Serbian children. Centre: Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, the British nurse-heroine, who was tireless in her care for wounded Serbians during the great retreat from Nish. Right: Two of Lady Ralph Paget's heroic nurses wearing specially designed hygienic garments.

CONSPICUOUS among that company of heroic British women who, without thought of personal danger, braved shell fire and disease in Serbia, were Lady Ralph Paget and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

The indefatigable and heroic devotion of these women, and their many helpers, to Serbia's sick and wounded will be remembered as outstanding examples of the unprecedented parts played by women in the Great War.

Lady Ralph Paget, who had the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Sava conferred upon her by King Peter, went to Serbia in December, 1914, as superintendent of the first unit of the Serbian Relief Fund; in the following March she was stricken by typhus; later she became a prisoner in the hands of the Bulgarians. Despite the pleadings of her husband, who made a dash by motor-car to effect her rescue, three hours before the capture of Uskub, Lady Paget said: "I am going to stay here to take care of these poor men. It is useless to try to make me leave." Her staff remained with her.

Among that tragic mass of Serbians who retreated from Nish was an Englishwoman mounted on a black horse, who was unremitting in her solicitude for the wounded. She was Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, worshipped by the Serbians for the self-sacrificing heroism she displayed on their behalf.

With the overwhelmed yet stubbornly fighting Serbians there were many more nurse-heroines, sharing with the soldiers their terrible privations with admirable fortitude and unshaken courage. Harassed from place to place by the enemy, they kept bravely to their posts, tending the fever-stricken and the wounded in temporary hospitals, often little more than cattle-sheds, amid the floods and knee-deep mud.

Some of the nurses from Scotland who risked death and disease in Serbia on behalf of the soldiers of that stricken nation. Inset: Lady Ralph Paget, who displayed heroic devotion on behalf of the sick and wounded Serbians at Uskub.

The British Red Cross Mission in Retreat

A member of the British mission and two of the waggons on the road to Tutijne. Ramshackle and worn by constant rolling over the bad roads, the waggons presented a sorry spectacle, but nevertheless succeeded in carrying the mission out of danger.

The arrival of French aeroplanes at Kralievo. In the foreground a whole row of the Allies' guns which had to be spiked by the gunners, as they could not be withdrawn to safety before the enemy in vastly superior numbers arrived.

With the Tricolour over the Wintry Balkan Hills

Part of the large French force withdrawing from Kavadar to Salonika via Negotin. Owing to the absence of railways, the whole manœuvre was dependent upon pack-horses.

Another view of the steel-helmeted French troops retreating over the mountain tracks to Salonika via Negotin. The inset photograph shows the van of the retreating forces marching out of Kavadar with a band at their head.

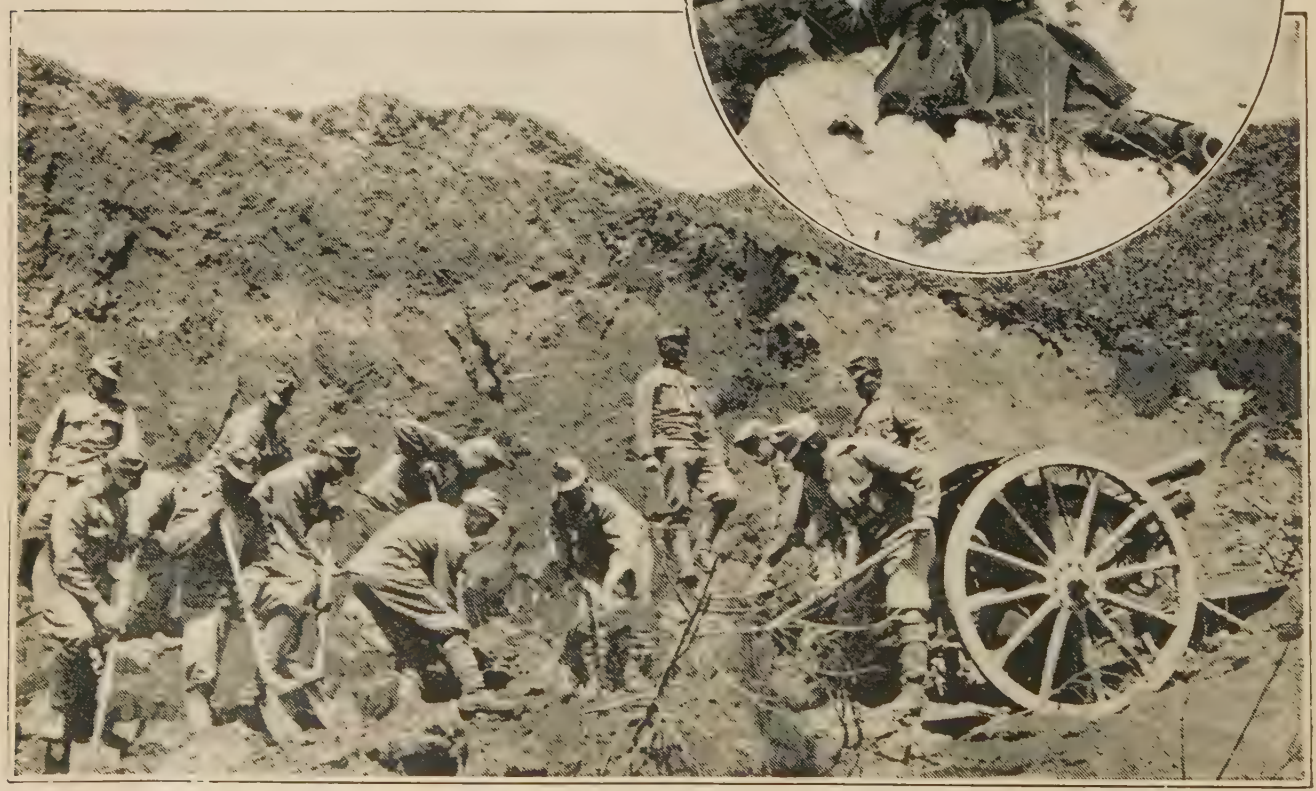
Montenegro's Despairing Fight for Freedom

A fortified tree in the Balkans used as an observation post for directing the fire of the Montenegrin guns.

Left: General Martinovitch, who refused to surrender to Austria. Right: Meeting to consider the surrender of Scutari. General Martinovitch, in the centre, discussing the peace terms with Essad Pasha (on the left) and Prince Danilo of Montenegro.

Winter War Scenes with Austrians in Montenegro

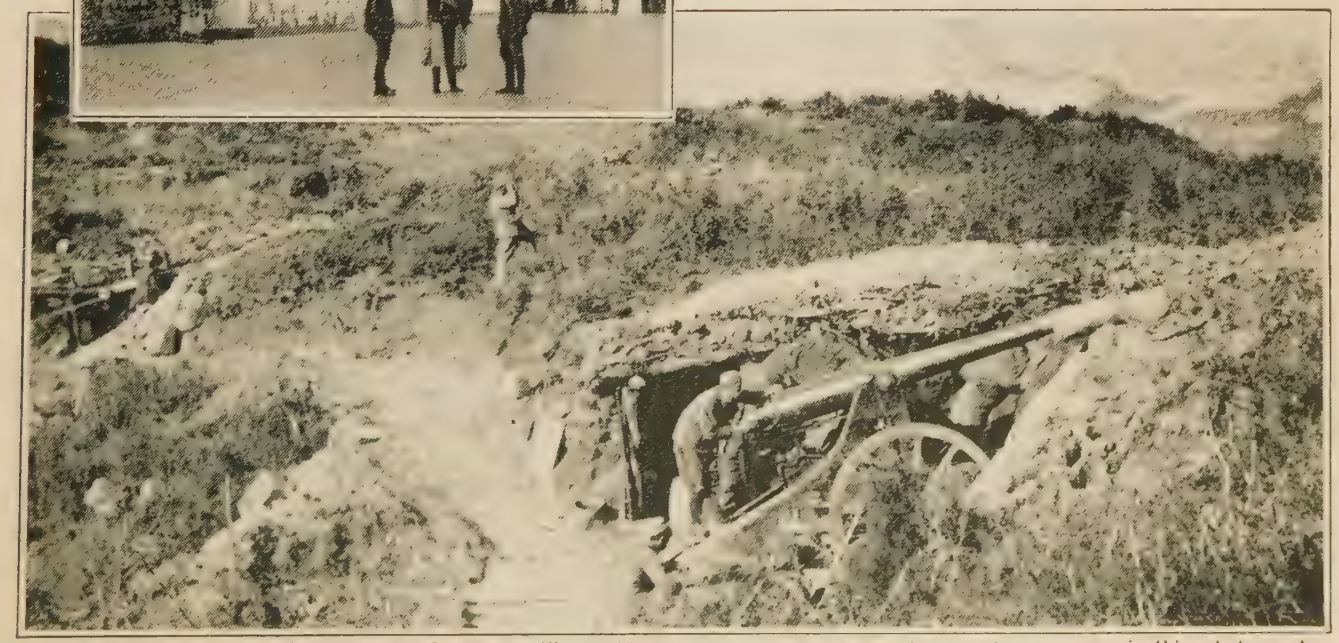
Austrian artillery in action amid picturesque snow-covered country near the Montenegrin frontier. Right: Austrian sharpshooter firing from a hill post.



Austrian sappers preparing a gun emplacement at a new position along their front. Reinforced by a Serbian corps, the Montenegrin Army resumed the offensive on December 22nd, 1915, driving the Austrians from Montenegrin territory. The allied success at Lepenatz on the following day cost the Austrians over 2,000 killed and wounded.

With the Montenegrins in and Around Cetinje

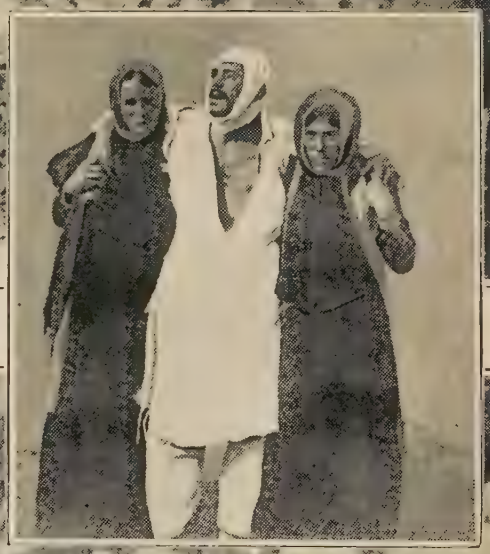
Types of hardy Montenegrin soldiers encamped in a mountain fastness near Cetinje. Most of them were middle-aged men. Inset: The palace of King Nicholas at Cetinje.



The Montenegrins had a large supply of heavy artillery which, placed in such commanding positions as seen in this photograph, wrought great havoc among the Austrians. With the fall of Lovtchen and Cetinje, however, another gallant little nation was admittedly crucified by the Germans.

Montenegro's Martyrdom after Seventeen Months

Wounded Montenegrins being carried to field hospitals after a desperate assault. The capture of Cetinje, the smallest capital in Europe, on January 13th, 1916, marked a tragic epoch in the history of the gallant little Balkan nation.



Montenegrin soldiers going to the firing-line. Inset: Wounded Montenegrin, supported by his wife and mother, on his way to a hospital. By the fall of Mount Lovtchen, Austria gained a stronghold overlooking Cattaro, thus strengthening her naval power in the Adriatic.

King Nicholas Seeks Refuge in Friendly France

The arrival of King Nicholas of Montenegro at Lyons. Together with King Albert and King Peter, this venerable monarch went into friendly exile to await the moment of his country's liberation from Teuton tyranny.

A Montenegrin soldier, who was one of the bodyguard of King Nicholas, arouses interest among the Frenchmen with whom he is billeted. He is about to sample some of the soup for which our French friends are famous.

Scenes at Salonika and along the Danube

Impression of part of the immense stores of corn and hay at the French base at Salonika. The huge piles of forage being concentrated at this wharf give some indication of the extent of our ally's part in the Balkan campaign.

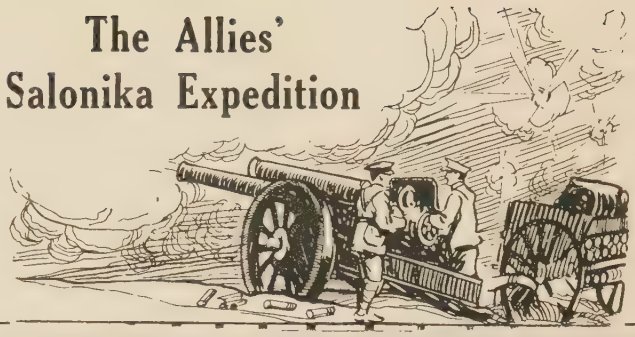
Entrenched along the Danube, these Serbian soldiers are in the act of repelling an Austro-German attempt to cross the waterway. Fittingly, the Danube, one of the greatest rivers in Europe, played a most important part in the European War.

Our policy has been to secure agreement between the Balkan States, which would assure to each of them, not only independence, but a brilliant future, based as a general principle on the territorial and political union of kindred nationalities. To secure this agreement we have recognised that the legitimate aspirations of all Balkan States must find satisfaction.

The policy of Germany, on the other hand, has been to create, for her own purposes, disunion and war between the Balkan States.

—Sir Edward Grey

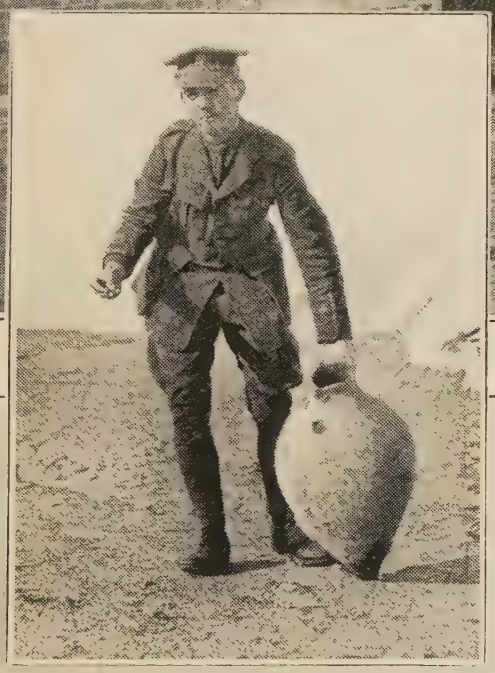
The Allies' Salonika Expedition



Allied Leaders in the Balkans. General Sir Charles Monro and General Sarrail confer on the field.

THE HOPE OF FRANCE IN THE LEVANT.—General Sarrail and his Staff officer, Lieut.-Colonel Jacquemot, alighted at Strumnitza Station, and proceeded towards the first trench line in the Balkans. General Sarrail was in command of the French Expeditionary Force. A large number of allied troops arrived at Salonika, whence they were sent north to meet the Bulgarians invading Serbia. After having inspected the disembarkation of troops at Salonika, and the Franco-British camp at Zeitlenik, General Sarrail left his headquarters at Salonika to visit the fighting front, touring the line from Strumnitza to Demir-Kapoun, remote names a few weeks before, but since fraught with great historical significance.

Behind Britain's Deepening Lines in Macedonia



Impression of the vast store of supplies for the Allies at Salonika. A British transport lorry had just unloaded, and was about to proceed to the quays for another consignment. Inset: Officer with an ancient Greek vase unearthed on a hill-top during trench digging.

Stable dug-outs at the foot of Mount Arrowroot, near Salonika. Transport horses were being groomed after a hard day's work. Thus hidden, the horses were, to a great extent, protected from artillery fire. The Allies' camp may be faintly discerned in the background.

Busy Preparations for the Salonika Campaign

Losing no time after their landing, British soldiers are here seen making a hard stone track to expedite the transport of stores.

Making sure of a drinking supply. Tommies rolling barrels of Greek lager, the lightest beer obtainable, to their base.

British soldiers unloading baggage from Greek Army transport waggons. Inset: Major-General Sir Bryan T. Mahon, K.C.V.O., in command of the British Balkan Expedition.—*(Photo Elliott & Fry.)*

Those British troops who had the honour of first co-operating with the hard-pressed Serbians were no doubt inspired by the peculiar grandeur of the Serbian resistance to do or die. Weight of numbers has never broken the spirit of the Serbs, and certainly British courage has ever showed against fearful odds. This photograph shows some British soldiers en route for the Serbian lines.

Some of the First 13,000 Landing at Salonika

Striking impression of the landing of the first batch of British troops at Salonika. An old steamship, heavily laden with some of "the memorable thirteen thousand," is seen leaving a man-of-war for the Grecian harbour. Tommies in the foreground are seated or standing on the deck discussing the prospects of their new adventure, and awaiting their turn to be disembarked. On the horizon, a view of Salonika, one of the most picturesque and in 1915 the most noteworthy seaport in Southern Europe, is seen.

Consolidating British Positions in the Balkans

Guarding against treachery. British sentries examine the papers of Greeks, Turks, and Jews on a Balkan road.

Behind the communication trenches in the Balkans. Scottish soldiers collecting tree-trunks to consolidate the British position.

Banking up a British trench in Macedonia with sandbags. The circle photograph shows two of the signalling corps at work.

Difficulties with the transport. A mule mutinies, to the amusement of a group of privates and non-commissioned officers who are watching the strenuous efforts of two subalterns to get the better of the beast.

Neutral Greeks Do Their Bit for the Allied Cause

British private giving orders to Greek boys, who were paid a franc a day to pick up stones for road-making in Macedonia. He seems to experience no difficulty in making them understand his commands, although they are in English.

Adult Greek labourers requisitioned in the Allies' cause. These men are also collecting stones from a river-bed to construct thoroughfares for transport of munitions. They were paid at the rate of four francs a day. The inset photograph shows a number of Greeks shovelling the stones into a waggon.

Fur Coats & Tam-o'-Shanters in the Balkan Field

Walter Dunn, aged fourteen, a stowaway with the 1st Canadian Contingent, who was adopted by them, smuggled to France, was in the fighting at Loos (September, 1915), then reached Salonika as a stowaway, and was attached to an A.S.C. camp. Above: Field-gun practice at Salonika.

In a British trench in the Balkans, where the cold during the winter of 1915-16 was intense. The defences of Salonika were steadily extended and strengthened. Three thousand five hundred Serbian refugees were engaged in making new trenches, while British and French transports continued to land artillery, men, and stores.

Allied Cavalry & Infantry at the Salonika Front

One of the French cavalry patrols guarding the rear of the troops when they moved from Kavadar to the defences of the Franco-British line.

Grecian transport column passing French infantry in Salonika. Inset: British soldiers, wearing their new leather coats, in Greece. Strongly reinforced, the Franco-British troops added materially to the defences of Salonika. The Allied and Bulgarian lines faced across the frontier—the Allies on a front from Karasuli to Kilindir, the Bulgarians on the line Ghevgeli-Doiran.

The Sentinel at Kavadar · An Entente Idyll

General view of Kavadar, whence the French retreat towards Salonika was conducted. Cavalry horses are seen watering in the stream known as the Valika, which runs round the town. A French sentinel is on guard in the foreground.

Scene at the headquarters of the first St. John Ambulance detachment to reach France after the outbreak of the war. This depot was hard at work for both French and British wounded from the commencement of the war. In the photograph a French wounded soldier is being assisted into the ward by two R.A.M.C. orderlies.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Manuel

GENERAL SARRAIL

Appointed to Command the Allied Forces at Salonika, January 16th, 1916

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR GENERAL MAURICE SARRAIL

BORN in 1856, about four years after Napoleon III. had been declared Emperor of France, and in the same year as the Prince Imperial, Maurice Sarrail first saw military service as an officer of Chasseurs, the hardy light infantry that have made such a distinguished name for themselves in the Vosges. In 1881 he took part in the expedition to Tunis, which led to the occupation by France of this part of the old Roman province of Africa. He fought with the celebrated Foreign Legion in Algiers. Afterwards he was appointed to the French Staff, and did much excellent work of an administrative character, enjoying high repute as an accomplished strategist and student of the art of war.

A.D.C. to General André

In 1902 General Sarrail was A.D.C. to General Louis Joseph Nicolas André, when that officer, one of the few who came out of the Franco-Prussian War with enhanced reputation, was Minister of War in the Cabinet of M. Combes—a Cabinet, by the way, which pledged itself to make the spirit of the Revolution triumph in matters of religious policy, and to secure the definite victory of lay society over religious policy, and to secure the definite victory of lay society over monastic disobedience to what was known as the Associations Law. At that time, politically speaking, General de Castelnau and General Sarrail were in opposite camps. It is one of the brighter results of the war that these two great soldiers sank their differences completely in their country's hour of extreme trial.

Prior to the commencement of the European hostilities in August, 1914, General Sarrail was in command successively of the Eighth Army Corps at Bourges, and the Sixth Army Corps at Chalons-sur-Marne. General Ruffey was head of the Third Army, facing heroically the savage Teutonic onslaught through Luxemburg and Lorraine under the direction of the Duke of Würtemberg and the Crown Prince of Prussia. General Ruffey's forces extended, roughly, from Montmedy by Sedan to Rocroi. A big battle was fought in this region towards the end of that fateful August, as the result of which certain obsolete fortresses on the Central Meuse, such as Mézières, were compelled to surrender, and Ruffey retired to the Argonne region, the enemy meanwhile wreaking incendiary vengeance on La Tour, Rossignol, Longuyon and elsewhere. It was a time of surprise for our brave Allies, a day of temporary triumph for our enemies. But it was also the eve of the allied victory of the Marne.

Before, however, this decisive action was fought, General Sarrail had succeeded General Ruffey in the command of the Third Army, and in so succeeding had a highly critical task to perform. "Hold Verdun—or do not come back!" said General Joffre to him. Even to-day the magnitude of the problem before him is not adequately realised. But all the world knows how magnificently he responded to the trust imposed upon him, despite the superior forces with which he was confronted. Verdun was at that time the pivot upon which many of General Joffre's manœuvres turned, and its masterly defence was in no small degree contributory to the German defeat on the Marne.

His Magnificent Defence of Verdun

The stress of his new command was not lessened after the affairs of the Marne. The German attack gained in intensity during the Battle of the Aisne. Once or twice, indeed, the Crown Prince thought himself within sight of success, especially when St. Mihiel was captured. But General Sarrail's engineers fashioned such a series of formidable obstacles to the enemy on the hills around Verdun, that the Germans were thwarted with losses only excelled in extent when the second prolonged attempt was made on this part of the French line in the opening months of 1916, and General Pétain emulated so brilliantly the example set him by General Sarrail.

In that trying period of 1914 General Sarrail not only remodelled the forts of Verdun, he remodelled the whole theory of fortification on which the forts had been laid out, doing this in the light of what had happened in Belgium. The defence of Verdun was continued by General Sarrail through the winter of 1914-15, and in March, 1915, he was able to take the offensive across the Meuse. He continued to baffle the Crown Prince's army until well into the summer.

Meanwhile, metaphorically speaking, the flags of St. George and St. Denis were hoisted at Gallipoli, the forces sent by our Allies to that part of the war area being composed of Zouaves, Senegalese, Colonial Infantry, and the Foreign Legion. These forces were under the command, first of all, of General d'Amade, who had won laurels in the West; then of General Gouraud, known as "The Lion of the Argonne" on account of his prowess as a corps leader in General Sarrail's Third Army. When General Gouraud met with his grievous wound, his place was taken by General Bailloud, and then, on August 6th, General Sarrail was appointed French Commander-in-Chief in the Orient.

In October France declared war against Bulgaria, and troops having been landed at Salonika, there took place the allied advance of some fifty miles north of the ancient Greek port. The enemy's strength proving unexpectedly strong, General Sarrail was called from the Dardanelles, and conducted the masterly retreat from the Vardar.

The Strong Man of Salonika

Appointed on January 16th, 1916, to the supreme command of the Franco-British forces at Salonika, General Sarrail, in conjunction with General Sir Bryan Mahon, planned the defences of that place which so commended themselves to General de Castelnau upon the occasion of his visit of inspection as General Joffre's Chief of Staff. He was responsible also for the firm measures taken against the enemy consuls. He issued a solemn warning that on the first act of hostility shown by the enemy on Greek soil he would "take measures of protection dictated by circumstances."

The result was that when German airmen dropped bombs on Salonika, General Sarrail promptly had the German, Austrian and Turkish consuls arrested and shipped off to Marseilles, his action being fully justified by the discoveries made when the enemy consulates were searched. At the same time he made full arrangements for the feeding of the Greek troops when communications had to be cut in accordance with his scheme for the defence of Salonika. Nor did he forget to alleviate the sufferings of the refugees from Asia Minor.

Under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief no less than 17,000 sacks of flour, 2,000 sacks of rice, and eight hundredweight of compressed quinine were distributed free among the homeless. In addition, he caused soup to be distributed to all the refugees who asked for it, and made an allowance of one ton of dried vegetables a day to the needy. An Athens paper, the "Patris," was moved to the following representative tribute: "General Sarrail, at the head of hundreds and thousands of the children of the Third Republic, is defending Macedonia against its enemies; a great and decisive victory will crown his work in this struggle of Liberal France in favour of the liberty of Greek Macedonia. General! All welcome is yours!"

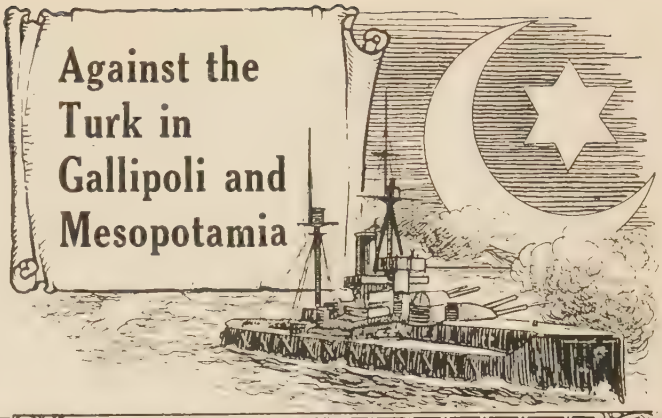
General Sarrail and King Constantine

Of General Sarrail's memorable interview in February, 1916, with King Constantine, a statement issued in Athens contained the following passages: "General Sarrail showed that the military measures taken by the Allies were irresistibly imposed by the situation, and he ventured the opinion that the King himself in similar circumstances would have done the same. He explained, as a soldier to a soldier, the work accomplished to render Salonika impregnable, gave clear answers to questions, and cleared up several matters which had been the cause of misunderstandings." A situation which had grown almost daily more anxious to the Allies was thus happily relieved of its tension.

General Sarrail has been described by those who have known him best as a typical soldier, tall and well set up, keen, cool, with bulldog jaw, piercing eye, and any amount of tenacity. After the war had been in progress some months he touched the humorous vein of his countrymen by becoming suddenly and dramatically young again. Formerly he had a quite patriarchal white beard. This he dispensed with, retaining only a white, soft curled moustache to match the silky white hair that he wore in waves.

Australia, New Zealand Army Corps!
Cherish their fame for evermore—
The Anzacs!
The old oak's branches,
From prairies and ranches,
Are doing their bit,
And proving their grit,
In the tightest fit—
The Anzacs.

Sons of the boundless bush and farm,
Their hearts are young, their blood is warm—
The Anzacs.
Furious, undaunted,
Willing when wanted,
They fought and they fell,
How bravely, how well,
No pen can tell—
The Anzacs.



General Townshend. Anglo-Indian pluck and resource hold up Turkish hordes in Mesopotamia.

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Map indicating the sphere of operations in Mesopotamia. Fighting was continuous in the neighbourhood of Kut-el-Amara in the latter part of 1915 and the beginning of 1916. At Ctesiphon the Turks lost about 2,000 men in a futile attack on December 12th. At Kut-el-Amara, during December 24th-25th, the enemy sustained another 700 casualties. The ostensible objective of this campaign was Bagdad, the fall of which city would have gone far to strengthen Britain's prestige among the subject races of the Empire in the East.

The War Illustrated

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Miraculous Withdrawal from Gallipoli

IN the third week in December, 1915, the situation of the Australasian and British forces clinging to their twelve-mile front in Northern Gallipoli seemed desperate beyond parallel. We had lost about one hundred thousand men in vainly trying to break through the enemy's fortressed crescent of heights, and in stubbornly holding on to our precarious position. The most distressing feature of our increasing list of losses was that disease began to disable our forces at a far more rapid rate than did the enemy's weapons. Nearly half our total losses were due to sickness.

This, in turn, was due to our inferior military situation. The Turks were superbly entrenched on a great amphitheatre of dominating hills. From the mountain clump of Sari Bair to the rugged crest of the Kavah Tepe range the hostile artillery observation officers had points one thousand feet above sea-level from which to direct their guns. The principal hills on our northernmost sector, such as Chocolate Hill and Green Hill, were less than two hundred feet high, and even the highest Anzac trenches, that rose six hundred feet, were closely overshadowed by the sombre mountains held by the Turks. Only by entrenching in folds of the broken ground, where howitzer shells alone could be pitched on to our dug-outs, were our troops able to escape sweeping destruction. The enemy was everywhere firing down on them, and at one critical spot, known as Sniper's Nest, the Turk remained, after eight months' desperate efforts to push him back, within less than half a mile of our landing beach.

Lord Kitchener at Anzac

Such was the military situation, as Lord Kitchener saw it in November, when he climbed to Russell's Top at Anzac. But the hygienic situation was still worse. In the heavy rainy weather, with fierce sou'-westerly gales, the heights of Gallipoli streamed with water. Tracks running up between the bushes and hummocks of rock changed from dry footpaths into torrent beds, and as our trenches were everywhere below the Turkish lines, our great system of linked earthworks served to drain the mountains. Here and there a battalion, clinging to a trench blasted in the rock on the edge of a precipice, still lived in want of water; but, as a general rule, our deeply-dug lines were exceedingly wet. Our sappers had to use high and ingenious skill and immense labour in order to carry off the mountain flood-water, and prevent the trenches becoming strong, swirling watercourses. Then, as winter deepened, the climate on the northern rocky shore of Gallipoli became extraordinarily severe for so southern a region. Some of our sentries were found frozen to death at their posts. Practically all our positions were fully exposed to the bleak, north-easterly winds sweeping from the remote Russian steppes across the Balkans, where the winter rigours of the Siege of Plevna were still remembered.

After studying all the conditions, Lord Kitchener agreed with Sir Charles Monro, the new commander of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, that it would be best to retire. This decision was strengthened by the need for veteran troops of the finest quality in the new Balkan theatre of war, to which the 10th Division, the spearhead in some of the Suvla Bay battles, was first despatched. But when a complete retirement from both Suvla Bay and Anzac had been ordered, the task of carrying it out appeared superhuman.

On Sir William Birdwood, who directed the operations of retirement, the burden and the gloom were very heavy; for this gallant general, who had led the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps from the first landing battle, was still confident that he could win to the Narrows and decide the fate of the Ottoman Empire. All he wanted was a large reinforcement. But the defection of the Bulgarians, the wavering of the Greeks, and the overthrow of the Serbians had made Gallipoli a theatre of war of secondary importance. We had decided to hold the entrance to the Dardanelles, beneath Achi Baba, and thus facilitate the operations of our submarine crews in the Sea of Marmora, while the old and new armies on the northern coast moved to the more vital region of Salonika.

The German Staff thought that our main force in Gallipoli was trapped. We were supposed to be in the position of a man who had got a wolf by the ears, and was holding on in despair because he could not safely let go. The Turks were of the same mind as the Germans, and in some fairly well-informed circles in London there were very dark apprehensions. How many men a hundred would it cost us to evacuate our position? Some put it as high as twenty-five, and it was generally expected that there would be a terrible rearguard battle with some eighty thousand Turks, roused to the full height of fanatic courage by the spectacle of our withdrawal.

The Conception of the Bluff

But Sir William Birdwood and Admiral Robeck did not fear anything of this kind. Their chief anxiety was the weather. If only the sea was calm, so that the heavy guns and other ponderous material could be shipped quickly and easily, the general and the admiral rather looked forward to a farewell scrap with "Johnny Turk." Happily, the weather on the critical night, Sunday, December 19th, 1915, was serene, and though the moon, being nearly at full, cast an unwanted amount of light, the operation was conducted with marvellous success.

By way of a beginning, a rearguard battle, on an economic scale, was arranged. By the work of many nights, the sappers built a series of mines in front of our lines, and our machine-guns were so arranged that their comparatively small sections could sweep every yard of the ground. Then, out at sea, the naval gunners stood by large stores of shrapnel shell, with the ranges exactly fixed, ready at a wireless signal to maintain a fire curtain, twelve miles long, from Suvla Point to Gaba Tepe.

But though the Turks had German observation officers at the principal points, and well-trained observers of their own race, with good night-glasses, peering from the mountain tops, no attack was launched. At one spot the Turkish trenches were only seven yards from ours, and the moonlit sea and the beaches were crowded with our warships, transports, small boats, and retiring troops. The men came down in thousands from the hill tracks, and wound in thousands across the plain by Salt Lake. But neither German nor Turk divined the meaning of the continual movements going on beneath their eyes. Great guns were lowered to the beaches, hoisted by derricks into lighters, and thence lifted on to steamers. All the ammunition was reshipped. The machine-gun parties were removed, and after some quarrelling among the men of Anzac for the right to be the last to leave, all the battalions were embarked.

More than Success

At half-past three on Monday morning the last of the Australians fired a forty-five-feet-deep mine under the Turkish trenches, as a farewell act of battle, while volunteers with fuses set light to some large dumps of bully beef, and by five o'clock on the dark, midwinter morning the evacuation was complete. The total casualties were one officer and four men wounded.

It was one of the most surprising feats in the history of war. Even when every Briton and Australian was safe aboard ship, and our naval guns were destroying the breakwaters and landing-stages, the Turks did not stir from their trenches. They did not know, when dawn broke bright and clear, that no enemy faced them. Their guns bombarded the bonfires, shelled our battleships, and peppered the abandoned front in an erratic way.

It was mainly Staff work of an extraordinary excellence that extricated the Australasian and British forces from an apparently hopeless situation. What can the members of the German Staff do when men like Sir William Birdwood perform miracles? Some happy day we shall know what Enver Pasha said to his German generals when they told him that our Suvla-Anzac forces had escaped from long-prophesied, certain destruction without a single death.

THE ARMISTICE.—If the British casualties in the Gallipoli "gamble" were something over one hundred thousand men, the losses suffered by the Turks may be estimated at a considerably higher figure, judging partly by the frequent requests from the Ottomans for armistices to bury their dead. This unique photograph, taken by a wounded soldier after the Battle of Lone Pine Plateau, so called from the stunted tree seen in the centre of the photograph, shows a number of Turkish ambulance men wearing the Red Crescent, as distinct from the Red Cross, superintending the removal of the wounded and interment of the dead. One Turk is holding aloft a white flag, the universal symbol of truce.

Lord Kitchener Personally Inspects Anzac Land

The Secretary for War in the trenches at the Dardanelles, November, 1915. On one occasion Lord Kitchener passed within twelve yards of the Turkish line, hundreds of Ottomans being quite unaware of the near presence of their formidable adversary.

Major-Gen. Davies pointing out Gallipoli positions, in the direction of Achi Baba, to Lord Kitchener. Standing on the left of Lord Kitchener are General Birdwood, of Anzac fame, and General Maxwell, K.C.B., the General Officer Commanding in Egypt. The youthful appearance of Britain's distinguished leader will be remarked.

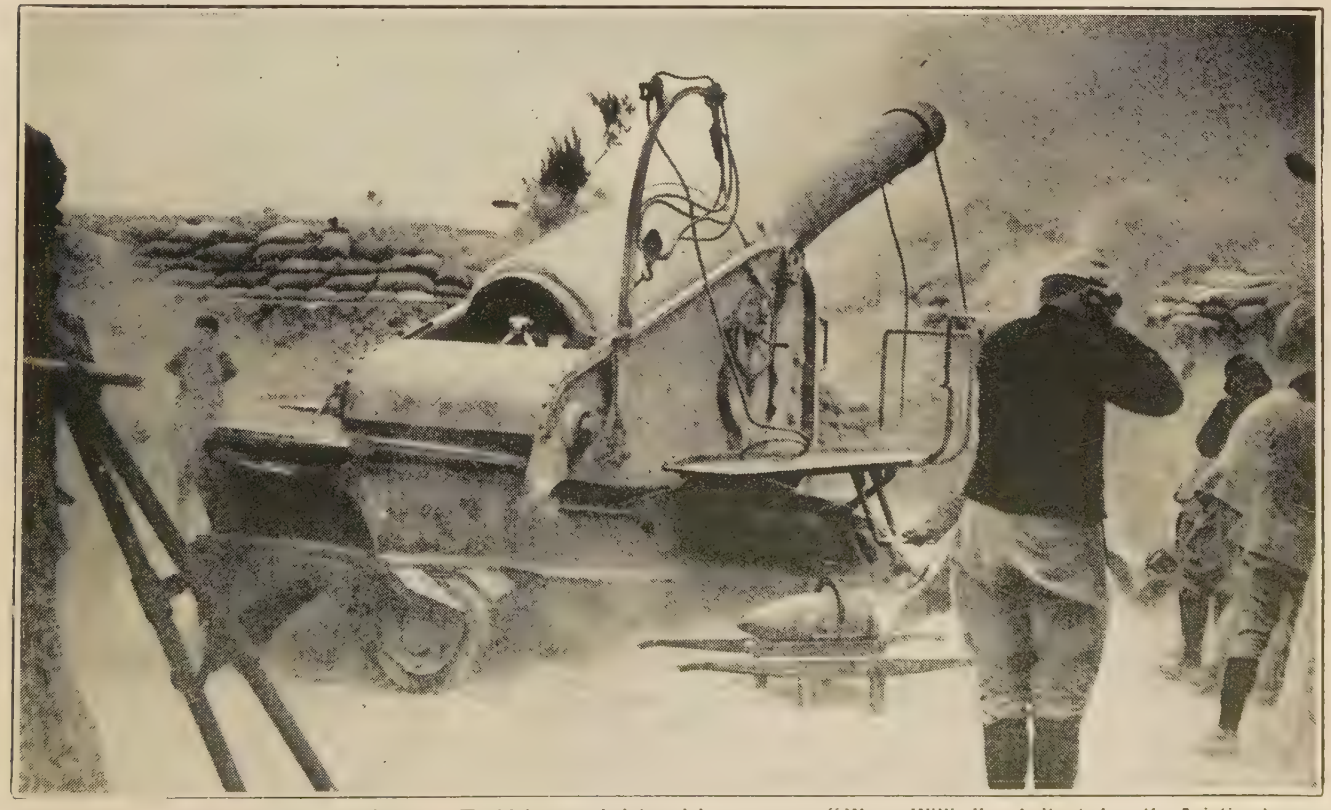
Stray Shocks of War in the Gallipoli Campaign

Dangerously near the official photographer, a Turkish high-explosive shell is seen bursting about fifteen yards away from the mule cart. Inset: Remarkable snapshot of the destruction of an old hulk that was a danger to navigation in the Dardanelles.

The rigours of campaigning in Gallipoli are forcibly brought home to us by this photograph of a Turkish trench. The undulating ground and the coarse brushwood which are characteristic of the whole Peninsula, go far to explain the perils of this arduous expedition.

Dwarf Craft and Giant Gun at the Dardanelles

A fleeting glimpse of the Turkish Navy. Submarine full steam ahead awash in the Dardanelles, as seen from an Ottoman torpedo-boat. Whatever the Turks may have achieved on land, with the organising abilities of the Germans behind them and every natural advantage in their favour, their Navy may well be considered a negligible quantity.



French 9·2 in. siege-howitzer replying to a Turkish gun christened by our men "Weary Willie," and situated on the Asiatic shore. The emplacement and surrounding defences seem solid and thorough, while the attitudes of the gun-crew give some idea of the nerve tension prevailing at the moment the photograph was taken.

Anzacs and Turks collide on Mission of Mercy

One day towards evening a lonely figure was observed to be making wearily towards the Anzac position, Gallipoli. A Turkish rifle shot rang out, and the man fell wounded to his knees. He endeavoured to bind up his injury, and then in despair dragged his aching limbs to the edge of the Ægean. At nightfall a party of gallant Anzacs ventured to rescue the outcast. When they arrived on the scene a patrol of Turks emerged from the dark, bent on the same errand of mercy. Shots were exchanged between the two parties of rescuers, and the Turks were compelled to retire, leaving the gallant Anzacs in sole possession of their quest.

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GALLANT RESCUE OF HORSES UNDER SHELL-FIRE. A GOLDEN DEED IN GALLIPOLI.

After a four-horsed waggon containing poles for telegraph purposes had been destroyed by Turkish shells and two of the horses killed, two men of the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers cut the remaining animals loose. Although heavily fired at they galloped the horses to safety.

Winter Preparations Along the Gallipoli Shore

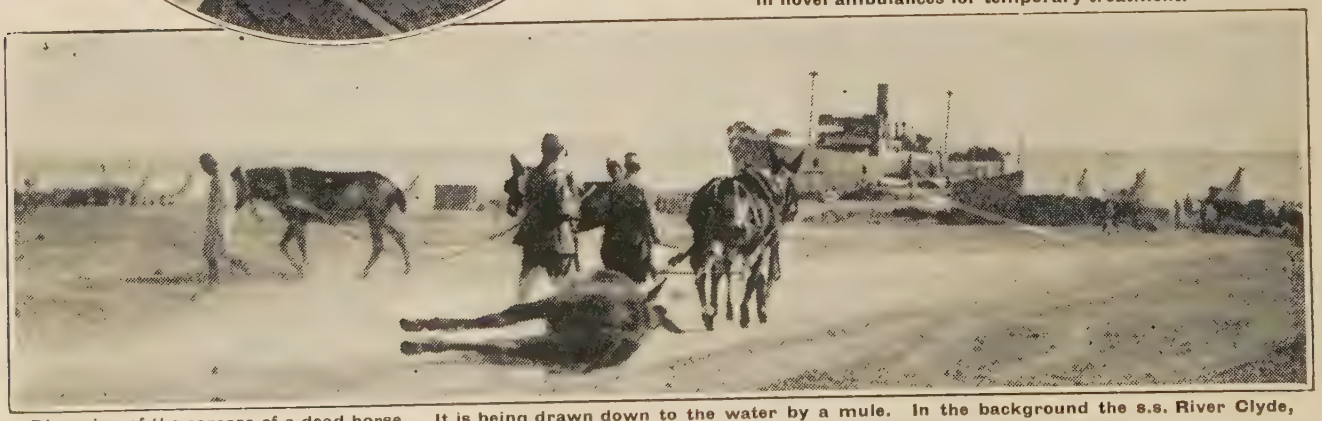
Scene at a Gallipoli landing place. Water-carts and various other vehicles of transport waiting to collect water supplies. Inset: Three naval airmen. Left to right: Sub-Flight-Lieuts. Rose, Kilner, and Bastow laying the foundations of their "domicile" in Gallipoli.

Highlanders at work on the cliff side helping to construct a breakwater. Some remarkable feats of engineering were performed by the troops in Gallipoli, under difficulties unparalleled in any other campaign.

With the Tricolour in the Fateful Peninsula

A mountain cannon in the trenches at Gallipoli. French 65 mm. gun and crew, snapped behind a stone barricade. The circle photograph shows two birds of ill-omen, captured by French marines, and appropriately christened Wilhelm and Franz Joseph.

An open-air surgery on Gallipoli. Wounded French soldiers arriving in novel ambulances for temporary treatment.



Disposing of the carcase of a dead horse. It is being drawn down to the water by a mule. In the background the s.s. River Clyde, whose remarkable arrival at Gallipoli made one of the most thrilling chapters in British history.

Brave Trio of Anzacs Assail a Turkish Trench

An experienced scout and two young Australian soldiers made a daring night examination of a Turkish position. They crept past the Turks' outpost trench and bombed the main position. Then, crawling back to the outpost trench, the three heroes threw bombs into it from the rear—and the Turks, misled, fired in the opposite direction! Then the trio steered for home silently through the grass. They were nearly safe, when one of them caught in something, a wire twanged, there was a flash, and both the young Australian soldiers rolled over, killed by the same bullet. One of them, a boy of nineteen, had deserted before the war from the Australian Navy, but, enlisting under an assumed name, he had achieved his honour—and Australia's.

British Generals at Spade Work in Gallipoli

Major-General W. Douglas, C.B., D.S.O., on the tree near the firing-line in Gallipoli, in which he spent many hours watching the movements of our own and enemy troops and directing operations.

Transport mule that refused to move as soon as it was harnessed in the shafts. Inset, oval: General E. A. Altham, C.M.G., C.B., Inspector-General of Communications, helping to get his motor-boat afloat after it had run aground. The second photograph shows General G. F. Ellison, C.B., the Quartermaster-General, indulging in physical exercise by shovelling heavy stones into a barrow.

Scenes At Suvla Bay Before Evacuation

Taking a Turkish officer who had been made prisoner down to the base at Gallipoli. He was blindfolded before being taken along our lines of communication, and assisted civilly down the stony way by one of his escort.

An Australian field-gun ready for action in the Suvla Bay region. The men are all intent upon the round that is just to be fired from the brushwood-screened nook overlooking the sea that would form an ideal spot for a picnic.

Off Suvla Bay During the Big Anzac Bluff

Lifebelt parade aboard a British troopship—an important part of the daily duty in waters that may be patrolled by enemy submarines.

Gun drill on a British transport in the Ægean Sea, under the keen eyes of gunnery officers. Inset: A shell fired by the Turks at H.M.S. Louis falling in the sea about one hundred yards wide of the vessel. By their skilful evacuation of Suvla the Anzacs achieved the biggest "bluff" in the history of war.

West Kents Brilliant Success on the Euphrates

The West Kents scored a brilliant victory over the Turks in the Persian Gulf, capturing Nasiriyeh on July 24th, 1915. After a heavy bombardment a detachment made an irresistible charge and put the enemy to flight. Incidentally an officer and twelve men were detailed off to clear out some trenches and take two towers, whence a heavy fire proceeded. The trenches had been covered with layers of chetai (or sun matting), which the attacking force were compelled to root up to reach the enemy with their bayonets. After a sanguinary encounter the position, including the two towers, fell into British hands.

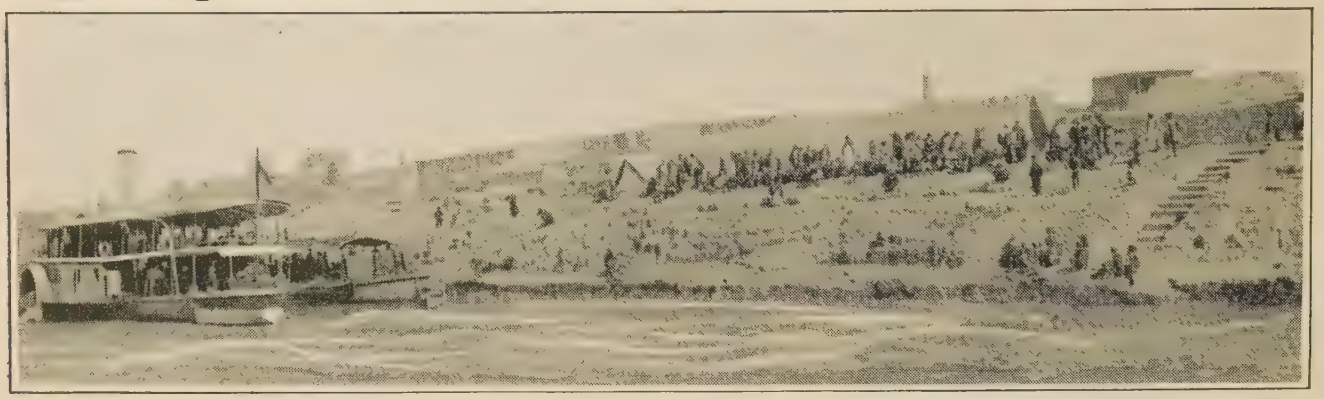
The Peril of the Last Lighter: A Thrillin

THE only incident in the great withdrawal from Gallipoli which gave cause for alarm was the blowing up of a powder magazine on the beach just after the last lighter with a special splinter-proof covering, laden with soldiers, was being towed off by a destroyer to be picked up by the transport. An eye-witness of the ev relates that the frail craft had barely proceeded one hundred ya from the shore when there was a terrific explosion, which shook all vessels in the vicinity, and even seemed to shake the very sea its

Incident in the Great Withdrawal from Gallipoli

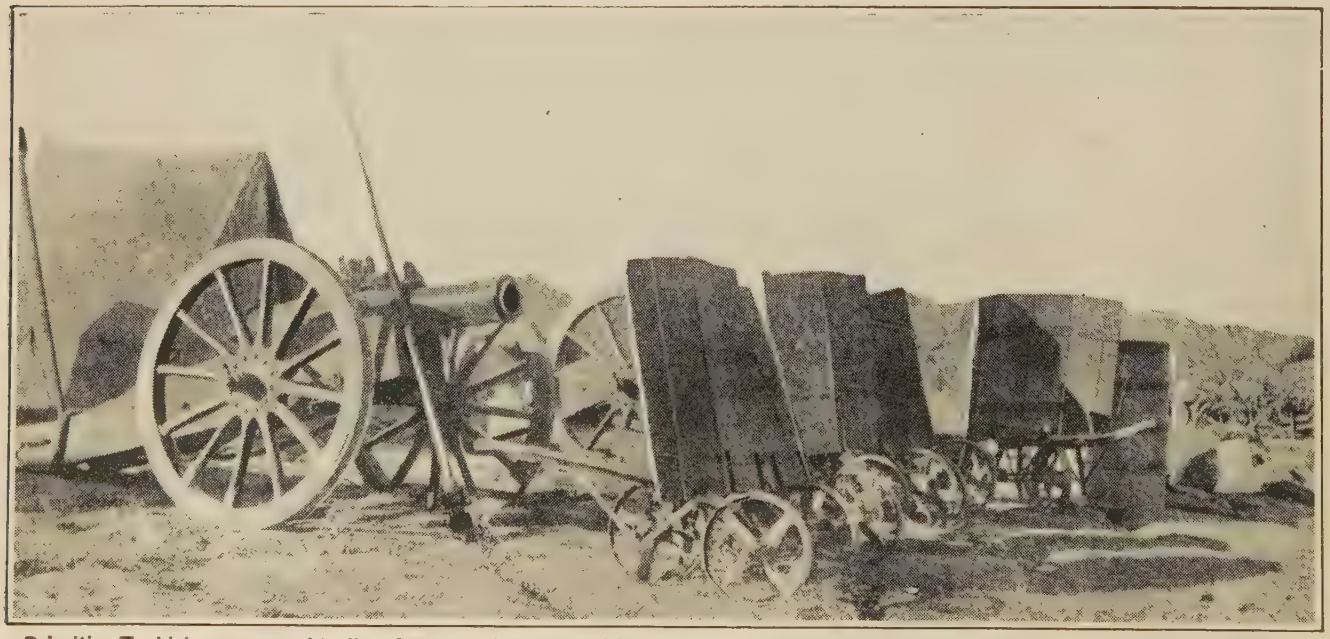
A huge mushroom-like tongue of fire shot up high into the air, hurling pieces of black rock far beyond the limit of its flame. It was thought that the lighter and its load would be shattered, but, as it happened, only six of the occupants were slightly injured by falling fragments. A scene of singular grandeur confronted the last men to leave the fateful Peninsula, the whole foreshore being a blazing inferno. The three ships, including the River Clyde, beached to serve as cover to the operation, are seen on the left of this drawing.

Fighting the Mussulman along the Tigris Bank



Concourse of Arabs interested in a steamer arriving at Kut-el-Amara, on the River Tigris, some hundreds of miles from the Persian Gulf. Continuous fighting was prevalent in this district in the latter part of 1915, and early in 1916.

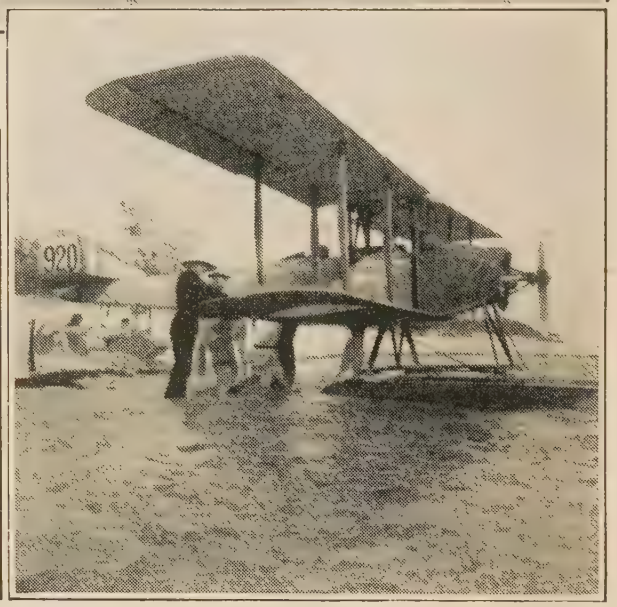
Group of Turkish officers captured during the fighting in Mesopotamia, under an Indian guard. The Ottoman officer proved himself no mean adversary, either in point of brains or courage. Certainly after he discovered that the stories of the Allies' barbarity, circulated by the Germans, were false, his chivalry was incontestable.



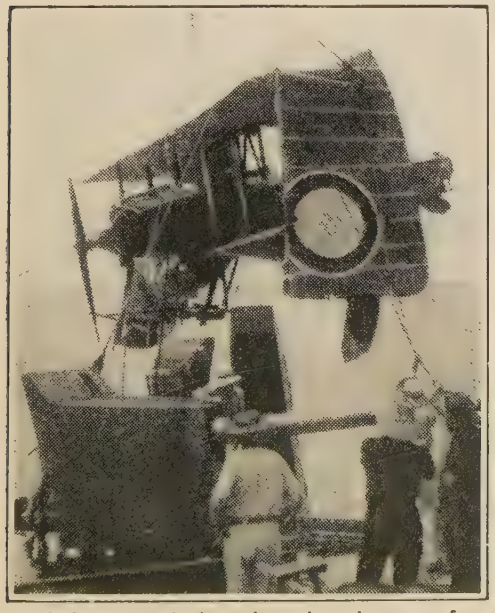
Primitive Turkish weapon and trolleys for conveying ammunition captured by the British-Indian forces. These conveyances were in the form of wheelbarrows, to which a shield was attached, rendering some protection to men bringing up munitions under fire.

White Wings of War over Traditional Eden

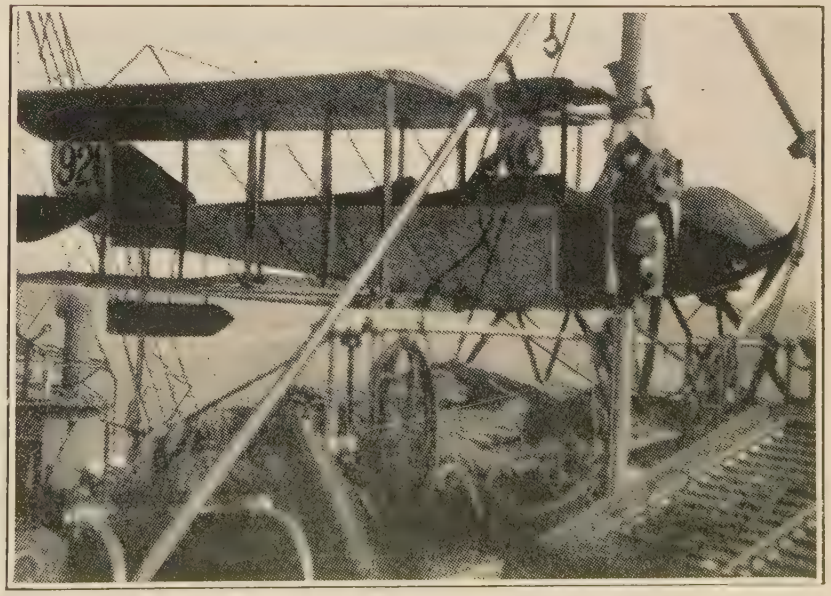
Some of the British aeroplanes in Mesopotamia which did excellent service in reconnaissance during the fighting round Kut-el-Amara.



Two British pilots who were mentioned in despatches with their machines on the shore of the Persian Gulf. On the right: British seaplane about to start a flight over enemy positions.



Hoisting a wrecked seaplane aboard a man-of-war. The pilot planed down on to the water, but was in danger of drowning and sharks.



How a scouting aeroplane was carried on board a battleship, held fast by hawsers. The folded wings give the machine a more than usually bird-like appearance. Quite a number of aeroplanes were used in the Mesopotamian campaign.

With General Townshend in Arid Mesopotamia

British troops, clad in shorts and sun-helmets, about to go on picket duty near Kut-el-Amara. Capturing Kut at the end of September, 1915, General Townshend's force, after a memorable march over the desert along the Tigris bank, reached Ctesiphon, only eighteen miles from Bagdad. There they suffered their first reverse, being forced to retire to Kut.

Indian cavalry, with their British officers, riding over the desert in Mesopotamia. General Aylmer's column, which advanced up the Tigris to the relief of General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, fought the Turks on ground famous in history and legend—the land of "The Arabian Nights." Only two hundred miles separated the British force from the Russians near Hamadan.

Indians firing from a sandbag stronghold during the Battle of Shaiba. Fighting with the British troops, the Indians proved admirably adapted to the desert warfare, and won high praise from General Townshend. (*Copyright: "Illustrated London News."*)

Desert Charge of the Dorsets at Kut-el-Amara

When Kut-el-Amara was captured by General Townshend's force on September 28th, 1915, the glorious task of storming the redoubts on the extreme left of the Turkish position was allotted to the 2nd Dorset Regiment. About fifty yards from the Turkish trenches they came against some unbroken barbed-wire. But, undaunted by the obstacle and in face of a withering fire, the brave men of Dorset carried the Turkish position at the point of the bayonet. After this hard-won victory the Indo-British force continued its march towards Bagdad, but suffering a reverse at Ctesiphon, on November 30th, retired to Kut.

Round about Bagdad, City of the Caliphs

Turkish prisoners captured by the British in the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf, lined up to receive new clothes at a temporary headquarters. They were in the charge of Indian soldiers.

Indian machine-gun battery going into action over undulating desert territory, typical of the scene of operations in Mesopotamia. An idea of the fierce rays of the sun may be gathered from the dense shadows cast by the figures. A British officer superintends the operations.

This photograph illustrates veritably the meeting of the East and West. On the station platform a group of Oriental prisoners, clad in Western overcoats and picturesque turbans, await transportation to a camp by the Great Indian Peninsular train, under British escort.

A Brush with Arab Smugglers in the Persian Gulf

British naval men boarding an Arab dhow in order to search for contraband. Rifles were discovered under a mock cargo of wood.

A half-built dhow that was destroyed "by order of the British Navy," because it was found that the owners were gun-runners.

The smuggler's punishment. A captured Arab dhow on fire and sinking after a British warship had confiscated its contraband rifles. Inset: Hauling out the booty from the hold of an Arab gun-runner. The bundles of rifles were being hoisted from the captured dhow to the deck of a British warship. For many years the British Navy has been endeavouring to stop the illegal traffic in rifles in the Persian Gulf. It is said that the tribesmen will give its weight in silver for a good rifle.

Indo-British Heroes on the River Way to Bagdad

Pontoon bridge being constructed by Royal Engineers across the River Tigris during the advance of General Aylmer's force to the relief of Kut-el-Amara.

Gurkhas disembarking at Basra, whence they proceeded to reinforce General Aylmer's column, which pushed its way up the Tigris to within a few miles of Kut. Right: Turkish prisoners exercising aboard a ship at Basra.

British troops on a rough-and-ready river boat proceeding up the Tigris to Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend's gallant Indo-British force was besieged by the Turks.

Along the Tigris Flood from Basra to Kut

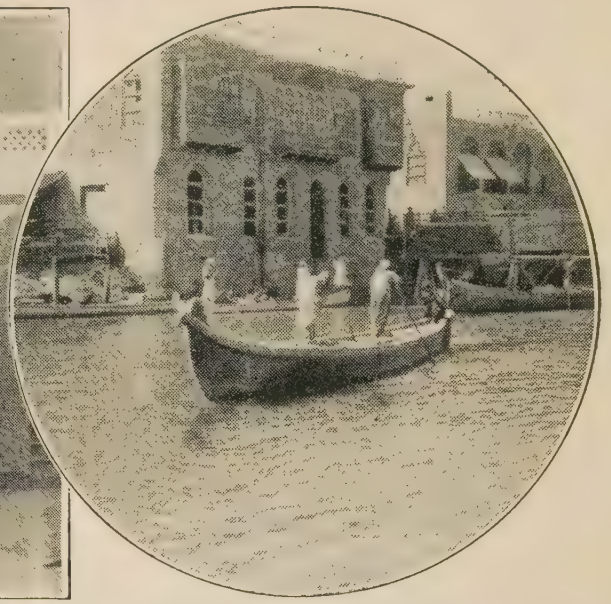
British naval gun in action somewhere in Mesopotamia. A number of natives are contemplating the operations with interest.

Indo-British pioneers constructing a floating bridge across the Tigris. The rapidity with which these quite substantial constructions are completed is one of the marvels of modern campaigning. During the war doubtless more bridges were destroyed and built than at any other period of time in the world's history.

British sailors dragging a naval gun across a desert in Mesopotamia. One can well imagine the difficulties of transport in this theatre of hostilities where waggons and ordnance are liable to sink up to their axles in sand.

Sunlight and Shadow on Tigris' Mystic Banks

Some age-haunted corner of Kut-el-Amara—a study in sunlight and shadow of a little Oriental city which had a big historical significance.



On the banks of the Tigris at Basra. A native boat is coming down stream.

Indian cavalry advancing towards Kut-el-Amara. This branch of the Service had more opportunity in Mesopotamia than in Europe. These swarthy Indian Lancers on the shimmering steeds cantering across the desert make a very fine display.

Dejected Turkish prisoners under a British guard somewhere in Mesopotamia.

Welcome sleep after a day's fighting in the hot sun. British sailors, tired out, rest on the deck of a warship on the Tigris.

To Kut Through Scorching Sand and Cool Oasis

Turkish prisoners, captured by the Indo-British force under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Percy Lake, marching across the desert in Mesopotamia under a guard of Gurkhas with Indian officers.

British cavalry camp pitched amidst the cool shelter of a palm grove at a flooded portion of the desert along the Tigris bank, where Sir Percy Lake's force advanced to the relief of General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, in the early part of 1916.

Solving Modern Problems in Ancient Sphinx-Land

New Zealanders, encamped on Egyptian sands, firing at imaginary foes on their rifle range.

Men of the Army Service Corps unloading forage at a base camp in Egypt. Inset: Army Service Corps waggons, loaded with forage, and being driven by natives from the docks to a British camp in Egypt.

Turban, Fez, and Kepi in the Land of the Nile

Troops of the Sultan of Egypt's bodyguard at lance drill on the Citadel parade-ground, Cairo. These men are the elite of the Egyptian Army, many of them comparing favourably with our Horse Guards in point of physique.

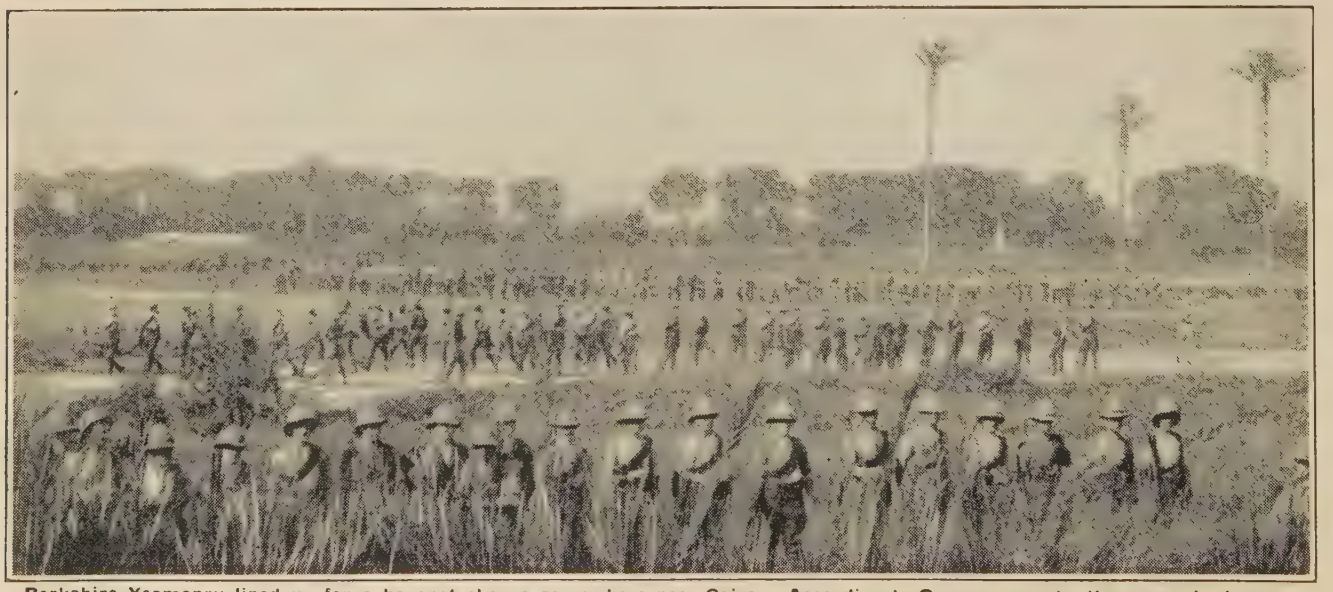
Photograph taken from a British armoured car in Western Egypt. These cars, moving swiftly and silently over the desert sands, arouse the natives' curiosity, and in this case made them averse to being photographed.

Bedouins captured during the recent fighting with the Senussi in Western Egypt. The enemy were completely routed by South African troops and the Dorsetshire Yeomanry, and their leader, Nuri Bey (brother of Enver), was killed.

Britons in Egypt Prepare for the Promised Attack

Men of the Berkshire Yeomanry practising a charge on the outskirts of Cairo. These large playing fields were placed at the disposal of the men for training.

Brig.-General Briscoe, commanding the Cavalry Brigade in Egypt (in the centre), riding with members of his Staff along the desert.



Berkshire Yeomanry lined up for a bayonet charge somewhere near Cairo. According to German reports, the enemy in January, 1916, was planning a great attack on the Egyptian Protectorate. It was expected he would meet with an even warmer reception than he experienced in the early part of 1915, especially as Egypt had had so long to prepare against eventualities.

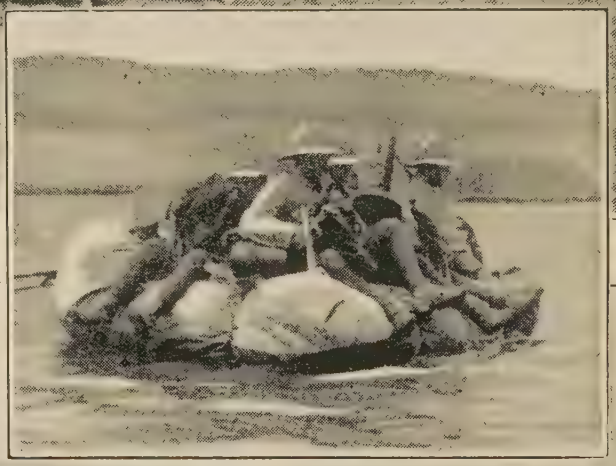
From Stormy Gallipoli to the Sunny Land of Nile

The sweets of convalescence after the bitterness of war. British wounded from Gallipoli in a sugar plantation near Cairo.

Group of wounded British soldiers outside a hospital in Egypt. Inset: Pigeon-cote situated near the Pyramids, where some of the Australians were encamped. The canes projecting from the top of the structure are for the birds to perch upon.

Sons of Young Australia in the Land of Old Nile

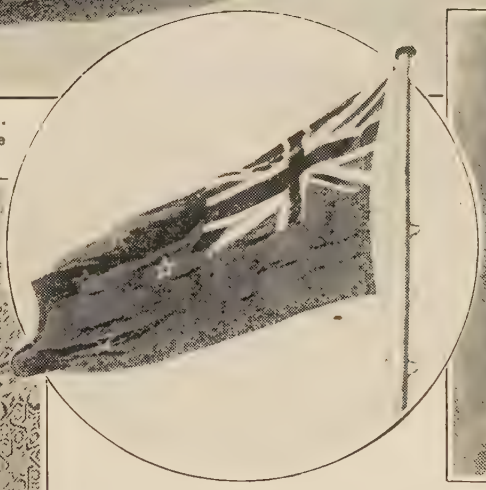
A picturesque medley of khaki and burnouses outside Cairo, where our Australian troops rested after fighting in the Dardanelles.



Method of swimming horses across the Nile; the Great Barrage or dam can be seen in the distance. Inset: Men of the Pioneer Corps crossing the Nile on a raft that suggests the ancient British coracle.

Empire Fighters in the Land of the Pharaohs

Maimed Australian heroes at Cairo Station. Too badly wounded to fight again, they were returning home.

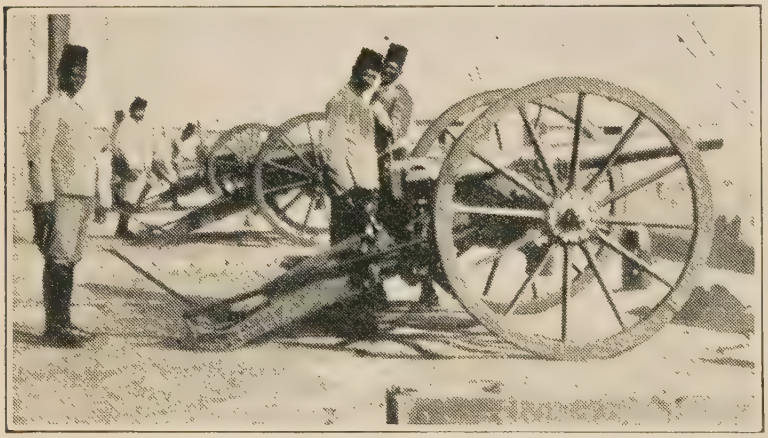


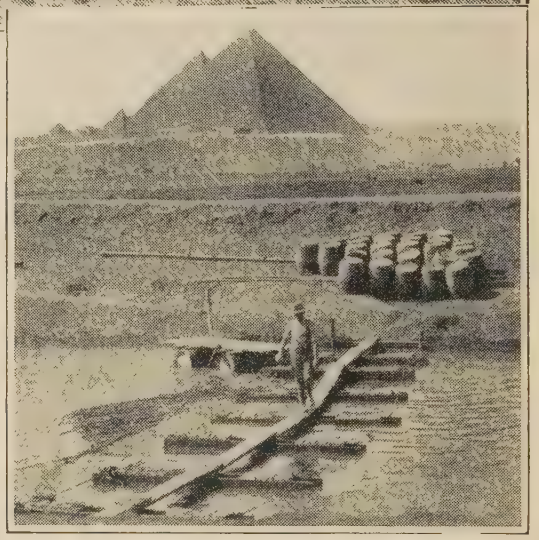
The new flag, the gift of the women of Auckland, floating over the New Zealand Hospital, Cairo. Right: Canadian nurses at the Canadian Military Hospital, for Dardanelles wounded, Cairo.

Lady Maxwell, the wife of Gen. Sir John Maxwell, commanding in Egypt, unfurling the new flag at the New Zealand Hospital, Cairo. Right: Officers of the Instructional Staff with the Australian Forces. From left to right: Major R. B. Clifton, Duke of Wellington's Regt.; Lieut.-Col. E. M. Colston, Grenadier Guards; Capt. H. J. Watkins, Coldstreamers; Capt. I. A. S. Cooke, Connaught Rangers.

How Egypt Prepared Against German Aggression

Regiment of New Zealand Mounted Rifles on the march. Early in 1916 General von der Goltz was said to be preparing a Turkish army for Egypt, but Russia's smashing victories in Armenia in February, 1916, upset his plans.





Battery of British field-guns, manned by native artillerymen of our Egyptian Army, in position on the bank of the Suez Canal. Right: Plank bridge across the irrigation canal near the Australians' camp at the Pyramids. Constructed with empty kerosine tins lashed between planks, this bridge was actually built and thrown across the canal in a matter of minutes.

Turkish munition and ambulance column journeying to the base, whence the enemy hoped to make a grand attack on Egypt. On January 23rd, 1916, the South Africans and the 15th Sikhs routed the Arabs in the desert of Western Egypt.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

MAJOR-GENERAL TOWNSHEND, C.B., D.S.O.

The Hero of Kut-el-Amara, in the Mesopotamian Campaign

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

MAJOR-GENERAL TOWNSHEND, C.B.

TOWNSHEND is the name of an old Norfolk family tracing its descent from Sir Roger Townshend, Bart., of Raynham, a Justice of the Common Pleas, who was legal adviser to the Pastons in the fifteenth century. Members of this family have won distinction in most of the higher branches of public life—law, politics, diplomacy, Army, Navy and Church. One, the third baronet, was a prominent Royalist of the Civil War period. Another, the first marquess, fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, was brigadier to Wolfe at Quebec, and died a field-marshal.

Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend, cousin and heir-presumptive to the sixth marquess, was born on February 21st, 1861, son of Charles Thornton Townshend, and grandson of the Rev. Lord George Osborne Townshend, brother of the fourth marquess. His paternal grandmother was a daughter of Admiral John Mackellar.

The Man Who Defended Chitral

Entering the Royal Marines in 1881, he first saw active service as a lieutenant with the Soudan Expedition of 1884-5. He took part in the operations at Suakin, and was with the Guards Camel Corps at Abu Klea, El Gubat and Metemneh, gaining mention in despatches, and being awarded the medal with two clasps and the bronze star.

Having exchanged into the Central India Horse, he went farther east, and saw some hard fighting with the expedition under Colonel Durand, which asserted British authority over Hunza and Nagar, on the north-west frontier of India, taking part in the storming of the fort at Nilt, again winning a place in despatches, and being awarded the medal with clasp. This was in 1891, and in 1892 he got his captaincy.

A little later, in the spring of 1895, he escorted Dr. (afterwards Sir) George Scott Robertson on that memorable political mission which made the name of the small mountain valley town of Chitral, on the borders of the Hindu Kush, familiar to all the world.

High Courage under Adversity

The native ruler had been killed, and the succession was in dispute. The Indian Government had to put matters right; but there was much to-do ere the affair was settled satisfactorily. Dr. Robertson suddenly found himself and his little force of five hundred men, of whom a third were non-combatants, surrounded by overwhelming numbers of fanatical tribesmen, and shut up in a rude "fort" made of wood, stones and dried mud.

The siege lasted from March 4th to April 20th, when it was raised by Colonel Kelley's relief column. Dr. Robertson was severely wounded, as was Captain Campbell, the commandant. There was a shortage of food, water and ammunition. Captain Townshend took over the command, and his resourcefulness, imperturbable good humour and splendid courage won for him the special thanks of the Indian Government, the C.B., the medal with clasp, and the brevet rank of major.

Distinguished Service in the Soudan

A year afterwards Major Townshend was once more in Egypt, with the Dongola Expedition, at the head of the 12th Soudanese. He was present at the Battle of Ferket and the occupation of Dongola. His services brought him prominently under the notice of Lord Kitchener, and were rewarded by mention in despatches, the medal with two clasps, and a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1898 he accompanied Lord Kitchener up the Nile, and shared in the victory at the Atbara (being specially mentioned in despatches and awarded the clasp), and in the final overthrow of the Khalifa at Khartoum, which brought him further special mention and the D.S.O.

In 1900 Lieut.-Colonel Townshend joined the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), and he was in South Africa as A.A.G. Headquarters Staff, and Assistant Military Governor of the Orange Free State. In 1904 he was promoted brevet colonel; in 1905 he was military attaché in Paris; in 1906 he transferred to the King's Shropshire Light Infantry; in 1907, as A.A.G. 9th Division of the Army in India, his rank was raised to that of full colonel; and in 1909-11 he commanded the Orange Free State District, first with the rank of brigadier, and then as major-general.

There followed a brief interval of home service. In April, 1912, Major-General Townshend was G.O.C. of the the Home Counties Division, Territorial Force. He took over the command of the East Anglian Division in the following September.

With the Sixth Division in Mesopotamia

Back again in India in 1913, he was given the command of the troops at Jhansi, and was holding this appointment when Turkey threw down the gage of battle and the Persian Gulf Expedition was decided upon. He sailed with this, as commander of the 6th (Poona) Division, in November, 1914. After the occupation of Basra, on the 23rd of that month, Major-General Townshend set out on that wonderful march over the desert sand and through the riverside jungles of the Tigris Valley, with its memories of Xenophon and the lost army of the Greeks in the brave days of old.

The strength of his amphibious force is not accurately known. What is known is that it was far too small for the task it was called upon to perform, and that it had to face more than five divisions of the Turks, equipped and officered by Germans, and entrenched in advantageous positions. Its composition was two-thirds native; but British and Indian covered themselves with glory, and its commander must have remembered, with something of a thrill, that at least one section of it—the 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry—which was with him, had won laurels as the old 43rd under his ancestor's command on the Heights of Abraham in 1759.

Hero of the Siege of Kut

The heroic 6th Division took Amara in June, Kut-el-Amara in September, and in November fought and won that tremendous two days' battle at Ctesiphon. Then, faced with odds of five to one against him, apart from the lack of water, Major-General Townshend withdrew his little army for ninety miles back to the river bend at Kut, fighting, meanwhile, a rearguard battle at Azizie, which smashed and utterly misled the van of his pursuers. Arriving at Kut on December 5th, he characteristically sent off his one brigade of cavalry and his horse artillery to the assistance of the force under General Aylmer that was marching over highly difficult country to his aid.

Three months passed, and found the enemy still kept at bay, and Townshend still sending out cheery messages to the outside world. From other sources came evidence of the superb confidence with which he had imbued the force under his command. He himself believed in his star. He had borne a charmed life. Despite their sufferings from the elements and from disease, as well as from the Turks, his men believed he could never be beaten. They "banked" on him, even during the arduous forced retreat across the arid surface of that dead world between Ctesiphon and Kut, which was once so fertile and so flourishing. He had proved beyond cavil, in offence and defence, that his favourite study of Napoleon had not been in vain. But beyond his professional abilities, his personality stood out in strong relief. A disciplinarian, he never believed that discipline was inseparable from sour faces; and in intervals of leisure would personally take part, vocally and instrumentally, in the lighter amenities of life in camp. One of his requests during the siege of Kut was for gramophone needles, and these reached him by aeroplane.

The Vigil at South Raynham

In 1898 General Townshend married Alice, daughter of the Comte Louis Cahen d'Anvers. To her and to their fifteen-year-old daughter Audrey, how long and painful must have been those weary months of waiting at Vere Lodge, South Raynham, for the long-deferred news of General Aylmer's successful advance to the relief of the hard-tried 6th Division at Kut, where her husband was holding out with all the vigour and address he had shown twenty-one years before in his historic defence of the beleaguered Mission at Chitral.

Not a word, not a hint. But it's there,
And they haven't yet caught it tripping,
So the German in mute despair
Must watch the tale of his shipping.
Captured and taken in tow
Wherever the grey ships go.

Silent and still and strong,
Riding the seas—and under;
They who have waited long
Are ready to speak in thunder,
But our neighbour over the way
No longer drinks "To the Day!"

The sea-gulls circle round,
And at night the long beam flashes,
And they speak with never a sound
In aerial dots and dashes,
With the same tale ever to tell:
"Is it well with the Fleet?" "All's well!"

The War by Sea and Sky

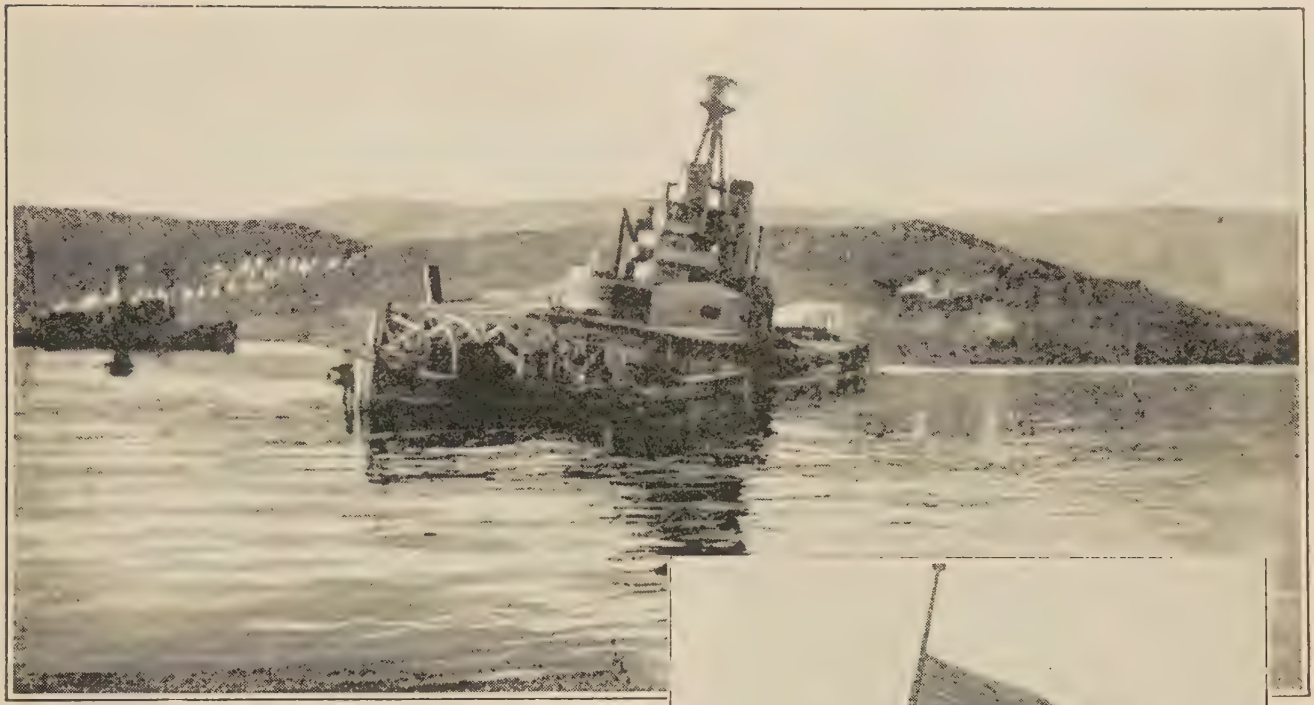
GASBAG'S INGLORIOUS COLLAPSE.—The L19 going to its doom in the North Sea.

Sweeping Every Ocean of Mine and Contraband

In addition to the North Sea, the British Naval Blockade embraced the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean, where every suspicious craft was overhauled and searched for contraband destined for enemy service. This photograph shows a British naval officer about to examine the papers of a dhow which had been stopped by the warship.

Marines on board a mine-sweeper firing at infernal machines. This work went on day by day, although one seldom heard of the men who faced lurking death with such steadfast courage in order that British naval and mercantile traditions might still survive.

Ruse and Realities in Allied Naval Services



Cleverly constructed decoy used to draw the fire of enemy land batteries. Dummy warship which, after being "on active service" in the Levant, was used off Lemnos island as a passive breakwater.

As the U-boats had so little chance against our Grand Fleet, their energies were transferred to the Mediterranean. The allied ships in this sea were therefore ever on the alert for the skulking craft, and this photograph shows how watch was kept from the bridge of a French vessel. Inset: The only time the British ensign comes down. Lowering the flag at sunset on a patrol ship.

Fishers of Mines: Deadliest Harvest of the Sea

Cleared for action aboard a British destroyer. The gun-layers are at the after-gun, and about to fire at a mine.

Exploding a German mine by electric current. The sailor nearest the camera is seen holding the wires that have exploded the mine, which, owing to a trick of the camera, seems much nearer to the destroyer than it actually was. Inset: The "lump" of water thrown up by the propellers of a British destroyer travelling at full speed.

BRITISH AIRMAN DROPS A WREATH ON A COMRADE'S GRAVE IN THE GERMAN LINES.

One of the British airmen died among the enemy, and his comrades prepared a beautiful wreath. This was taken over the German lines by a fast monoplane. Although fired at, the pilot succeeded in dropping the wreath from a low altitude, and it was eventually placed on the dead airman's grave.

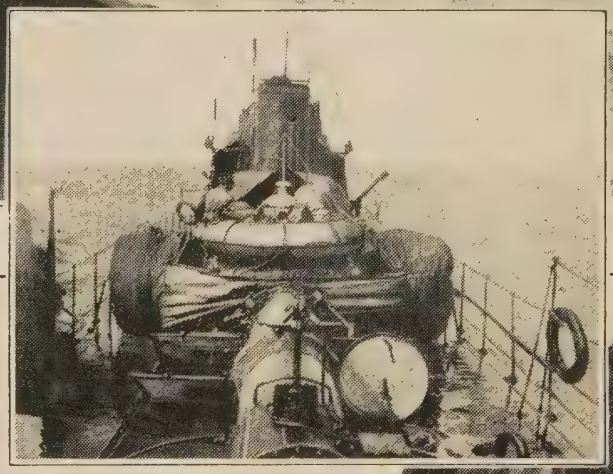
To face page 1672

The Ceaseless Vigil of our Coastwise Guardians

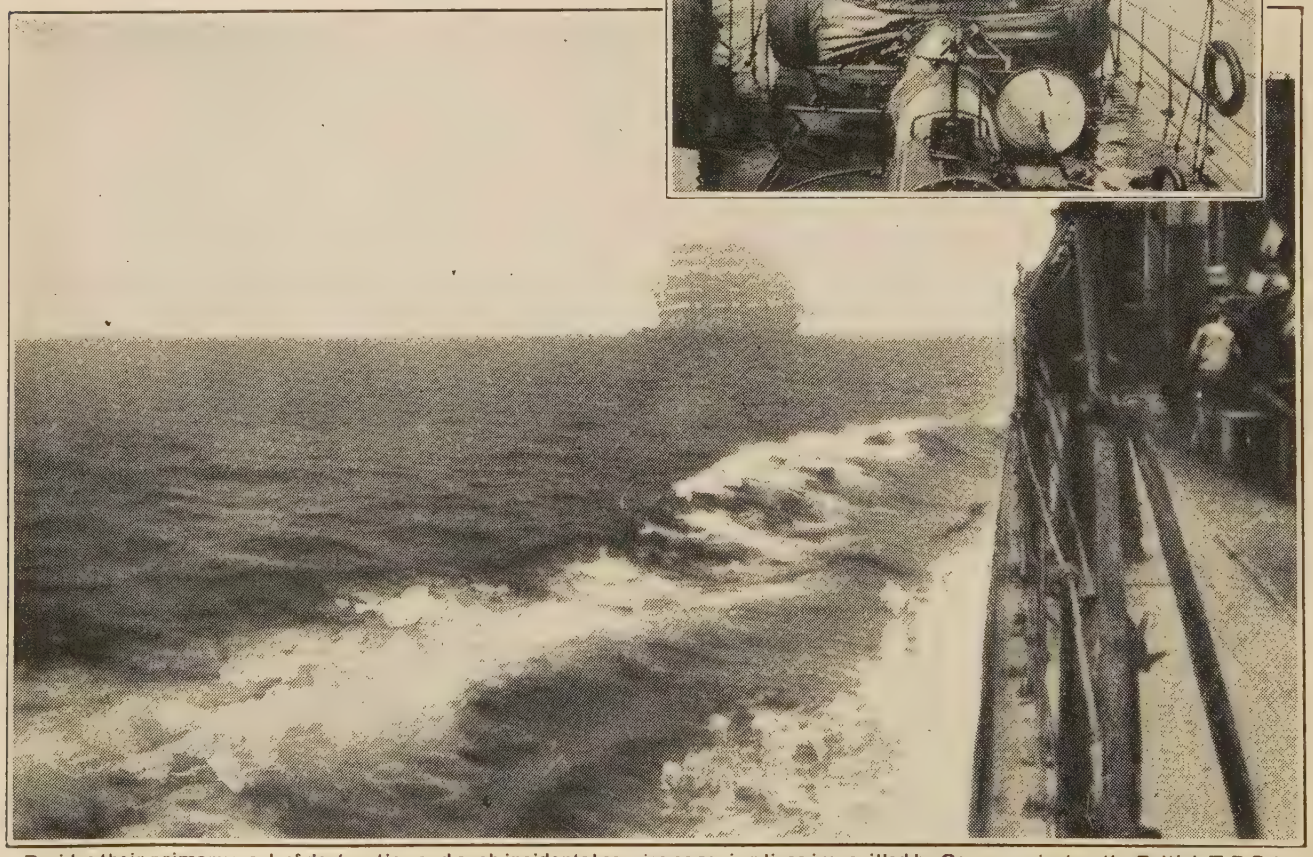
Boat's crew being lowered from a destroyer in order to examine a doubtful-looking craft that had been signalled to stop.

Physical drill under difficulties. Space is at a premium on British destroyers, and there is but little room for "Jack" to take his necessary exercise. Inset: "Handymen" repairing a hose-pipe on the deck of a destroyer cleared for action.

British Destroyers as Life-Savers and Patrols



S.O.S. A British T.B.D. coming up to a merchantman that is just settling down by the head. Inset: Racing to the rescue.



Besides their primary work of destruction and such incidental service as saving lives imperilled by German pirates, the British T.B.D.'s rendered invaluable service as patrols. This one was overhauling a sailing ship which was to be searched for possible contraband.

Diving and 'Daubing' by Handy-men at Sea

With Britain's "handy-men" on active service in the Eastern Mediterranean. British sailors manning a diving-pump for a diver working among the wreckage on the shores of Cape Kephali, on the Island of Imros, off the coast of Greece.

Bluejackets washing and scrubbing clothes aboard a British monitor. This operation is known as "daubing" in the Royal Navy, and in every ship there are men who add shillings a week to their pay by "taking in washing" at a small charge per item.

Merry Moments for Jack in the 'Great Monotony'

On the left: A humorous duologue between "Mary" and the Captain of H.M.S. Myth. On the right: A real nautical version of a hornpipe dance. All these photographs were taken aboard one of the vessels of the Grand Fleet. The outstanding feature of the theatricals was the clever way in which some of the "handymen" made up in the costumes of the fair sex.

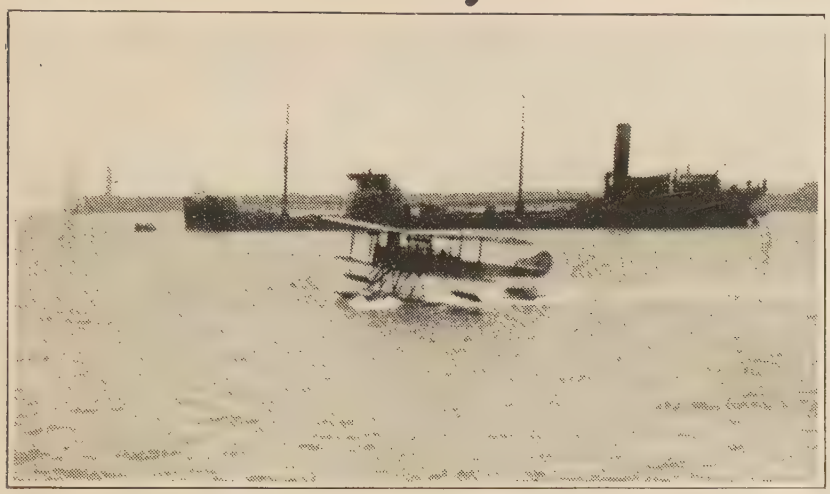
String band obliges with a selection from its many-sided repertoire of chanties.

The parson, the tramp, and the unbuttered bread. An old joke which never flags, even on the fleet.

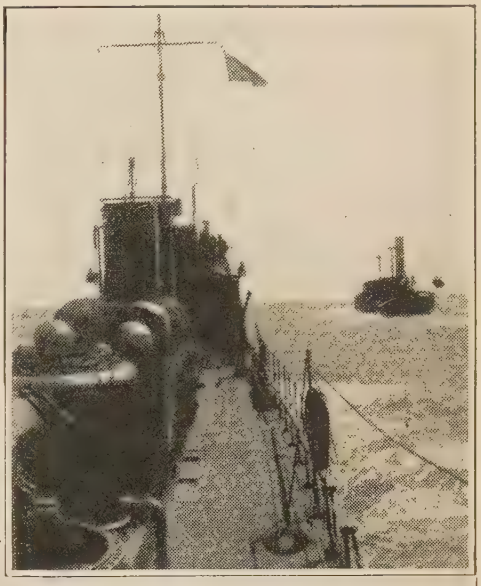
"Mrs. Magee" and a companion do their best with an Irish jig. May we congratulate "Mrs. Magee" on his make-up?

A midshipmite's popular number in sheepskins, not to mention the inevitable Brownings.

With the Destroyers in Search of the Pirates



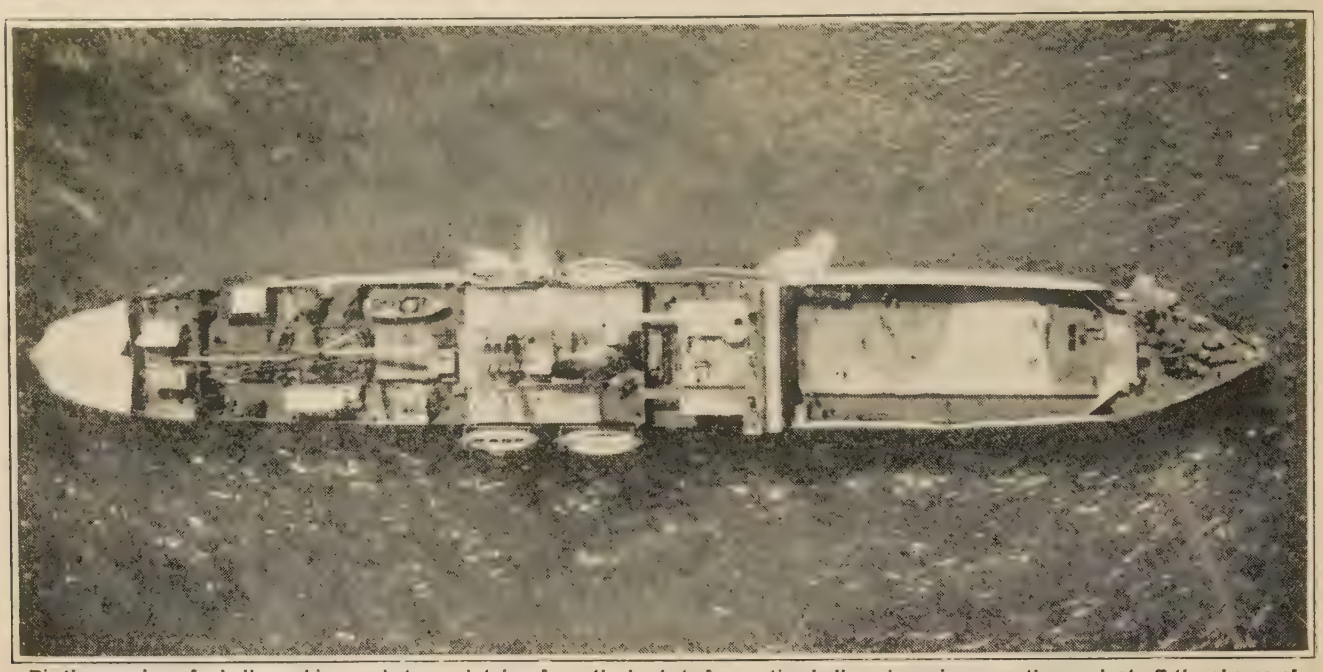
A naval waterplane starting out to sea on patrol duty. The Navy's aircraft wing formed a strong link in the steel network protecting our shores.



The officer of the watch in a British destroyer, doing patrol duty in the North Sea, warning a merchantman through a megaphone of the presence of a hostile submarine. Inset: Photograph taken from a destroyer while she was escorting an oil vessel to port.

Ships of the "Mosquito Fleet" setting out to look for "fun," otherwise U boats, in the North Sea. The British Navy refers to its destroyers and other small craft as "mosquitoes."

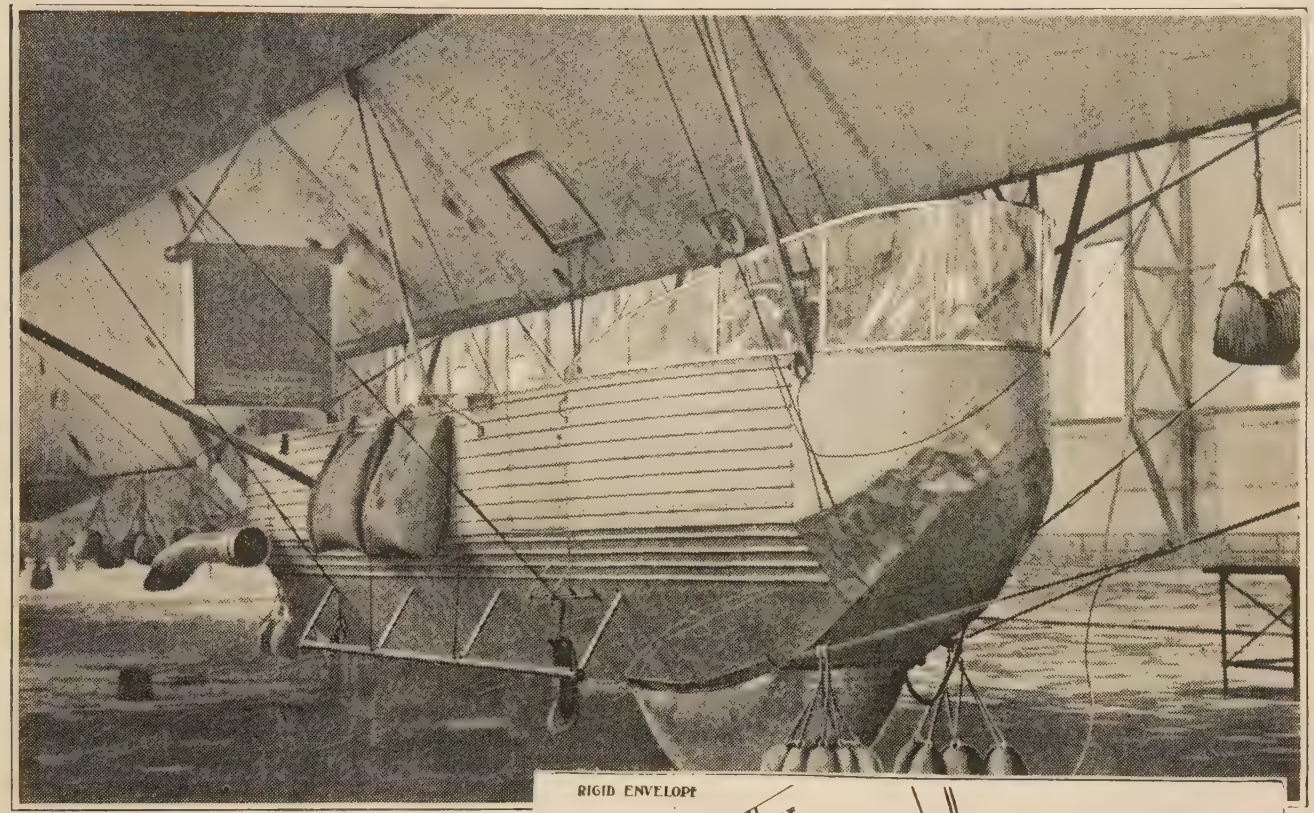
Balloon and Deck Views of the British Fleet at Sea

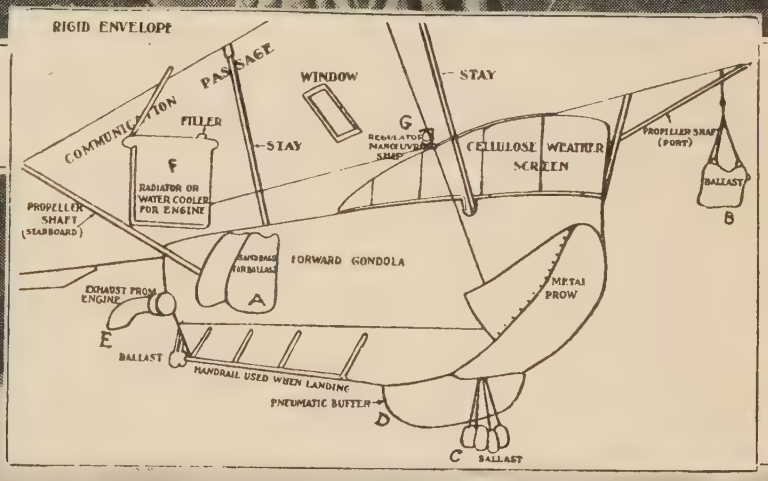


Bird's-eye view of a balloon ship ; a photograph taken from the basket of a captive balloon hovering over the sea just off the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The clear space in the forward part of the vessel held the balloon when it was not in the air observing Turkish movements or searching for enemy submarines, which could be discovered better from a balloon or aeroplane than from the deck of a ship.

Typical winter scene aboard a British man-of-war patrolling the North Sea. Though High-Admiral von Tirpitz persisted in his opinion that Germany's naval policy was best served from the Kiel Canal, the men of the Grand Fleet were not so entirely ignored by "Admiral Winter"—a hard foe to fight in the cheerless wastes of the grey North Sea.

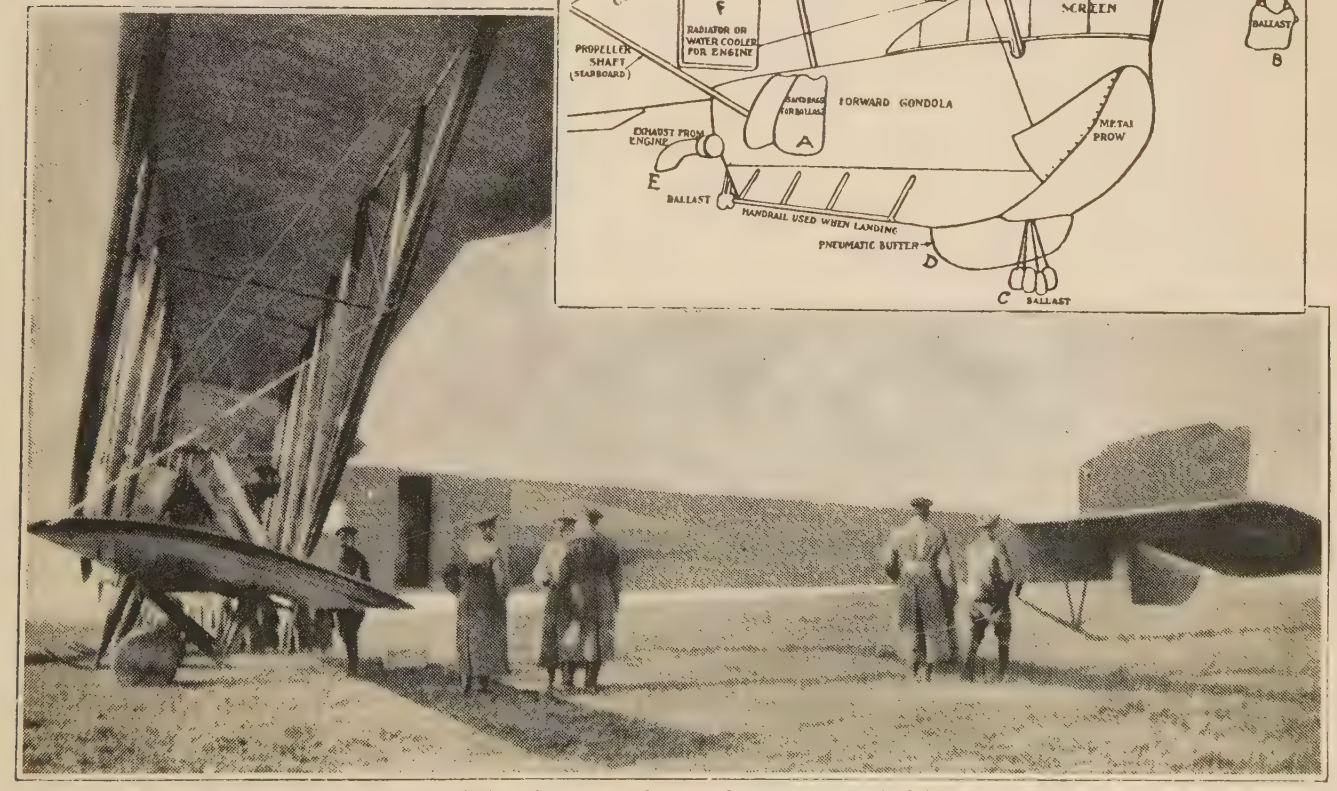
Giant Air Machines for Combat in the Clouds





Forward gondola of a Zeppelin, placed under the keel at the end of the great dirigible. The different parts are named on the diagram (inset). The crew and engines are accommodated in two of these long, gondola-shaped cars.

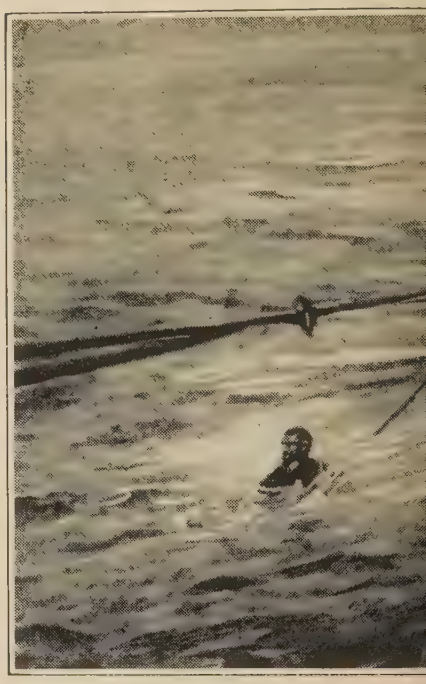
Reproduced by courtesy of "The Aeroplane."



Giant Russian biplane, capable of accommodating sixteen people, one of the most wonderful types of the heavier-than-air machine, named the Ilya Mourometz, or the Sikorsky, after its inventor. This huge aeroplane has four engines, and carries enough petrol for flights of three to four hundred miles.

Humanity and Heroism of British Submarin

British submarine sailors gallantly rescuing Germans from a watery grave. One of the rescued men is standing on the submarine holding on to a rope for safety.



Two members of the submarine crew s
an enemy war vessel

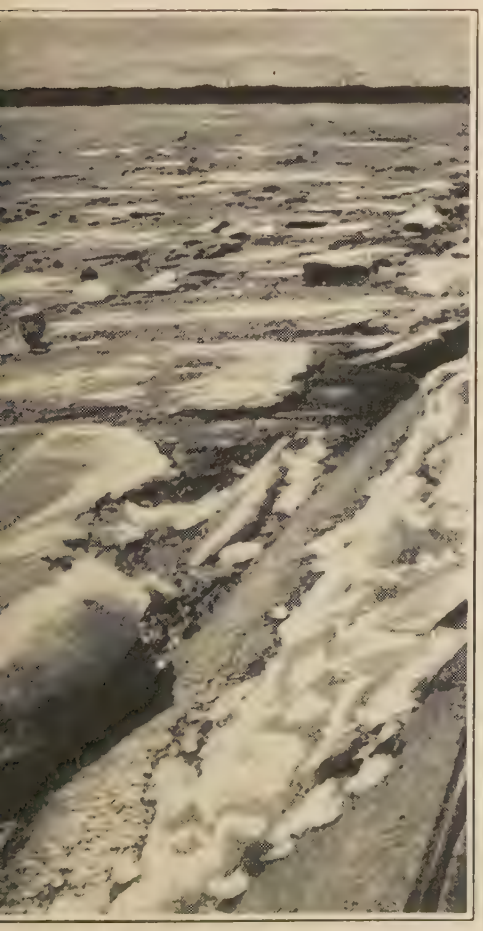
With Commander Max Horton in the Baltic. The submarine on its return to harbour after two days' vigil among ice-floes and German mines.

Commander Horton (in centre) on his subma
with Lieut. Essen, of the Russian Navy (rig

Sailors in the North Sea and Ice-bound Baltic

e life of a German sailor, who was on board mewhere in the North Sea.

Another German at the moment of being assisted on board. Standing on the deck is a second rescued Hun divesting himself of his wet jerkin.



Perilous going. How a British submarine cut through the Baltic ice-fields.

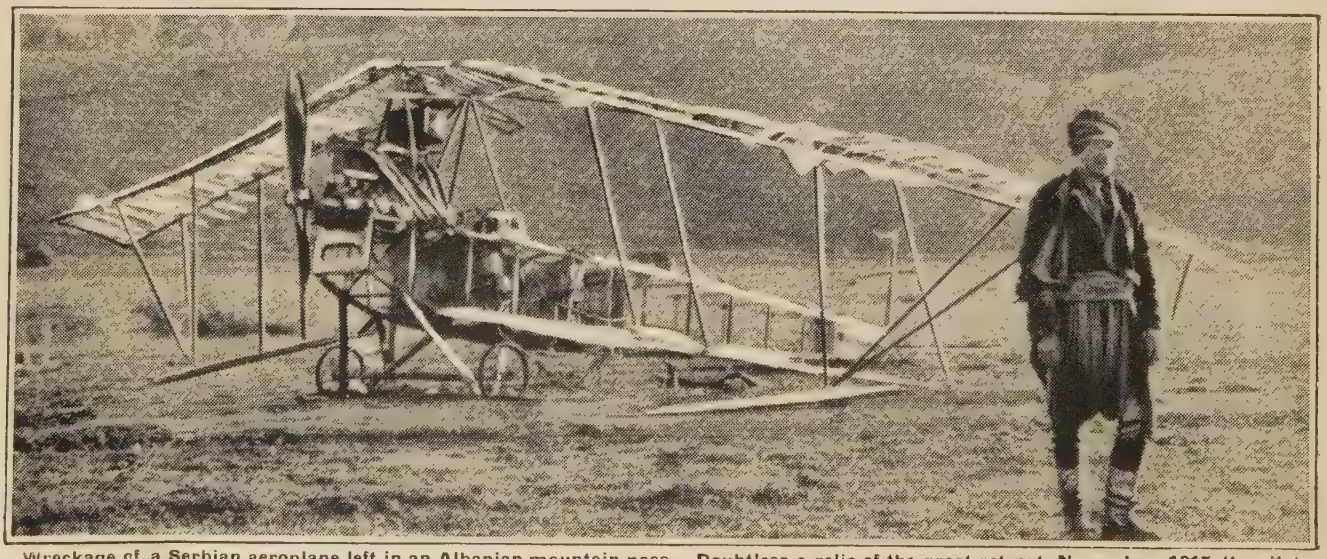
The fantastic appearance of a submarine entering a Baltic port after sinking a German destroyer. The whole craft was heavily coated with ice.

Wrecked Aeroplanes and 'Archies' East and West

German biplane brought down by the French near Salonika. The machine was practicaliy undamaged, and is under inspection by French officers near General Headquarters. Heavy rains had been prevalent in Macedonia to judge by the state of this roadway.

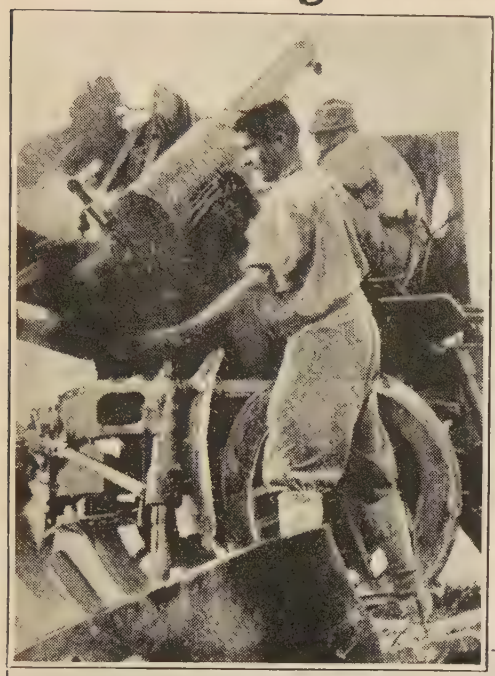
British anti-aircraft guns, or "Archies," mounted on "General" omnibus chassis. These weapons proved very effective against marauders.

Prince Alexander of Teck watching a hostile aeroplane through glasses in trenches near the Yser.

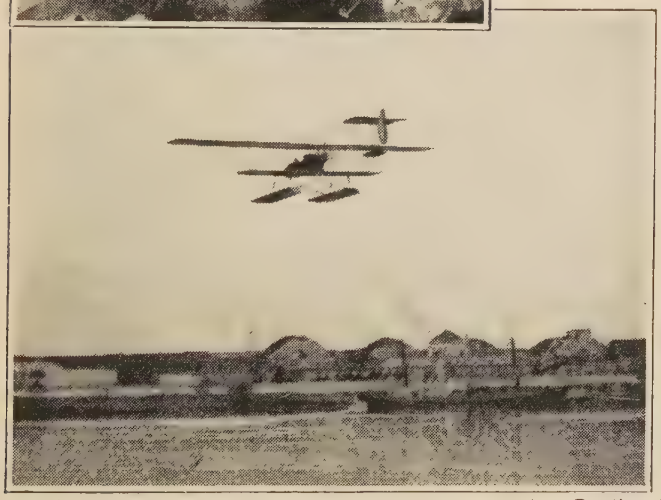


Wreckage of a Serbian aeroplane left in an Albanian mountain pass. Doubtless a relic of the great retreat, November, 1915, the pilot having destroyed the mechanism before abandoning the aeroplane through lack of petrol.

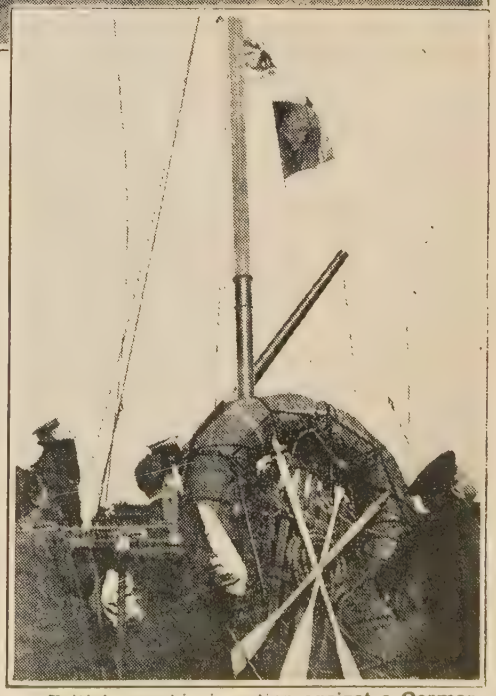
Battling With the Iron Birds of Prey



French "75" practising on the outskirts of Paris. After our ally's capital was ringed with these guns enemy aircraft gave it a wide berth. Left: A French anti-aircraft gun in action in Northern France.

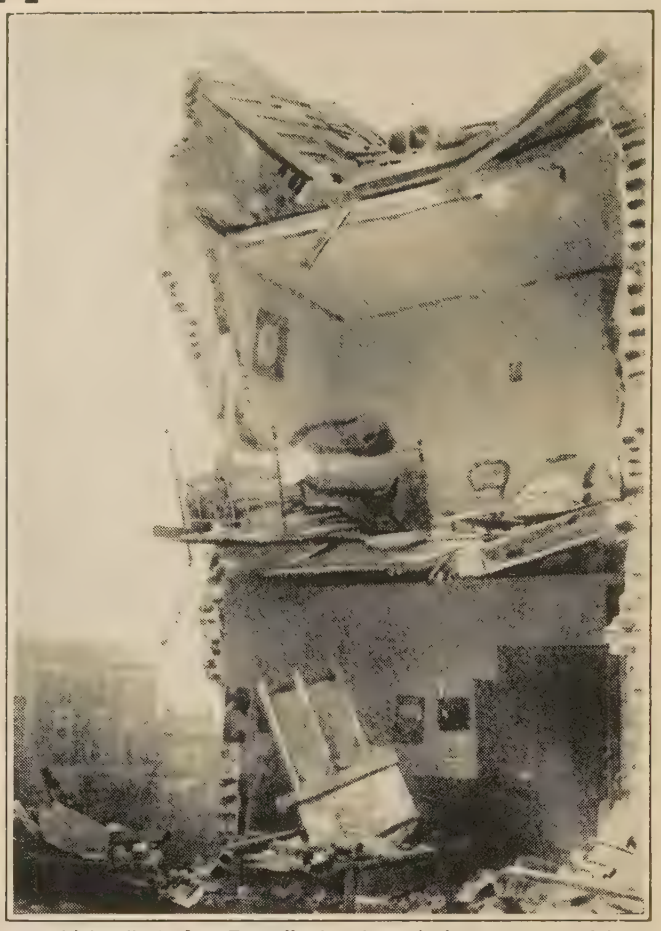


British seaplane flying low over the Belgian coast. On the right: German aeroplane brought down undamaged in Artois. The officers were taken prisoners.



A German gun ready to fire at hostile aircraft. Right: An anti-aircraft gun on a British warship in action against a German aeroplane which hovered over our fleet and dropped bombs, without, however, doing damage to any of our ships.

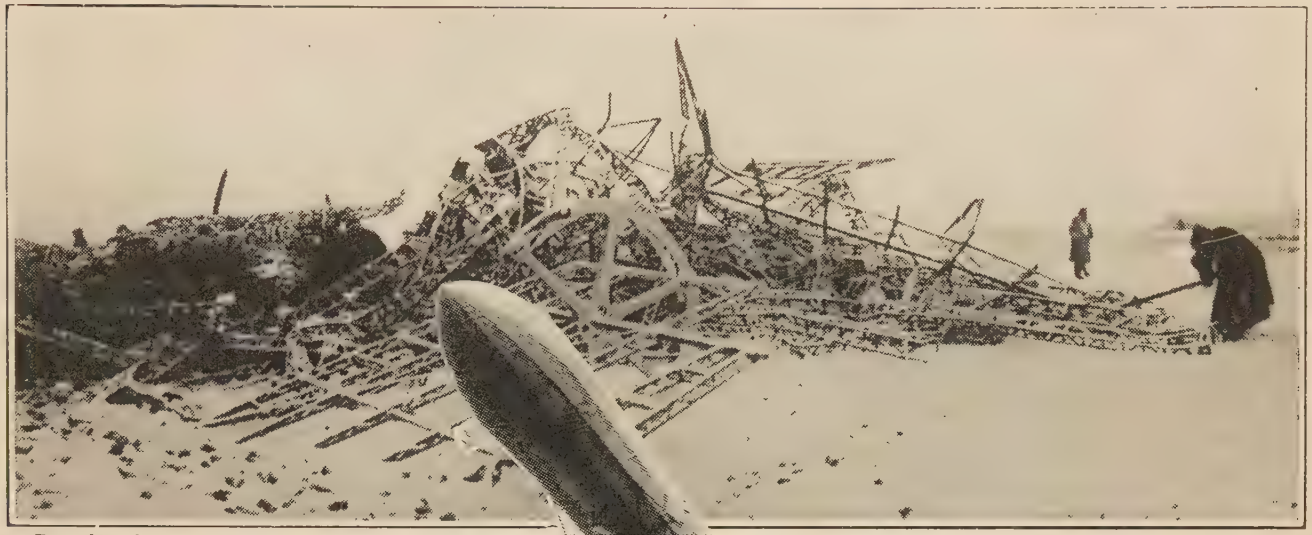
The Day After the Zeppelin Raid Over Paris



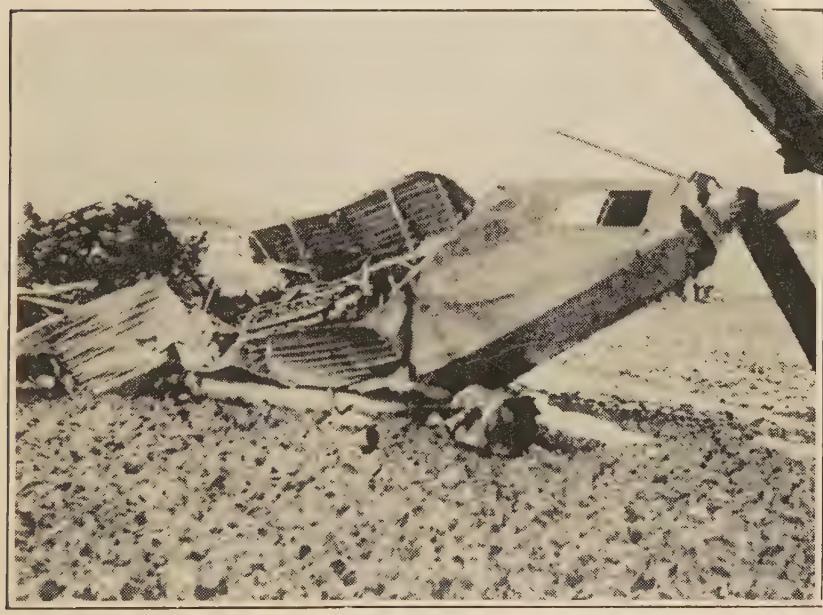
Freakish effect of a Zeppelin bomb explosion on a Parisian dwelling. On the left is another house, six of whose floors were completely sectioned by an infernal machine.

The Paris crowd, generally the most animated and irresponsibly happy, turned out in sombre mood the morning after the Zeppelin raid of January 29th, 1916, to inspect the damage done to their beautiful city by the aerial ghouls. One bomb, dropping in the centre of a boulevard, went clean through to the "Metro." or Paris underground railway.

Aerial Monster Destroyed by a Three-inch Shell



Remains of the Zeppelin L77 at Brabant-le-Roi, which was brought down by a "75" shell, February 21st, 1916. Our French friends were overjoyed by the striking success, as indeed everyone must be, that some of the "baby-killers" eventually got their just deserts.



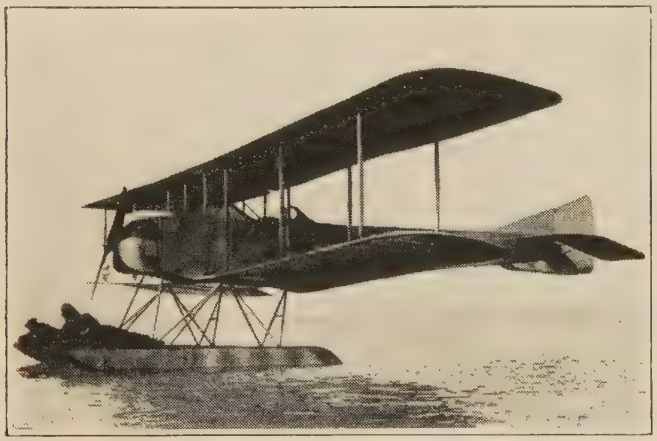
Wrecked car and broken propeller of the L77, comprising much precious metal, which was, of course, returned to the Huns in shells in due course.

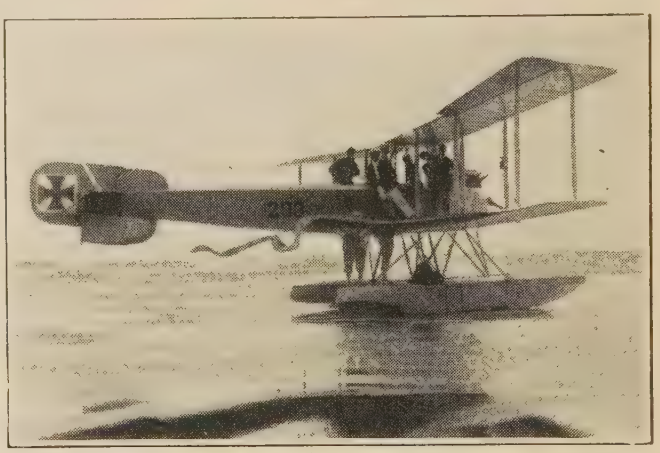
Pte. Pennetier (left), who brought down the Zeppelin L77, and Adjutant Gramling.

What can be done with a well-placed shell may be gathered from this photograph, which shows the aerial monster after it had fallen to earth from a height of six thousand feet. Compare it with inset illustration of a Zeppelin intact.

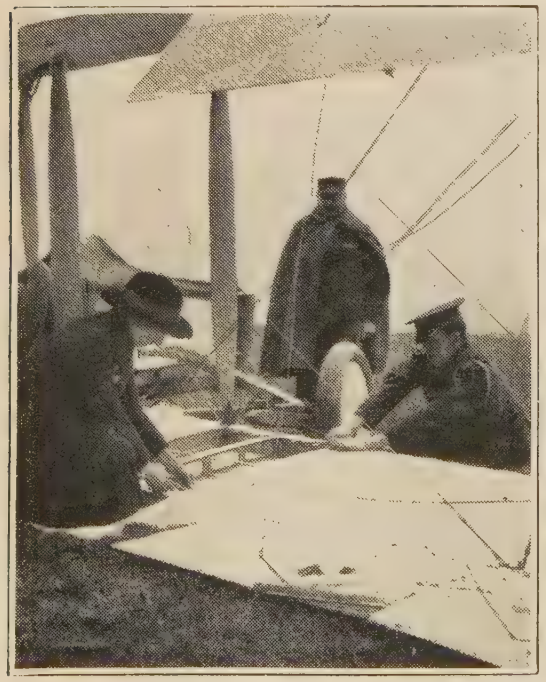
Inventor and Pilots of the Fokker Monoplane

Mijnheer Fokker, the Dutch inventor of the monoplane that bears his name, with Lieut. Immelmann (centre) and Lieut. Boelke (on the right), two of the most skilful pilots of this machine. Their "bag" for one month was sixteen British aeroplanes.



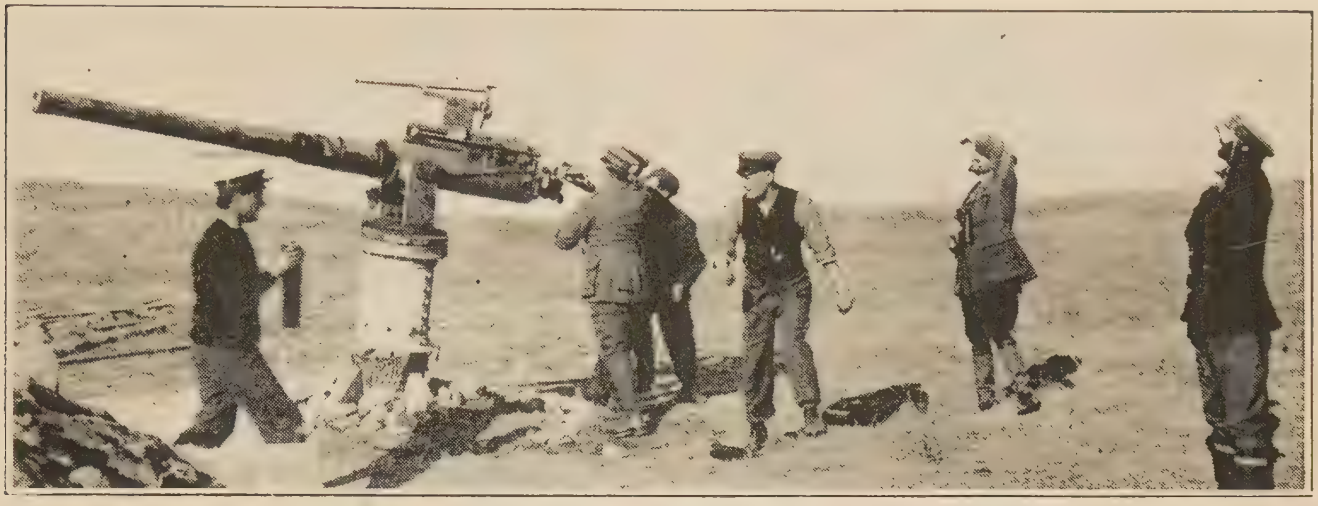


One of the new Rumpler-Marine aeroplanes, perhaps one of those that attacked the coast of Kent in January, 1916. On the right: A German seaplane which was stranded on Fano, a Danish island in the North Sea. Its crew was interned.



"Wing feathers" for keepsakes. A British Red Cross nurse collecting souvenirs from a German aeroplane brought down in France. On the right: One of the pleasing little bombs which the Germans took such delight in dropping upon some of us.

The Fokker and Other Items of Aerial Interest

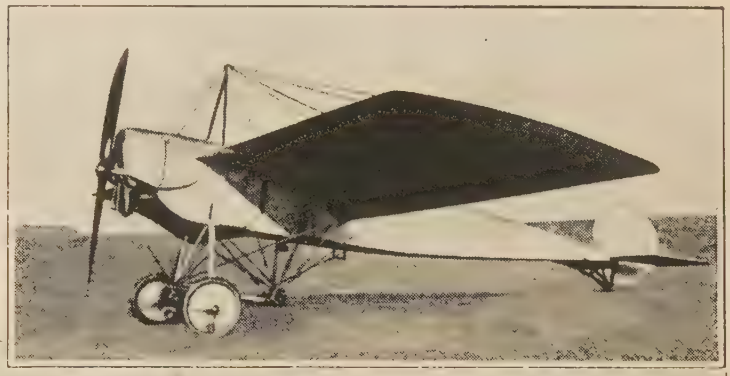


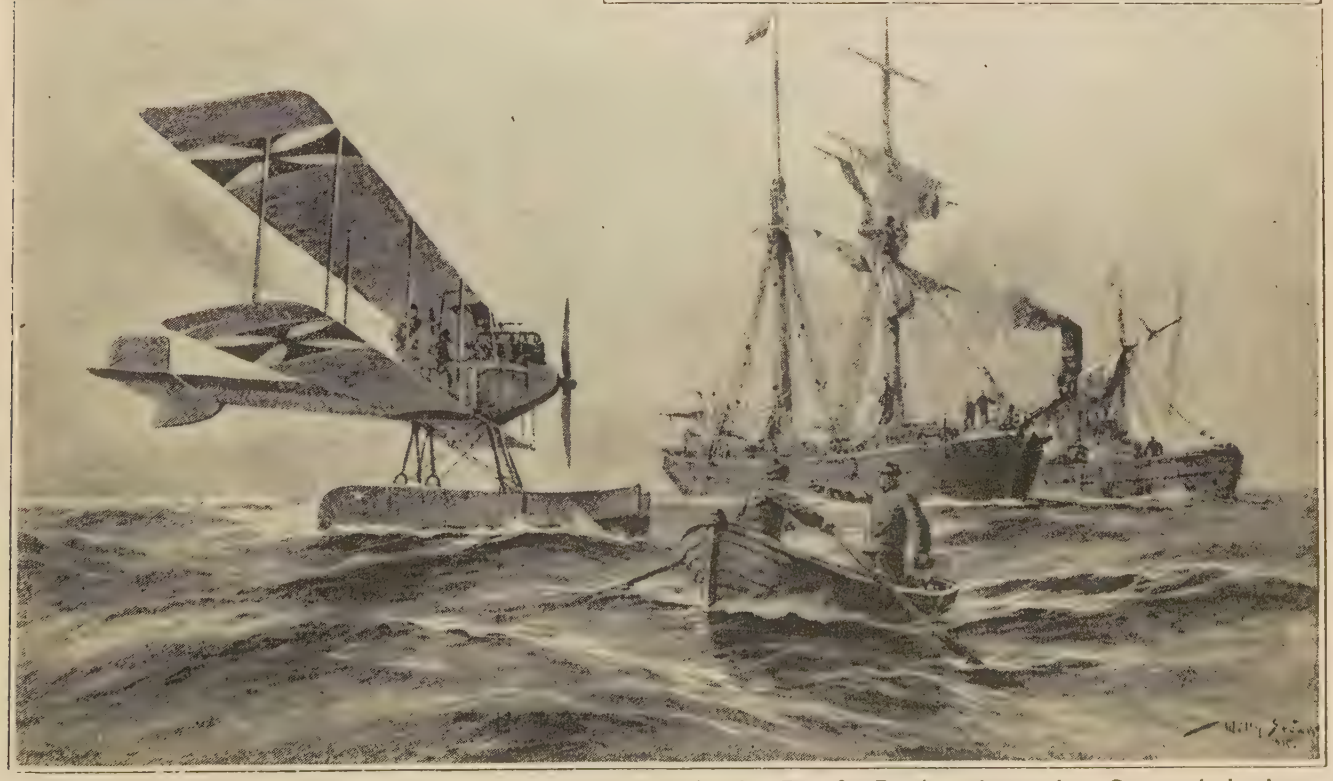
One of the new anti-aircraft guns in action somewhere in the Levant. Commander Samson, the intrepid airman on whose head the Germans are supposed to have put a price, is seen the last figure but one on the extreme right.

AFTER eighteen months of warfare, the European campaign seemed definitely to have settled down into a drawn game. Neither side appeared to have realised its original plans to any great extent. Millions of men were involved, but one group of antagonists could not claim any great superiority in man-power.

It became more than ever a duel of intellect. Some new invention, some wonderful aeroplane, some amazing gun, might turn the balance completely in favour of one side or the other.

The Germans adopted the Fokker aeroplane, which proved itself efficient for what is known as "barrier" work, or keeping the Allied machines from the German lines and obtaining information. It remained for the Allies to find a challenge to this effort of enemy engineering.





A drawing by an enemy artist, supposed to illustrate the capture in Riga Bay of a Russian schooner by a German hydroplane. Inset: The much-talked-of Fokker machine, which resembles the Morane type. It was alleged to have wonderful qualities of speed and endurance, and German pilots were instructed to destroy the mechanism in the event of having to descend on hostile territory.

In the track of the aerial ghouls. Where one woman, a girl and a boy were killed and a number of inhabitants were more or less seriously injured in the Midlands, January 31st, 1916.

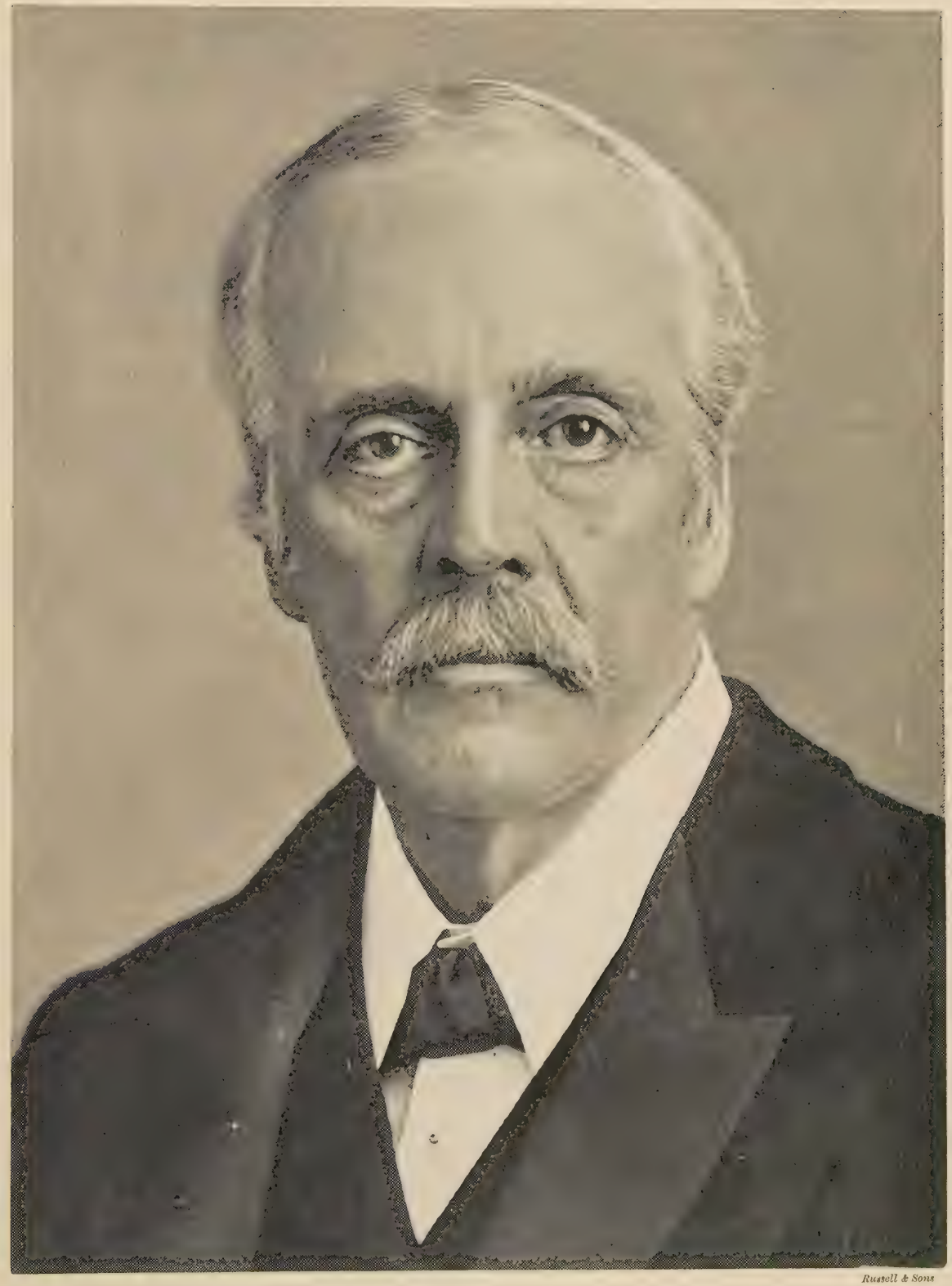
Mission-hall completely wrecked by a bomb which struck the ground some distance away. A lady who was addressing a religious meeting and three members of the congregation were killed.

The utter desolation caused in a working-class neighbourhood of a Midland town by the indiscriminate shower of bombs. Many hapless innocents lost their lives in these houses.

Shambles! The complete obliteration of a home in the Midlands. Not a piece of furniture remained intact. Part of a bedstead and one or two chair-backs are seen amid the debris.

Official photographs by Walshams, Ltd.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Russell & Sons

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, P.C., F.R.S., D.L.

Appointed First Lord of the Admiralty May 26th, 1915

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

LIKE the snows of yesteryear to the present generation are the innumerable but once familiar caricatures and political nicknames of which Mr. Winston Churchill's successor as First Lord of the Admiralty was at one time the more or less amused victim. Few to-day could indicate promptly the identity of "Postlethwaite," "Miss Clara," or "The Tiger-Lily," in the eighties and nineties, any more than they could say they had read aright the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt." Accused by his opponents, throughout his life, of dilettantism, it is yet true that, of all our living politicians, none has a more notable list of practical achievements to his credit than Mr. Balfour, which fact is the more remarkable when it is remembered that, politically speaking, greatness was none of Mr. Balfour's seeking—it was thrust upon him.

Early Days at Whittingehame

Born in Scotland on July 25th, 1848, the eldest son of John Maitland Balfour, of Whittingehame, Haddingtonshire, and Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, second daughter of the second and favourite sister of the third Marquess of Salisbury, Arthur James Balfour had the "Iron Duke" as godfather. His father, who died in 1856, was for some time M.P. for the Haddington Burghs, a railway chairman, and major-commandant of the East Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry. His mother, who passed away in 1872, was one of the most gifted and most remarkable women of the Victorian era.

With four brothers and three sisters, Arthur Balfour grew up in the attractive surroundings of Whittingehame, with its memories of the great house of Douglas, and its ruins of the castle where, centuries ago, the Earls of March held their baronial court. Children never had a more careful, and at the same time original, training than the young Balfours received at their mother's knee. She held fast to the theory that "the older life should be sacrificed to the younger." She encouraged no personal ambition for her children, but looked for evidence of their special bent, and sought to guide and develop that. A believer in the moral benefit of intellectual discipline, she had a rooted antipathy to cant, and with a fine literary and musical taste, a large outlook on life, and a happy combination of forcefulness and tenderness, was indeed a woman

> nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort and command.

At the Berlin Congress of 1878

Of Mr. Balfour's schooldays—he was educated at Eton—little is recorded, save that he was "fag" to Lord Lansdowne. When he left Trinity College, Cambridge, with his M.A. degree, he was still undecided as to his future. He was persuaded by his uncle to enter Parliament for the family borough of Hertford, at the General Election in 1874. So little, however, did political life appeal to him that, almost immediately afterwards, he went on a world tour. Returning from this, he became Lord Salisbury's private secretary, during his uncle's first term of office (1878-1880) as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. One of his first duties was attendance at the Berlin "Peace with Honour" Congress of 1878. It was at this time that Count Corti described Lord Salisbury as "a lath painted to look like iron." Inverted, the epigram would have lost its sting and applied admirably to Lord Salisbury's nephew.

Chief Secretary for Ireland

Mr. Balfour represented Hertford till 1885, having negotiated with Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire) the franchise compromise of 1884, and become identified with what was known as the Fourth Party, having Lord Randolph Churchill (who entered Parliament in the same year as himself) as chief, and Sir John Gorst and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff as colleagues. On the passing of the Radical Reform Bill of 1885, he contested East Manchester, being returned by a majority of 824. He retained the seat until 1906. On his election he became a member of the Privy Council and President of the Local Government Board. A year later he was Secretary for Scotland, with a seat in the Cabinet.

From 1887 to 1891, Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland. No man ever entered office amidst a greater chorus of ironical cheers. None has been more bitterly attacked. Mr. Balfour, however, positively thrived under opposition, and, winning over his opponents, including the Irish at home and in the House of Commons, he relinquished the Chief Secretaryship with the Land Purchase, the Congested Districts Board, and other measures to his credit, and an appeal which resulted in the raising of nearly £60,000 for the benefit of the sufferers by the failure of the Irish potato crop.

Leader of the House of Commons and First Lord of the Treasury, in succession to Mr. W. H. Smith, in 1891-92, Mr. Balfour retained this position till 1906, with the exception of the interval in 1892-95, when he led the Opposition. In July, 1902, twenty-eight years after his debut at Westminster, he became Prime Minister, holding this high office till his resignation at the end of 1905. His Premiership witnessed the complications of the Education Bill and the fiscal issue raised by Mr. Chamberlain. It also witnessed the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, closed the six hundred years' duel with France, prepared the ground for the rapprochement with Russia, saw the Navy put on a secure basis, and created the Committee of Imperial Defence.

First Lord of the Admiralty

Defeated at Manchester in January, 1906, Mr. Balfour was elected for the City of London in the following month. He resigned the leadership of the Unionist Party in November, 1911, but took office again as First Lord of the Admiralty when Mr. Asquith formed his Coalition Government in June, 1915, having in the meantime, from the outbreak of the war, attended with marked regularity the meetings of the Imperial Defence Committee, and sat also on the committee charged with the provision of munitions of war. Identified with the Navy as an Elder Brother of Trinity House, he has been associated with the land forces as a captain in the East Lothian Yeomanry.

Mr. Balfour's life, apart from politics, has been a pretty active one for a possessor of what is termed constitutional indolence. His books—from the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" (1879), a searching analysis of Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, and "The Foundations of Belief" (1895), a defence of religion by an exposure of the weaknesses of its critics, to "Theism and Humanism" (1915), a presentation of the impossibility of conceiving an orderly universe apart from the idea of God—are marked by that precious quality of lucid thought lucidly expressed, which has distinguished his speeches on political questions. Chancellor of Edinburgh University since 1891, he is the holder of honorary degrees of no less than ten universities in the United Kingdom, a correspondent of the French Academy, and vice-president of the London Library.

Courtesy to Opponents

The most striking personality in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour won its suffrages by his unfailing good temper, his chivalrous courtesy to opponents, his facility in debate, and his simplicity and freedom from ostentation. With Scottish leaning to theology and philosophy, he has proved himself equally at home with Bergson and bi-metallism. His love of books is expressed in the saying that he was "never tempted to regret that Gutenberg was born." He has been to sea in a submarine, and tasted the somewhat fearful joys of a flight in an aeroplane. His pastimes, apart from reading and music—a grand piano formed part of his furniture at Downing Street—have included curling, golf, cycling and motoring. In the estimation of those who know him at all intimately, his character was never hit off more happily than in the quotation from Pope once used by Mr. Chamberlain:

> Statesman, yet friend to truth!
> Of soul sincere.
> In action faithful, and in honour clear;
> Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
> Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

Though a tear might arise in our women's bright eyes,
And a sob choke the fearful "Good-bye,"
Yet those women would send lover, brother, or friend
To the war-field to conquer or die!
Let the challenge be flung from the braggart's bold tongue,
And that challenge will fiercely be met;
And our banner unfurled shall proclaim to the world
That "there's life in the old dog yet."
Hurrah! for our men on the land or the wave,
'Neath the red Red Cross of England—the Flag of the Brave!

—Eliza Cook.

Britain in War Time

The wounded hero returned from the front "fights his battles o'er again."

VICTORIA FOR THE VICTORIOUS.—The great metropolitan rendezvous for the Sunny South Coast, or for a romantic Continental jaunt, became the junction for Trench Town. To those who stayed behind with aching heart and anxious vigil, Victoria came to have great significance; for one day the absent father, son, or sweetheart might be back for a short leave from the stern business of war. Every night at this terminus the war was brought close to our insular hearts, and on this stage a scene was enacted which inspired that joy so close akin to tears. Still caked with the mud of the battlefield, laden with an assortment of weapons, men from the arena of Mars flocked out of the "special" to be greeted by their dear ones. Here the sweetheart, overcome with joy, embraced her brawny Scot, whose proud parents were waiting to give him the parental kiss. There a handsome officer, having rejoined his young wife, strode off to find a taxi. The father greeting his youngest child was a touching figure. Let the pacifist look on this and ask himself whether he would not, for one brief moment, like to be a man of arms.

Is it a Capitalist War?

The Employer's Duty to the State and the Worker's Proportionate Recompense

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

Concurrently with the European War there has been manifest a modified version of the old feud between Capital and Labour. That the struggle did not develop any alarming proportions proves the patriotic goodwill of both employer and employee in the face of national danger. Each rendered concessions, which before the war would have been inconceivable, in the common cause—the cause of victory. In some quarters, however, a strong feeling existed that the struggle against the Germans was a war waged by and for the great controllers of industry. In the following article, written in January, 1916, Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who, of course, expresses his own views, set out to disprove this theory, and to demonstrate what the capitalists had rendered in the interests of the State, and how the workers had enjoyed their full measure of profits arising out of the unique industrial situation.—EDITOR.

THE great mass of our people of all classes are one in the national cause, and in their determination to win this war. Nevertheless, there is at work in the country, inside and outside the walls of Parliament, a vigorous and bitter opposition to the war, which disguises itself in various forms, usually being too cowardly to acknowledge the real springs of its action. I remember that, a few days after war broke out, I had the misfortune to have to endure the remarks of a certain Member who boasted that the Germans "*will win everywhere on land,*" and that in his precious opinion "*we ought not to send a single soldier abroad.*" Has that Member ever had the courage to get up in the House of Commons and say those words? Not he. We merely find him figuring as a leading opponent of the Bill which compels single men to serve.

Outside the House there are some opponents who are more honest than this particular gentleman. We find certain Labour men—a negligible minority in point of numbers, be it remembered—doing their best to persuade the workers that the war is a capitalist device to rob workmen of their liberties and to impose Militarism upon them.

The latter representation is aided by the fact that obviously you cannot fight an armed man unless you take arms yourself, and as the taking up of arms is plainly a militant act, it is literally true that we have to become "Militarists" while we are engaged in a war, there being no other way of winning it. It is not difficult, therefore, for an ingenious man to twist our belated—and in some respects amateur—military preparations into the expression of a desire to turn Britain into a second Prussia.

The real truth on this head is that the possession of an army does not condemn a nation to Militarism. Militarism is a spirit, and it is absurd to suggest that the British people are imbibing Militarism with the necessary growth of their Army in this war. I think the truer view is that this war is making the whole world "fed up" with Militarism, and that it is more likely to eradicate it in the places where it is native than to cause it to grow in places where it does not already exist.

Did Capitalists Want the War?

But let me come to close quarters with the main misrepresentation which is being so sedulously fostered on the Clyde and elsewhere. It is that this is a capitalist war, *made by capitalists, carried on for profit by capitalists, and used as a tool to cheat the worker of liberty and profit.*

What of the origins of the war?

On this head it ought to be sufficient to point out that, as Mr. Norman Angell so often said before the war, capitalism in modern times has become international. Its operations have reached right across political boundary lines, with a view to making profit indiscriminately out of all sorts and conditions of nations. You would find a tobacco trust, or a soap trust, or a steel syndicate, or a cotton-thread trust, ignoring national ideas, and setting up works in all sorts of countries with a view, not to the benefit of those countries, but to the benefit of the capitalist as capitalist. The suggestion that such a war as this helps capital is therefore not only untrue, but childish and absurd. Many a British capitalist who had works or branches or syndicated connections on the Continent has found himself in a very tight place because of this war. Thousands of industrial captains have found their operations cancelled or baulked.

Now for the second point. What about capitalism in relation to the carrying on of the war?

In this connection it is amusing to notice that some of the bitterest opposition in Parliament to the extension of the Army has come from capitalists. We have had not one, but scores of representations from capitalists in various trades *that they could not spare any more men for the Army.* Of course not, from their point of view. The capitalist in any trade is not to be trusted as an exponent of national ideas. His hand is subdued to the colour he works in, and I should never dream of taking his opinion in respect of any national need without a very large dose of salt.

Raiding the Capitalists' Pockets

As to the war making profits for capitalists, never before were capitalists' profits so raided as they are being raided now—not to speak of the further raiding that is to come.

Under both the Munitions Act and the last Budget excess profits are specially taxed. The Finance Bill actually taxes *as war profits* profits made *before* the war, but enjoyed *during the war.* I wonder if the Clyde workers realise that, or whether anybody has taken the trouble to tell them?

But let me deal especially with the taxation of profits by the Munitions of War Act, the Act which the workers are told by some people is an instrument for the spoliation of the poor.

Take a munitions firm which in the average of the last two pre-war years made a profit of £10,000 a year. Let us suppose that owing to the war this same firm now makes a profit of £50,000 a year. What becomes of that profit? *Does the capitalist get it?* Here is the answer.

The Munitions Act allows the capitalist to take only one-fifth more profit than in time of peace. That is to say, to the average pre-war profit of £10,000 in the case named, £2,000 is added to arrive at what the capitalist can take. Therefore, we get:

How the State takes the lion's share.

	£	£
Actual war profit		50,000
Pre-war profit	10,000	
Plus one-fifth	2,000	
	12,000	12,000
Taken by the State		£38,000

Thus, the firm makes £50,000 of profit, but the shareholders are allowed to retain only £12,000, *while the State takes* £38,000. Nothing like this has ever been done in

[*Continued on page* 1694.

IS IT A CAPITALIST WAR? (Continued from page 1693.)

the world before, and as far as I know nothing like it is being done in any other country.

As for firms not making munitions, they are dropped on, as I have already said, by the Finance Act, and that, although their profits may not be war profits at all, but merely profits enjoyed during the war.

And that is not all. It is not merely that the capitalists' profits are taken. Most of the factories making munitions are controlled during the war by the State. The capitalists who nominally "own" them have to do what they are told to do, and cannot do what they want to do. Their establishments, their books, their stocks, their machinery are all at the nation's disposal. If a firm will not disclose particulars showing the basis on which it makes a price for munitions, the nation has power to inspect the books and to see for itself that the price is a fair one.

The Workers' Liberty and Wages

Now I come to the workers' liberty and wages.

As to liberty, the Munitions Act undoubtedly sets up certain limitations, but the limitations, as I have already shown, affect the capitalist, and they affect the capitalist more than the worker. The Trade Unions agreed to suspend their rules and customs for the national benefit during the war. This enables those opposed to the war to say: "See, you are giving up your rights, and these rights will never be restored to you." This is sheer dishonesty, for it is equally open for anybody to allege that the capitalist is robbed of his liberty, and that after the war it will never be restored to him. The truth about these two matters is this—that as a result of the war there can be no question whatever that while the workmen will get more liberty, the capitalist will be left with much less than he possessed before the war. To my mind, there is no doubt that the "go-as-you-please" and "trade-where-you-please" and "invest-where-you-please" which obtained for capitalists before the war will be a good deal limited after the war.

Finally, I come to the workmen's earnings during the war.

Benefits for the Employee

The truth on this head is that never before in the history of modern wealth did the workers in this country reap such profits as they have in this war. I have obtained authentic particulars of actual workers' earnings from all parts of the country, including the Clyde. As to the latter, I have before me the complaint of a Clyde Trade Unionist that whereas a Trade Union skilled man, a turner, is earning only £3 10s. a week, the unskilled man under him makes over £10 a week.

I have also before me a long list from a munitions works in the South of England, which shows that the men are making £3 to £8 per week, and that in a recent week one man earned £14. I have particulars of girls in London earning £1 to £2 a week. In another case I have a comparison with earnings before the war at a certain establishment, and it shows that the skilled men are earning twice what they did before the war, while the unskilled men are earning from two to three times as much as before the war. I may sum up the evidence on this head by saying that *never before was there such an equitable distribution of income in this country as has arisen during the war and because of the war.*

And to that I may add the confident expression of my opinion that, after the war, workers' earnings, although they cannot be maintained at the present high level, *will certainly not fall to the pre-war level.*

The watchers of our coasts. Royal Naval Volunteers on the look-out for Zeppelins and pirate craft. They took the place of regular coastguardsmen who had rejoined their ships.

With the Forces at Home: Inspected by Lord French

Seeing that all is in order if the Huns should set foot on Albion's soil. Viscount French inspecting one of the Home Service Battalions.

Viscount French, when Commander-in-Chief of the troops stationed in England, going round "practice" trenches constructed by the Derby recruits.

After his retirement from the chief command of the British Armies in France and Flanders, December, 1915, Viscount French was busy seeing that the new men alike for his successor and for home defence were equal in efficiency and enthusiasm to those who held the road to Calais during the critical days of 1914-15. This shows the distinguished leader watching recruits at bayonet practice.

Rapid Recruiting: Khaki & Kilts within an Hour

Eighteen men who presented themselves at the headquarters of the London Scottish and were examined, passed, and in uniform within an hour. Inset: The recruits being measured for their kilts.

New type of physical drill devised by an instructor at Budbrooke Barracks. The exercise compels deep breathing, and tends to strengthen and expand the chest.

The eighteen recruits, shown in the top photograph, in khaki and kilts an hour after applying at the London Scottish headquarters. Every officer in this regiment has to be promoted from the ranks.

The "Miracle" of Ireland*

By JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

Thanks to the desire of our authorities to conduct "an anonymous war," probably under the delusion that the enemy might not be able to identify the British units fighting them, the British public were denied all information as to the achievements of the individual regiments. Not exactly all, for the authorities occasionally broke their own quaint rules to give information about certain regiments, with the result that an undue share of the honour has been popularly ascribed to these. We certainly did not hear enough about the achievements of the gallant Irish, notoriously among the best fighters in our Army. This, and the fact that Ireland so completely disappointed the hopes of a deluded Germany by loyally answering the call of Empire and taking her place in the fight against Prussian tyranny, induced me to appeal to the most world-famous of living Irish leaders—Mr. John Redmond—to write an article on the subject expressly for my readers, and I feel that we are peculiarly honoured in numbering among our many famous contributors this great national leader who, since the war began, gave such splendid proofs of loyalty to the British Empire.—EDITOR.

THE phrase which I have put at the head of this article was used by a leading Unionist journal in England to describe the transformation which took place in the public opinion of Ireland after the commencement of the war.

To anyone at all acquainted with the past history of the relations between England and Ireland, the phrase can scarcely be said to have been an exaggeration.

To understand the transformation which occurred it is necessary, in the first place, to recall the traditional attitude of mind of the mass of the Irish people towards the British Empire and its military enterprises. That attitude sprang from causes easily ascertainable which thoroughly explain, if they did not justify it. With these causes I have nothing to do at the present moment, and I trust and believe they have ceased for ever to exist. To appreciate what has recently occurred in Ireland, however, it is necessary to recall Ireland's attitude of mind in the past, and, indeed, in the recent past.

There is no denying the fact that, in the past, it was perfectly true that, whenever the Empire was involved in a difficulty or complication which diminished its great strength, a feeling of hope and satisfaction stirred through the veins of men of the Irish race both at home and abroad. The feeling of the mass of the Irish people undoubtedly was one of hostility to the Empire.

The Irish leader in happy mood on his return from the front.

One of the greatest Englishmen of our time, John Henry Newman, in speaking of Irish discontent, drew a picture which explains, to some extent, this feeling. He describes the feelings of an Englishman travelling in Ireland. He says:

He finds that the wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her name and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with digust; the anticipation of her possible reverses nursed and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France or Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindu, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from the Irish soil. If he ventures to ask for prayers for England, he receives one answer: A prayer that she may receive her due. It is as if the air rang with the old Jewish words: "O, daughter of Babylon, blessed shall be he who shall repay thee as thou hast paid to us!"

This picture was not an exaggeration at the time it was written. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration of the state of feeling up to a comparatively recent date. If Newman had to draw a picture of the state of Ireland to-day, every single one of his statements would have to be reversed.

Just as I abstain from speaking of the causes of Ireland's hostility in the past, so I abstain from dealing in any degree with the political causes which led to the blessed change of to-day. The change, however, has taken place, and the Unionist newspaper to which I have referred was not far wrong in speaking of it as a "miracle."

To-day, the whole of Ireland—with insignificant exceptions, to which I will allude in a moment—is united as Ireland was never united before, men of all political views and of all creeds and of all classes, in support of the Empire.

Ireland to-day feels that she is now a free and honoured portion of that Empire. She feels she has come into her inheritance, and she is as determined as either Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa to make the greatest sacrifices in her power to safeguard and protect her hardly-won rights. She does not feel that she is fighting merely for England. She is fighting for the Empire, and, in a special way, for herself.

In addition to this, Ireland felt that she was fighting for a great and holy cause—nothing less than the liberty

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[Continued on page 1698.

THE "MIRACLE" OF IRELAND (Continued from page 1697.)

and civilisation of the world, and the liberty, in a special way, of small nationalities. She is bound, by the memory of the history of hundreds of years, in devotion to her old friend, France. Her connection with Belgium in the past creates a tender and powerful tie between the two countries; and, indeed, if all other motives had disappeared, I believe that the single desire to avenge the fate of Belgium would have united all Ireland in hostility to the German Power.

Now, what practical proof did Ireland give of her new attitude?

I have just alluded to certain insignificant exceptions from the general rule of support of the Allies. There were, it must be admitted, scattered throughout Ireland, a few individuals, not one of them of any public weight or importance, who, under one name or another, and from one motive or another, were supposed to be pro-Germans. But I assert, without any fear of contradiction, that the number of these in Ireland in proportion to her population was not greater than the number of similar persons in England.

There were a few prosecutions under the Defence of the Realm Act in Ireland, and a few cases of the suppression of little-read, ephemeral sheets, which spring up here and there like mushrooms in the night,

Back from the front. A cheery group of fighting men arriving in London on leave from Trench Town.

in Ireland. Personally I regretted these prosecutions as tending rather to give publicity and importance to utterly insignificant persons and newspapers. All this time I watched affairs pretty carefully in Great Britain, and I find that the number of prosecutions under the Defence of the Realm Act here was considerably greater than the number in Ireland, and there were in Great Britain, also, seizures of insignificant papers.

The difference is, however, that these events in Ireland were widely reported, whereas to discover similar events in England one has to painfully scrutinise local papers to find small paragraphs recording these things hidden away in small type.

I claim that Ireland can speak as a united nation in this crisis with just as much truth as Britain can.

How did Ireland translate this unanimity of feeling into action? I have before me the latest recruiting statistics supplied to me by the Irish Government, made up to November 15th, 1915.

From these I find that, when the war commenced, there were 20,780 Irishmen in the ranks, and there were in Ireland men of the Special Reserve, who later were called up, 12,462. There were also reservists who were called up to the number of 17,804, and new recruits who went into the Army up to November 15th, 1915, 87,466. So that, on that date, Ireland had with the Colours 138,512 men. Many thousands were recruited afterwards.

Let me say, by way of proof, that all parts of Ireland are represented in this total; that 82,947 were Catholics and 55,565 were Protestants; and that 28,072 were members of the National Volunteer Force, and 28,327 were members of the Ulster Volunteer Force.

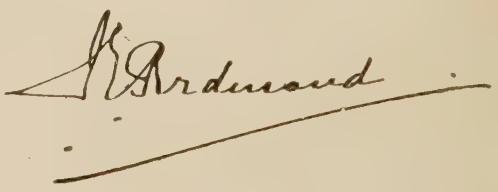
In considering the "miracle" which has taken place in the public sentiment of Ireland, it is not sufficient to regard merely the total of recruits in Ireland itself. Up to the commencement of Lord Derby's recruiting campaign in England, the most careful inquiries elicited the fact that at least 120,000 men of Irish birth resident in Great Britain had joined the Army since the outbreak of war. It could quite safely be said that were it not for the transformation of Irish public opinion at home, these men would not have come forward in anything like these numbers.

The same thing is true of the magnificent forces which came to the aid of the Empire from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, of whom it is a moderate estimate to say that at least twenty per cent. were men of Irish birth or Irish blood, who were influenced by the new wave of friendliness to the Empire which has spread from Ireland right round the world wherever Irishmen are to be found.

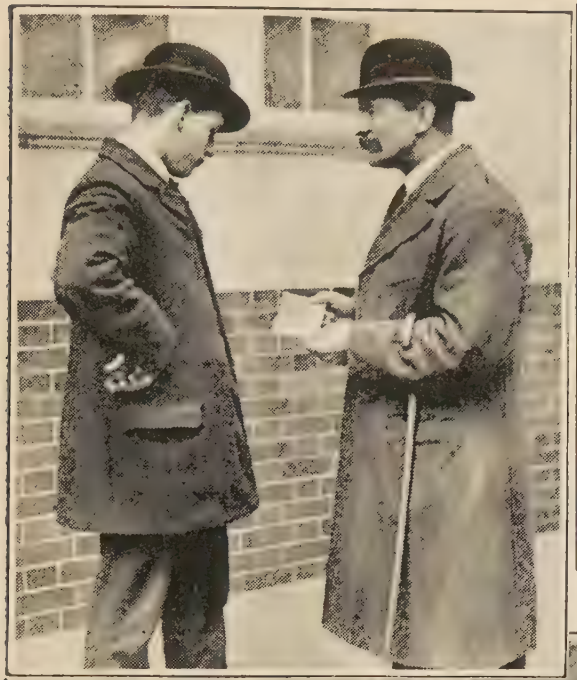
Lord Derby's recruiting campaign in Great Britain, and the Lord-Lieutenant's recruiting campaign in Ireland, must have added to this total an enormous number of men of Irish birth and Irish blood, from which consideration it might fairly be deduced that Ireland alone provided the Empire with an army very much larger than the entire British Army at the commencement of this war.

Ireland was always proud of the gallantry of her troops, even when they were engaged in military enterprises with which the national sentiment of Ireland did not sympathise. But this pride in the past has been more or less of a secret feeling. To-day the wildest enthusiasm is excited in Ireland by every record of Irish heroism in the field, and I felt, in my visit to the Irish troops at the front, as I could not have felt, say, ten years before, that I was speaking the absolute truth when I told the Irish regiments that I brought them a message of pride and of gratitude from the whole of the Irish people.

My chief regret has been that all the Irish regiments were not combined in distinctively Irish army corps. I would gladly see, for example, the three Irish Divisions of the New Army combined together in such a corps. Apparently this is held to be a military impossibility, and many will perhaps think it is just as well that Irish heroism and devotion should have been witnessed in Gallipoli and Salonika as well as in France and Flanders. War is a terrible ordeal for all of us; but we Irishmen have one consolation, namely, that the blood our country willingly shed in this great cause will seal for ever the reconciliation of the two nations.



Britons Answering Lord Derby's Final Call



Recruiting officers were permitted to canvass in mufti in order not to embarrass likely men. Above: Royal Scots' trap for exquisites! Mirror in Edinburgh, at which some men paused and were promptly questioned.

Types of young Britons who responded to the King's personally-signed Call to Arms. The murder of Nurse Cavell and the exhibition of captured German guns proved incentives to hesitant eligibles.

Modes for Men, the Season's only Style! Novel appeals to single men at recruiting stations in Charing Cross Road and the Strand. Outside the one "model" tunics were displayed, while at the other there was a notice reading: "This is the only fashion for men."

SOME OF THE WOMEN BEHIND THE GUNS.—"Ministering angels to the Ministry of Munitions," as they have been called, comprising representatives of every social grade. In this striking illustration a number are "assembling" fuses. The work of making and testing shell-fuses was so admirably suited to them that the machinery in the majority of fuse-making factories was "manned" entirely by women. Women's labour was employed in other work of very diversified character in munition shops. The war necessitated the readjusting of the view-point of old-fashioned folk, who thought that such-and-such a thing could not be done by women. Britain's necessity proved women's opportunity.

Crêche for Women Munition Workers' Children

MANY women who might have been willing to take an active part in war-work were debarred from doing so by the prior claim upon their time made by their little children, whose life and health were perhaps more important to the State in war-time than they seemed to be in times of peace. To release these women, creches were started in many places, and a very up-to-date one was opened in Birmingham. Only the children of women employed on munition work were accepted, and for the modest charge of sixpence a day the children were bathed, dressed in uniform over-alls, and provided with plenty of good food. There were cots for the infants, and any quantity of toys.

"Bye-bye!" Some of the cots where the babies were taken when the "sandman" came. In the circle: "Ta-ta!" Nurse Reynolds, the matron, with a happy little maid whose mother had just said good-bye.

"Din-din!" One especially delightful moment in the delightful day. Dinner at a dear little table, in dear little chairs, all just the right height for dear little people. Being photographed was interesting, but not so exciting as the actual sight of dinner coming.

The Manless Homes of England

British Womanhood Fills the Gaps while its Manhood Lines the Trenches

By CICELY HAMILTON

Equally with the great love and patriotic devotion of the representative manhood of Britain, the noble attitude of womanhood in our hour of trial proved a pillar of the State whose value cannot be over-estimated. The welter of suffering of war falls mainly upon women, and yet three million husbands, sons, and sweethearts were the gift of our womanhood to the cause of humanity. In the absence of this great and immortal company many opportunities were afforded to women further to prove their patriotism by helping the great machine of State to run smoothly. Appropriately enough, problems which obsessed the world at peace were automatically solved by the world at war. In view of the important part played by women in the struggle, the following article by Miss Cicely Hamilton, the well-known author dramatist, and student of social questions, concerning the present and future effects of Armageddon on femininity, has been specially written for these pages.

THE Great War is not only going to leave us poor; it is going to leave us to a certain extent nervously exhausted; to a certain extent, may be, at a loose end. Even we who are women may find some difficulty in settling down to a life which has been shorn of a fierce and terrible interest. We have been living lately as we have never lived before — consciously as members of a nation; have suffered when the nation suffered, and have prospered only when it prospered. With peace, inevitably, will come a change in our outlook. We shall largely lose the sense of communal interest; we shall be thrown back again on our own lives and surroundings, and it may be that, at first, they may seem very small and uninspiring. It is one of the eternal ironies that the process of construction, of building up, can only be accomplished slowly and brick by brick, while destruction can always be dealt with swiftness, and dealt on a grand scale. You can stab a man in a moment, and the wound will take weeks to heal. With enough dynamite at your disposal you can blow a city to atoms; it will take you years of planning and patient work to rebuild it. So, after the ruin and tempest and extravagance of war, we shall return to the day of small things, which, of old, we have been warned not to despise.

Elliott & Fry.

Miss Cicely Hamilton.

Small economies, for instance—we used to call them petty economies—have, before now, helped a nation out of desperate straits. When France, after the war of 1870-71, lay prostrate at the feet of Germany, and her conqueror extracted from her an indemnity then deemed enormous, it was the small economies of her citizens that wiped off the debt in half the time that Bismarck had allotted for its payment. There will be no indemnity, please Heaven, for us to pay after this war; but all the same, we shall have to shoulder the cost of it. And the cost, as far as many women are concerned, will be the best shouldered by estimating in advance what is necessary to the decent and healthy conduct of life, and doing it without the rest.

Women's Share of the Nation's Duty

It goes without saying that to women must necessarily fall, in large part at least, that share of the nation's plain duty which consists in the shielding and safeguarding of children left orphans by war. The nation, no doubt, will act honourably by them, but that means—can only mean—that the nation will pay, in money and material assistance, a price for their fathers' blood. More than that the State cannot do—is precluded by its nature from doing; the community is far too large and too clumsy to be much of a success as a parent. Nevertheless, there will be, I imagine, a distinct danger, as a result partly of the exhaustion to which I have alluded above, partly of the increase in the power of the official to which we shall have accustomed ourselves before the war is over—a distinct danger that we shall leave too much to the State and the institution. With the loosening of the bonds which have held us together in times of peril we may wax idle and careless—may expect of the State and the institution a duty they can never perform, a duty private and personal.

The Guardianship of Fatherless Children

One should never be too proud to learn from the wisdom of an enemy; and a German institution which, it seems to me, we might copy with advantage to ourselves is a system of human, individual guardianship, designed to soften the heavy-handed methods of the State in its dealings with fatherless children. Each creature born, it is declared in principle, has a right to the care of two parents; therefore the child left orphaned or born out of wedlock can claim a substitute for its father. This substitute, formally appointed, has no financial responsibility as regards his ward; is not entitled (save in abnormal cases) to interfere between parent and child; but has otherwise the rights and position of a guardian nearly related. He is expected to inquire into conditions at school and at work; it is his business to see that the boy or girl is well and happily educated; his advice and help can be claimed as a right by the mother; and, should necessity arise, he can represent

(Continued on page 1704.

Owing to a shortage of male labour in Edinburgh, a number of women who were used to heavy farm work worked as coal-heavers. This photograph shows two engaged in filling sacks.

War-time Manual Work for British Womanhood

Among the numerous new activities which became open for women workers owing to the war, probably the most astonishing are the trades of chimney-sweeping and coal-heaving, both of which had their feminine followers.

Girl blacksmiths engaged to make horseshoes. Right: The Royal Red Cross, the decoration instituted by the King to be awarded to nurses for special services.

Headquarters of the Voluntary Aid Detachment at Cairo. Some of the nurses are bargaining with native silk merchants. Right: Novel school of cookery. Women building a "trench oven" in order to learn how to cook in the open, in preparation for Red Cross work at the front.

THE MANLESS HOMES OF ENGLAND (Continued from page 1702.)

his ward and the interests of his ward in the law courts. He, I have written—but it has been found in practice that the duties of such a post are best performed by a woman—that between a woman, her ward, and his mother, the relationship loses its legal complexion, and tends to become intimate and personal.

Would it not be possible for the State to give its sanction to some such relationship with us? And, by giving its sanction, not only strengthen it, but remove it from the realm of charity? There must be some thousands of educated women who would gladly supplement the price of blood paid by the nation by work of their own for a child; who would esteem it a privilege as well as a duty to stand at the side of a woman left lonely, and help with the care of her children. The system, of course, would not be confined to war orphans, though it might well be inaugurated primarily for their benefit.

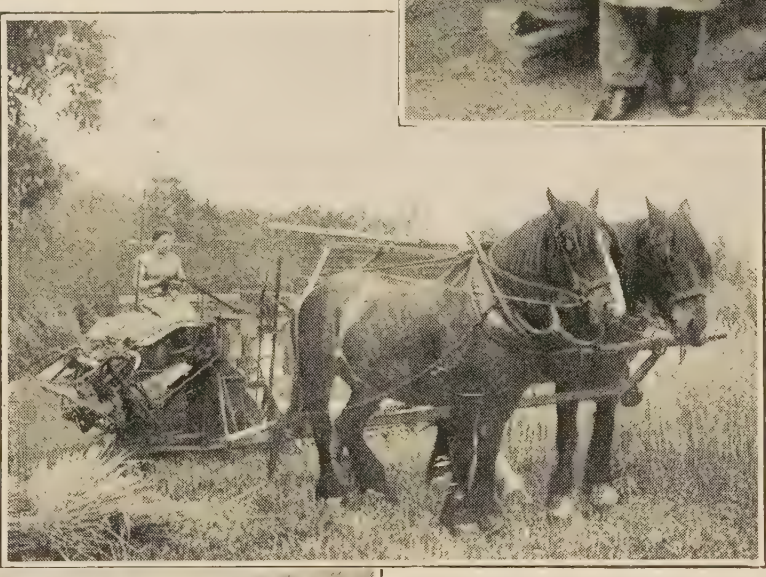
Now, especially, there would be little or no difficulty about the inauguration of such a system; one thing the war has made easy is the knitting up of personal relationships. Over here, in France—and I doubt not the same thing has happened at home—there are thousands of women who, in the months since the war began, have established friendly relations by letter with friendless soldiers in the trenches—friendly relations in which they take pleasure and pride. The practice on the part of the Frenchwoman is the outcome of gratitude which seeks to express itself in real and personal help; and there is much gratitude seeking to express itself to-day. We should do well to take advantage of it before the day of lassitude and exhaustion dawns—when new departures of any kind may be difficult.

There is another possible consequence of the war, which we should do well to ponder and prepare for. One of the results alike of the want and the restlessness which will follow in the footsteps of peace will, in all probability, be an increase in the number of our emigrants. Men who have thrown up their occupations to fight in Flanders and in France will find it hard to go back to the counter and the desk. It will not only be by the numbers of her dead that Britain will lose her sons; emigration, always easier for the man, will augment still further our preponderance of women over men. That will mean, obviously, a further fall in the marriage rate, a further rise in the number of women who have to earn their living. It will mean also that the public opinion of the next few years will be chiefly the opinion of women.

It would be well, however, if we realised the position and its meaning, realised that upon the women of Britain will fall much of the work of reconstruction, and that the folly or wisdom of the next few years will have the feminine touch. The responsibility for education will be more and more in their hands—and by education I do not mean only the accepted methods of instruction and school routine, but that newspapers and books will be written for women, and react on the new generation. Then, whether they have direct representation or not, public measures will be taken with a view to the approval of women. If I am right in this, the opportunity we asked for has come, the power we clamoured for so long and so earnestly now lies very close to our hand. One can only hope that we shall know how to use it aright—scrupulously, with patience, and with tolerance. To attain an end, however holy, it must be worked for, and worked for intelligently with the head as well as with the heart. We have all of us hated war in our hearts, but our heads were not able to avert it.

Cecil Hamilton

What would their grandmothers have said? Girl window-cleaners at Nottingham. Their costume looks distinctly business-like.



Gathering in the golden grain. Pair-horsed harvester, which was skilfully managed by female hands.

Women's rural activities in an urban environment. Busy scene in the Carlton House Terrace Farmyard.

To face page 1705

THE MOMENT OF FAREWELL. A TOUCHING SCENE AT VICTORIA STATION ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE "TRENCH" SPECIAL.

On War Service: Women of Britain Step into Line

Lord Kitchener's sister, Mrs. Frances Parker (on the extreme left), inspecting a corps of Girl Guides, who in many ways proved useful for war-time work. Right: One of the uniformed girls employed as meter inspector by a gas company.

Lieut. Yates (on the right), of the Women's Reserve Ambulance Corps, who was sent, semi-officially, to the Dardanelles as a motor-transport driver. Right: Volunteer Corps members learning motoring so as to be of use to the Government.

The modern milkmaid clad in workmanlike uniform. Right: Members of the Women Signallers Territorial Corps learning signalling under an Army instructor. Lord Kitchener's sister was appointed their commander-in-chief. Members of this and of the numerous similar women's corps wear different styles of khaki uniforms.

The War and Our National Life

Weighty Views on Matters Momentous to Our Future by Public Men of the Time

OUR SPECIAL SYMPOSIUM FOR THE NEW ERA

As regards the war, all are agreed that the Germans showed far more foresight and preparedness than we did. If they prepared for war so thoroughly, could we not turn the tables upon them, and look well ahead with regard to peace? This was the thought exercising the minds of many while the war still continued. When peace came, it was felt, we should find ourselves in a new world, living under strange conditions. What better chart to guide us in this unknown land than the opinions of those best qualified to speak on the various phases of our national life? In the early days of 1916 the Editor secured the views of prominent leaders of public opinion on subjects which vitally concern the nation as a whole. Imperial problems, Emigration, Education, etc., are dealt with in the interesting symposium below.

BONDS OF IMPERIAL UNITY, by Sidney J. Low, M.A.

MR. SIDNEY J. LOW, *who here gives his opinion on the effect of the war on Imperial relations, has made himself the foremost authority on this most important subject. After an Oxford education, he became a journalist, and for nine years he was editor of the "St. James's Gazette." He then joined the staff of the "Standard," on behalf of which he visited India and other parts of the Empire. He is now lecturer on Imperial and Colonial History at King's College, London, and has written quite a number of books, among them "The Governance of the British Empire."*

WHAT will be the effect of the war on the relations of Great Britain with her Oversea States and Dependencies? It is a large question, and one that it is impossible to answer in a few words. Briefly, I should summarise it as follows: In the first place, the war has solidified and compacted the sentiment of Imperial unity. That all our Dominions and Dependencies would be eager for our success against foreign attack, and that they would make some effort to assist in repelling it, was well understood by those who were better acquainted with our psychology than German statesmen and professors; but hardly anybody could have expected the amazing Imperial rally which has been the outstanding feature of the war so far as the British Empire is concerned. We have learnt that Empire patriotism is no less a reality than the sentiment by which every subject of the King is attached to his own State or province. Australians, Canadians, and South Africans have taken upon themselves burdens as great as the peoples of the United Kingdom, and have fought for the Empire with equal zeal and even more energy.

Secondly, the war has shown that a similar sentiment animates those whom we are accustomed to regard as the subject races. The response of India, Egypt, the Sudan, and the Crown Colonies and Protectorates is, in its way, as remarkable as that of the Dominions. There was more ground for the Teutonic belief that Indians and Africans would feel little interest in a quarrel which might be supposed only to affect their white rulers; but as it is seen that, whatever local and transient discontents may be manifested from time to time, our subject races are fully conscious of the general justice and policy of the British rule. They are not only content, but passionately anxious to retain their association with the British Empire; and so, from great Indian ruling princes to South Sea Island chiefs, their spokesmen and representatives have been eager to enlist them for our defence. It would be easy to multiply examples of this spirit. It is enough to say here that it has convinced the world as well as ourselves that if we rule four hundred millions of Asiatic and African peoples we may in the largest sense say that we rule them by their own consent and in their own interests.

Thirdly, the war has taught us, or it ought to teach us, that this striking manifestation of unity in sentiment must be followed by a further constructive unity of the administrative and political kind. It will be difficult—and, I think, impossible—after the war to allow the Imperial Constitution to remain in its present chaotic condition. The King's subjects—in the self-governing Dominions, at any rate—will no longer be content with an indefinite liablity which does not carry with it a corresponding responsibility. They will fight in our wars; but they will require that the policy by which our wars are determined and conducted shall not be framed exclusively by a committee of party politicians responsible only to the electorate of the United Kingdom. Out of the war there must grow an Imperial Executive which shall have the supreme direction of foreign policy and defence, and, in all probability, of other matters, such as Imperial trade, taxation, transport, and communications. That Imperial Executive must be made responsible to some great council or parliament, or legislature representing all portions of the Empire. The question of Imperial federation, which by common consent has been allowed to lie dormant for the past thirty years, has been placed among the actualities of politics by the war, and after the peace the statesmanship of Great Britain and the Oversea States will be compelled to grapple with it in earnest.

AFTER-WAR EMIGRATION, by Sir Thomas Mackenzie

SIR THOMAS MACKENZIE, K.C.M.G., *who here gives an opinion on the effect of the Great War on emigration, especially to New Zealand, is the High Commissioner in London for that progressive Colony. For twenty-five years he was a political leader in New Zealand. He was a member of Sir Joseph Ward's Cabinet, and succeeded him as Prime Minister in 1912, but he only held his new office for a very short time. In the same year he came to London as High Commissioner.*

I WOULD say that the general prosperity in New Zealand, especially on the agricultural side, will require labour for its further development. The war has taken heavy toll of our men, many of whom, in normal times, were engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits. If at the end of the war there should be in this country a surplus of men, and women also, willing to go abroad, and if they take some training in the work they are likely to be called upon to do on their arrival in the Dominion, they will undoubtedly be welcome, and will be of value. The "Closer Settlement" policy of the New Zealand Government is gradually bringing more land into intense culture, and if suitable people—and we are very particular in New Zealand on the question of people being suitable in every respect—will go out, the prospects for them are good, and there is room for many of the right class in the Dominion.

TRAINING AND SERVICE, by Sir Oliver Lodge

SIR OLIVER LODGE, *whose opinion on education and the war we are allowed to quote here, is the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham. He is a man of unusual energy and experience, a man of the world as well as a scholar, one whose broad outlook on life has given him a unique position in the educational world of to-day. His special subjects of study are electricity and physical research; he was a pioneer of wireless telegraphy.*

HOW to continue real education throughout life, and develop the power of every human being, or at least to devise conditions which should not seriously crush out such development, is a problem worthy of an exalted patriotism, for nothing can be more beneficial to the country. Class misunderstandings and petty jealousies, perhaps even trade union rules, stand in the way, and workmen themselves are often each other's hinderers. This is a state of things which has grown up in peace, but the present stress should bring to an end these sad evidences of civil war and industrial strife.

When will there be such another opportunity for inculcating the virtue of patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to country, and the duty and nobility of service of all kinds, as there is now?

Education for boys who leave the primary schools is chiefly needed in the direction of bodily discipline and character training. Here it is where the essentials

[Continued on page 1708.

Queen-Mother Waits on Britain's Fighting Sons

British soldiers, on their return mud-stained and weary from the trenches, had refreshments handed to them by her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who assisted at the Soldiers' Free Buffet installed near London Bridge. The Queen-Mother graciously worked for an hour and a half, serving sandwiches, cakes, and hot coffee. When whole nations were at war and all classes were vitally concerned in the fortunes of their country, Royalty played its part with unprecedented fervour. Queen Mary, the Tsaritza and her daughters, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, and the ladies of enemy Courts were equally assiduous in working for their respective realms.

THE WAR AND OUR NATIONAL LIFE (Continued from page 1706.)

of a kind of military discipline are so appropriate. Yet the aim should be much more general than military service. Imagination is needed to realise the opportunities for service at ordinary times, and it is but seldom that they are looked for. They will not be looked for, nor thought of, unless something is done in the direction of disciplinary bodily training. It must be part of the education of the ordinary citizen to recognise an opportunity for service in a life of honourable industry, in a life of creation rather than in a life of destruction, in the arts of peace rather than in the arts of war.

LITERATURE, by Sir Sidney Lee

SIR SIDNEY LEE, *whose opinion on the effect of the war on literature is given below, has a world-wide reputation as Shakespeare's biographer. He was editor, after Sir Leslie Stephen, of the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," and in 1913 he was chosen Professor of English Language and Literature at the East London College.*

IN normal times literature is universally acknowledged to be capable of alleviating anxiety and of encouraging good endeavour. I believe that amid the stress of war the efficacy of literature in both directions suffers little diminution. It is inevitable that our thought should at the moment be dominated by the mighty conflict, and that our reading should largely be confined to the theme of the war. But occasional recourse to books dealing with other topics will, I believe, prove of advantage to our mental and physical health. Our hopes and energies may thereby be actively reinforced. Tastes differ, and each one must choose for himself and herself the literature befitting their moments of leisure. Most persons will favour fiction, which inclines to comedy rather than to tragedy. The smaller number will find what they need among the essayists or narrators of adventure. I believe that among dead authors Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Borrow, Anthony Trollope, R. L. Stevenson, and Sir Walter Besant are a few whom it is always worth while putting to the test. It is invidious to mention living writers, but the names of Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Pett Ridge, W. W. Jacobs, Barry Pain, E. V. Lucas, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett, naturally suggest themselves. The freer the circulation of the sort of books that I have indicated, the more calmly, in my opinion, shall we face our anxieties.

BETTER EDUCATION VITAL, by Professor Sadler

PROFESSOR MICHAEL E. SADLER, *who here writes on the effect of the Great War on education, is Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds, and had a brilliant career at Oxford, and was lecturer and tutor at Christ Church, but he left these and other responsible positions in the University to become Director of Special Inquiries under the Board of Education. In 1903 he resigned this post, and after spending a little time in writing and lecturing on education, he took up his present post at Leeds.*

EDUCATION, important before the war, will be ten times more important after it.

The English people will need someone to do for its education what Lord Kitchener has done for its Army.

The war will end in one of four ways. One of these I put aside as being now, humanly speaking, in the highest degree improbable—viz., a decisive victory for Germany and her allies.

There remain three possible ends of the war. First, an inconclusive peace. Second, a victory for the Entente Powers which will be decisive enough to secure the downfall of the prestige of Prussian militarism, but unaccompanied by the payment to Great Britain of any part of her direct outlay on the war. Third, a crushing defeat of Germany, followed by the levying of an indemnity upon her which (after an interval of time allowed for Germany's economic recovery) would gradually reimburse Great Britain (as well as her Allies) for a substantial part of our war expenditure.

In all three events, better education will be a vital necessity for England. In no other way can we retrieve our financial position, or hold our own in the industrial and commercial struggle with Germany and America. Our strength lies in mineral resources, access to the sea, adventurous energy, honesty of character, goodwill, aptitude for craftsmanship, and mental power. Of the last-named we have been recklessly wasteful. Better education (if accompanied by resolute industry in all classes and by intelligence on the part of employers) will enable us to husband our resources of mind-power and to put it to scientific use.

(*a*) An inconclusive peace would impose on Great Britain (nearly ruined by war taxation to start with) the double burden (1) of vast military and naval preparation for the next war, and (2) of industrial (including educational) reorganisation. Germany and America would be more dangerous rivals than ever in the commercial struggle. Better education would be the vital need of England.

(*b*) A final victory for the Entente Powers, with no indemnity obtainable for Great Britain, would leave us poor and face to face with angry social problems and urgent trade necessities, with both of which a more alert mind can alone deal. An alert mind would not suffice. With it must go firm purpose and moral conviction. These things, if the national temper is favourable, education can give.

(*c*) An Entente victory, finishing the war with an indemnity fixed on Germany and partly payable to Great Britain, would compel Germany to redouble her industrial and commercial efforts in order to pay off her debt to the Allies. If Great Britain rested on her oars, she would find hereafter that she had stimulated in an extraordinary degree German efficiency in the markets of the world. When the indemnity was paid off, Germany would be a more formidable competitor than ever. The need for paying the indemnity would have continued in a new form in Germany the strict unifying discipline which hitherto she has gained from militarism. Thus, even in the most favourable issue of the war, the need for better education in England is demonstrably great.

What educational changes will therefore be required in England after the war?

Three are of capital importance:

(*a*) Greater intellectual keenness in every grade of school, and greater care in making the best of second-grade mental ability. The success of the naval training at Cowes and Dartmouth is a proof of what can be done with English boys by strict discipline of mind and body.

(*b*) Greater interest in science throughout English education and English life. This is an infection which can be spread and caught. Employers must learn to use science in every part of their business. At present their average attitude of mind is ignorant as compared with that of the German employers. The key to the situation lies in the secondary schools. The way in which England has treated the claims of assistant masters in the ordinary secondary schools shows that English opinion has not yet grasped what higher education can do for a nation.

(*c*) All boys and girls in town and country alike should be required to continue their education for four years after leaving the elementary school. This continued education should be given as far as possible in the daylight hours. All employers should be obliged to spare their younger employés and employées from work for this purpose. And physical training should be part of this continued education. At present much of the good done in the elementary schools runs to waste in the years of adolescence

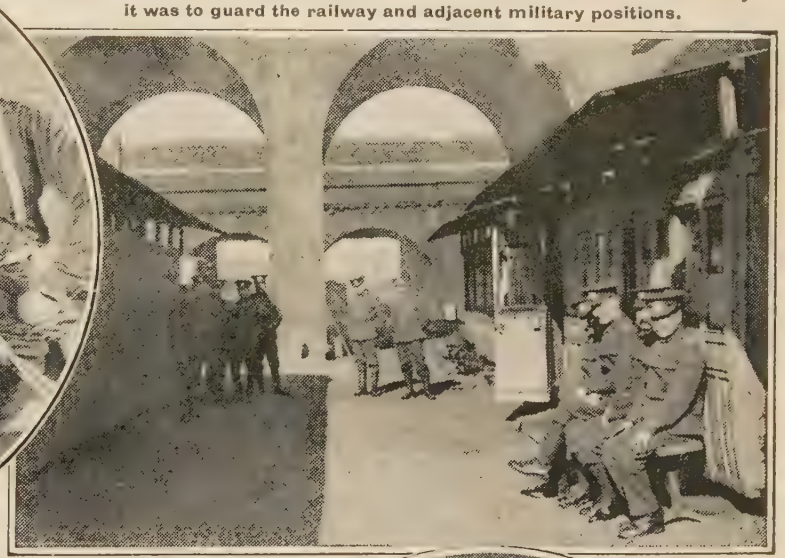
RELIGIOUS FEELING, The Bishop of Birmingham

THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM, *who here gives us an opinion on the effect of the war on religion, is better known as the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield. He was an energetic parish clergyman when he was Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, but he was much more than this. For two years he was Mayor of the London Borough of Marylebone, and he was also Chairman of the Central (Unemployed) Body for London. He was a member of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, and of the old London School Board. In 1909 Dr. Wakefield left London to become Dean of Norwich, and in 1911 he succeeded Dr. Gore as Bishop of Birmingham.*

THE effect of the war upon religion will be, above all, to give it greater depth and reality. In calm days nations do not feel keenly their dependence upon God, and there is a gradual slackening of their hold upon foundation truths. The surface matters have an exaggerated importance given to them, and differences on details absorb attention. When, however, there comes the great storm of war, with all its horrors and with all its heroism, the nearness of Eternity and the greatness of God are manifest to men. When the strife is over there will come back to their homes millions of men who have been face to face with the great issues of life and death, and they will never lose the soberness of outlook which their experiences have stamped upon them. Nor must it be forgotten that those who have remained at home have also been deepened, some by bereavement, nearly all by personal anxiety of one kind or another. Our Britain will be the abode of people conscious as never before of what is meant by national responsibility before God, who will realise what is expected of them as to the example which should be set and the burdens which should be borne by those to whom world-wide privilege and opportunity have been afforded. It will rest with the religious teachers to ensure that the effect of the war shall be lasting, and that in the days of peace our people shall strive for great issues by noble means, as has been happily the case during this great war. God grant that we may see the leaders of all churches combining for the purpose of ensuring for all time the true greatness of the land we love.

How our Lines of Communication were Defended

One of the railway-yard barracks in which the soldiers lived whose duty it was to guard the railway and adjacent military positions.



Officers in railway quarters, and another railway barracks. All over the British Empire there were soldiers guarding the "lines of communication." This term includes everything concerned with military operations.

Officer and sergeant of the guard making a night-time inspection. Right: Railway compartment as orderly room. Wherever one saw sentries on duty in this country, they were guarding the "lines of communication" as surely as if they had been at the Front.

Home Again! The Hero's Return at Christmastide

AFTER THE TURMOIL OF WAR: THE TENDERNESS OF DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! It's a long and dusty road,
But it's straight to death or glory that it runs.
And there's music loud and sweet in the tread of marching feet
And the clink and jar and rumble of the guns.
Our faces they are powdered and our hair is turning grey,
But we're going out for business, not for show.
And here's a regiment swinging to the sound of cheerful singing,
And the Frenchies run to cheer them as they go.

—Claude E. Burton.

Records of Regiments in the War

Ireland for ever! Dashing bayonet charge by the Irish Guards.

THE IRISH GUARDS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—VI.

Heroic episode at Festubert. At the moment a German mine exploded under the

"THOSE of them that were left have made history." So Lord Cavan, the general in charge of the Guards Brigade, wrote to Colonel Proby, the commander of the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, after the first Battle of Ypres; and we will venture to add something to his lordship's words and to say that those who, alas! were not left also did their share in making history on those tremendous and unforgettable days.

The critical hour of this great battle was between two and three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 31st, 1914, just as the workpeople in our big towns were getting home for their weekly half-holiday; and Sir John French has described how he and Sir Douglas Haig, standing on a hill near Hooge, were watching anxiously through their field-glasses the slow retreat of our 1st Division.

Where the Guards Made History

On the previous evening Sir John had brought up the Irish Guards and the rest of the Guards Brigade to relieve some cavalry regiments which were holding a very perilous position near Klein Zillebeke, and there they remained, although the Germans made the most desperate attempts to move them. Borne back by sheer superiority of numbers the 1st and the 7th Divisions gave way, but we know from a statement made by Lord Cavan that in three fierce attacks the Irish Guards did not go back two hundred yards.

The first of these attacks was on October 31st, and the second on the next day, Sunday. The same story will do for both. The Germans came on in great numbers, but were beaten back by the steady fire of our men. On the second of these days a platoon under Lieutenant Woodroffe especially distinguished itself, but so, indeed, did all the Irishmen, for as the general said, "The safety of the right flank of the British section depended entirely on their staunchness." Happily for Calais that "staunchness" was equal to the strain.

The third attack was on the following Friday, when the retirement of some French soldiers on their right left the Guards in a very dangerous position. But again their "staunchness" prevailed, and not only so, but before it was light on the next morning the Irishmen and the other Guards leapt blithely forward and paid the astonished Germans a small instalment of what they owed them.

"Yet sure they (i.e., the Irish) are very valiaunt and hardie, for the most part great indurers of colde, labour, hunger, and all hardnesse, very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorners of death."

—SPENSER, "View of the Present State of Ireland."

But by this time the Irish Guards were only a tattered remnant of their former selves. In these desperate encounters their losses had been terrible. In disputing two hundred yards of ground with superior forces, said the general, they had lost sixteen officers and five hundred and ninety-seven men. Put in another way, more than half the full strength of their Battalion, and far more than half of those in the ranks when this particular spell of fighting began, had been killed or wounded. Among the officers killed were Lord John Hamilton, a son of the Duke of Abercorn, the Hon. A. E. Mulholland, and Major H. Herbert-Stepney, then commanding the Battalion. Altogether by this time the Irish Guards had had sixteen officers and one hundred and twenty-three men killed, and twenty officers and five hundred and seventy-one men wounded and ill. It speaks volumes for their *morale* to know that, in spite of the hardships of the retreat from Mons, only twelve were prisoners of war and only twenty-seven were missing.

Colonel the Hon. G. H. Morris, commanding 1st Irish Guards. He was killed while leading his men in a bayonet charge near Compiegne.

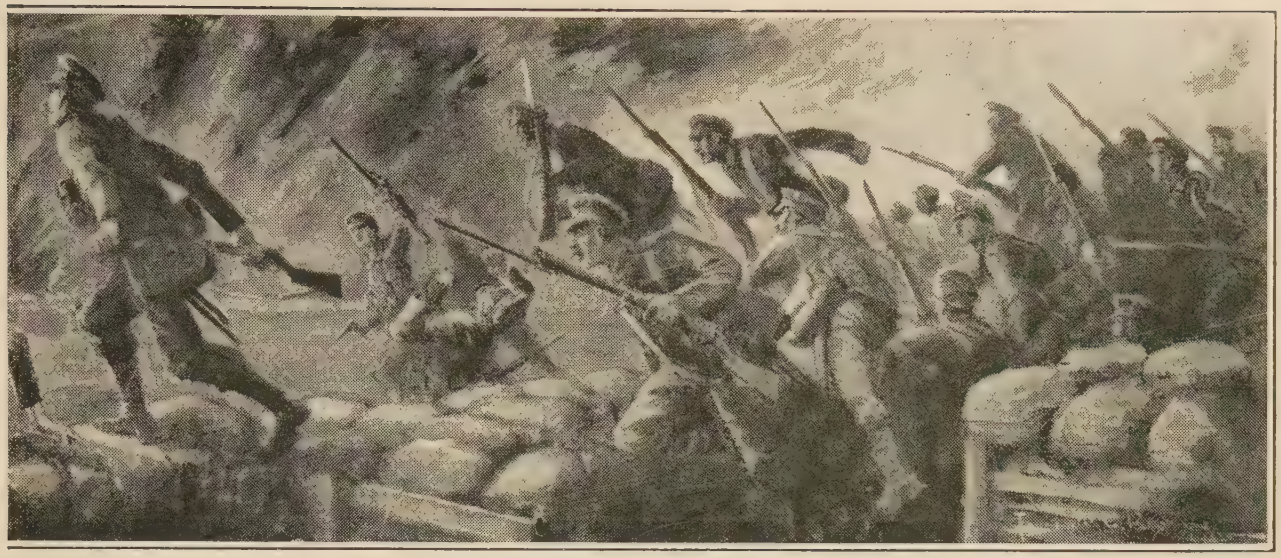
The Irish Guards, henceforward immortal in our military annals, have no history. They were first raised in 1902 as a tribute to the gallantry shown by the Irish regiments during the Boer War, and on August 23rd, 1914, they stood for the first time in the line of battle. They had a name to make, and in less than a year they had made it, and a glorious one it is.

A Weary, Fighting Retreat

The Irish Guards crossed over to France in August as part of the 4th, or Guards, Brigade and of the 2nd Division, and on the Sunday they were in some trenches which they had just dug about midway between Mons and Binche. There they waited for the Germans, and when they came within range they fired steadily into the masses clad in the blue-grey coats. The Irishmen themselves lost very few men, and when night came they had every reason to congratulate themselves.

But they did not know all that had happened, and in the morning they were ordered to stand to arms and then to march—away from the enemy. They obeyed, and throughout Monday and Tuesday they trudged steadily onwards, they knew not where. On Tuesday afternoon, footsore and weary, they reached Landrecies, just as the rain began to fall, but they had only just got to rest when they were awakened and ordered out again. The Germans were pouring into the town, and in the darkness and the wet the Irishmen had their first experience of street fighting. Some turned houses into miniature fortresses and fired their rifles through loopholes, some worked machine-guns in dark and protected corners and byways, and some rushed with the bayonet to drive the Germans from the black and narrow streets. All did their part well and bravely, and before morning the enemy had disappeared, leaving only the dead behind.

For a few days the Guards were allowed to retreat in peace, but on September 1st they had another fight. They were



Irish Guards' advanced trench, the Guardsmen rushed forward to reach the mine crater before the enemy could capture it.

marching through some woods near Compiègne and Villars-Cotterets, enjoying the shade and coolness, which they were able to appreciate after the dust and heat of the past few days, when the sound of firing told them that the Germans were again close behind. Our Battalions turned to fight, and a battle as big as Agincourt was fought in those woods. Of this the Irish Guards bore the brunt. Time and again they rushed forward, bayonet in hand, and during one of these charges they lost their gallant colonel, the Hon. G. H. Morris, who was killed while leading them. Amid the trees the fighting was very confused and difficult, and it cost the Battalion the lives of Majors H. E. Crichton, the second-in-command, C. A. Tisdall, and several junior officers, as well as a number of men.

Irish Guards "Make Good"

A few days more and the weary retreat ended. On September 6th the allied armies turned, and the boot was on the other leg, for the Germans began to retire. The Irish Guards crossed the Marne, hurried after the enemy to the Aisne, and then went forward to "make good" that river. After some difficulty, and a certain amount of loss, they crossed it near Chavonne in boats, and on the 14th they advanced slowly up the wet and grassy slopes at the top of which the Germans were entrenched. They made some progress during the morning, and then, after a rest, they got on to the plateau above—a distinct success. In this fighting Lord Guernsey and Lord Arthur Hay were killed.

In the middle of October the Guards were transferred to the neighbourhood of Ypres, and were ordered to advance towards Bruges. On the 21st they made some progress, but the Germans were swarming all round them, and Sir John French, seeing the danger, told them just to hold on to their ground near Zonnebeke for two or three days when some French troops would arrive to support them.

Four Commanders in Three Months

For three days they held grimly on, and then the Frenchmen arrived, and the Guards were moved a little to the south. But not to rest, by any means. On the 25th they advanced again, and took some prisoners and guns from the Germans. On this day and the next there was fierce fighting near Reutel, after which, so desperate was the position elsewhere, that the Guards were again moved, this time to Klein Zillebeke. Then came the three days of combat which revealed the worth and staunchness of the Irishmen.

In spite of its very heavy losses the Battalion was soon reorganised, and after a rest it became once more a fighting unit, Major the Hon. J. F. Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes-Trefusis taking over the command in succession to Lord Ardee, who had been wounded. Thus the battalion had had four commanding officers in three months. Major Trefusis, who received the D.S.O. in February, and later became a brigadier-general, was killed on October 24th, 1915, just a year afterwards.

In January the Irish Guards were once more in the firing-line, this time in the brickfields at Cuinchy. On February 1st the Germans broke in the British line here, and the Irishmen and the Coldstreamers failed to drive them out. But they soon tried again, and this time they succeeded. After the Germans had been well peppered by our artillery, a chosen party of Guards, followed by some Engineers, rushed forward with the bayonet. All the Irish officers were killed or wounded, so devastating was the German fire, and Lieutenant A. C. W. Innes went forward to take command. With fourteen men he captured one barricade, and then, dashing over another sixty yards of ground, he took another. One of the men with Innes was Michael O'Leary, whose superb heroism on this occasion was fittingly rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

Bandsman of the Irish Guards with the regimental mascot.

Private Hennigan's Heroism

Five days later the Irish and the Coldstreams gave the Germans another taste of steel. Close to them there was another brickfield in which parties of the enemy were entrenched, and it was decided to turn them out. This was done by the usual method of a bombardment, followed by a bayonet charge, and the Distinguished Conduct Medal was given to Sergeant-Major H. McVeigh for taking over the leadership of a section of the attackers when the officer in command had been killed. Another individual action on this day may be mentioned, for it shows that the Irish are still as "strong of hand" as they were when Spenser wrote about them. Private P. Hennigan —a real Irish name—threw bombs into the enemy's position *for six hours continuously.*

Ireland's "Scorners of Death"

The Irish Guards did not take a leading part in the spring battles—Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, Festubert, and the rest—but they were continually in dangerous spots. One instance may be cited. From May 17th to 19th they were continuously in the fighting-line at Rue du Bois, and there Lance-Sergeant T. McMullen gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal for bringing in wounded men, and so saving many lives.

To turn back to the beginning. The poet Spenser had never heard of the Irish Guards, but could anyone describe them better than he did? "Very present in perils, very great scorners of death," is the history of the Irish Guards during the Great War.

THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—VII.

ON April 25th, 1915, the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, being in the frontiers of Turkey, did deeds of arms which neither Froissart nor any other writer could praise too highly, and which, we are quite sure, were finer than any done by Christian knights in the fourteenth century. "It is my firm conviction," said Sir Ian Hamilton—and he was referring to these Lancashire Fusiliers—"that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldier—or any other soldier."

The beach in Gallipoli marked W on the map was, of the five at which our men landed, perhaps the most difficult to take. It was just a stretch of sand about three hundred and fifty yards long, and from fifteen to forty yards wide, and behind it were precipitous rocks, except in the middle, where there were some sand-dunes. Anyone who has been on the coasts of Devon or Kent can picture the place quite easily. In the ordinary way one could scramble up to the top of the cliffs without much difficulty, but the diabolical ingenuity of the German and the Turk had turned the place into a veritable death-trap for anyone trying to do this in April, 1915.

Thrilling Gallipoli Landing

First of all a lot of barbed-wire was cunningly arranged along the water's edge, and hidden by the shallow water there was some more, for the wily Turk had been hard at work when the tide was low. Both on the beach itself and under the water his German teacher had shown him how to lay mines, and in holes in the cliffs machine-guns had been cleverly hidden away, all arranged so that they could concentrate their fire on the wire entanglements down below. On the top of the cliffs trenches had been dug, and in these were men with machine-guns and rifles, while still higher up the whole position was commanded by some more guns. In front of these was plenty of barbed-wire, and to complete the situation the slope leading up to them was quite free from cover.

A position of this kind was surely impregnable, if this word has any meaning, and most people would have left it at that. Not so Sir Ian Hamilton. To carry out the impossible task, for it really seemed nothing else, of landing on the beach and seizing the cliffs above, he chose the Lancashire Fusiliers. Let us see how they went to work.

Overnight the battalion, led by Major H. O. Bishop, had jumped from their transports into thirty-two little boats, which were tied together, one behind the other in fours. Each four was fastened to a picket-boat. Early in the morning the eight picket-boats steamed hard towards the shore, five miles away, and as soon as they reached shallow water they let go the chains and turned back. The sailors in the boats then took to their oars, and pulled madly for the beach. Once there, three companies of the Fusiliers leapt out and raced ashore, while another made for a ledge of rock away to the left.

"When the Christian men were all over and nothing tarried behind, and men in the frontiers of Turkey, they greatly rejoiced and desired greatly to do deeds of arms."—FROISSART.

So far the Turks had made no sign, but as soon as the men were on shore and were tearing at the wire entanglements, they were fired on from all sides, and one long line of them was mown down just as if a scythe had passed through them. However, others came up, the warships turned their guns on the Turks, the company on the left got to work with their rifles, and the Fusiliers, having hacked their way through the wire, formed up on the beach—at least, those who were left of them did—and then went for the trenches above. Under their feet the Turks exploded several mines, but this only made the Lancashire men more anxious than ever to get at them with the bayonet.

Well, to cut a long story short, the Fusiliers did the seemingly impossible. By ten o'clock they had captured three lines of Turkish trenches, and a little later they joined hands with the men who had landed on V Beach away to the right. More infantry came ashore to back them up, and the beach and the cliffs were British soil. No wonder that Sir Ian Hamilton said: "It was to the complete lack of the senses of danger or of fear of this daring battalion that we owed our astonishing success." Of the officers, Captains Mainsell and Thomas, and several subalterns were killed.

Voting Three V.C.'s

No doubt Sir Ian Hamilton thought, as most of us do, that he ought to recommend the whole battalion for the Victoria Cross, and certainly every officer and man in the three companies deserved it. But this he could not do, so it was decided that three crosses should be awarded to them, and that the men themselves should decide who should have them. They selected Captain R. R. Willis, Sergeant A. Richards, and Private W. Keneally, and these three men have the proud distinction of having signally distinguished themselves among heroes. Their honour is one of no ordinary kind. In addition to these honours, one or two others were given for gallantry on this day. Captain Richard Haworth led fifty men against some wire entanglements, and although wounded, continued to encourage them on until fresh troops arrived; and Lieutenant L. B. L. Seekham behaved in somewhat similar fashion. The former was awarded the D.S.O.; the latter the Military Cross.

The regiment to which these heroes belong was raised in 1688, and first saw service in Ireland and Portugal. In 1726 it helped to defend Gibraltar, and it

OFFICERS OF THE 12th BATTALION LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. E. B. Lord, Sec.-Lieut. W. N. Settle, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. C. Kendall, Sec.-Lieut. E. A. Lunt, Sec.-Lieut. S. Warburton, Sec.-Lieut. S. V. Sutton, Lieut. J. G. K. Farrar. Centre row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. E. E. Watson, Sec.-Lieut. T. Newton, Lieut. R. W. Morris, Sec.-Lieut. H. L. Billinton, Lieut. R. A. V. White, Lieut. S. M. W. Sheppard, Sec.-Lieut. D. H. W. Rodda. Front row (left to right): Capt. C. K. Milbourne, Capt. D. E. Wilson, Major R. P. M. Nickols, Col. E. J. P. F. Macartney-Filgate, Capt. and Adjutant J. F. E. Bowring, Capt. B. L. Farmer, Lieut. H. Caplan, R.A.M.C. Seated on ground: Sec.-Lieut. H. C. B. Brundle, and Sec.-Lieut. R. Ramsbottom.

'No Finer Feat of Arms has ever been Achieved'

The splendid assault made by the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers on the shores of Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915. In face of shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire the Fusiliers waded ashore, surmounted the wire entanglements, and then stormed the Turks on the heights, and captured three lines of trenches. This wonderful attack won for the 1st Lancashires three V.C.'s, which were awarded by vote.

fought at Dettingen and at Fontenoy, and assisted to defeat the Highlanders at Culloden. For eight years the gallant Wolfe was one of its officers. At Minden the Fusiliers were one of the six immortal regiments which advanced to meet the French cavalry, and so saved the day, but at the cost of over three hundred killed and wounded. Two days later, "at their own request," the survivors returned to duty, and they fought through the rest of the Seven Years' War, and in America.

The Glory Won at Minden

With "Remember Minden," the Lancashire men routed the French in Holland, and in 1800 they served under Abercromby in Egypt. For nine years they fought in the Peninsular War, winning special glory at Maida and at Corunna, where they covered the retreat. Twelve grenadiers from this regiment carried the body of Napoleon to its tomb at St. Helena, and in 1838 the Duke of Wellington declared it to be "the best and most distinguished" of the many distinguished British regiments "which I have had the honour to command." The Fusiliers fought in the Crimean War, raising their "Minden yell" at Inkerman, and were at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. In 1864 they were sent to protect the foreign interests in Japan, and in 1899 they went, as part of the famous Lancashire Brigade, to South Africa. They were at the Tugela, and took a leading part in storming Spion Kop, their gallantry there winning high praise from Sir Redvers Buller.

At the beginning of the Great War the 2nd Battalion left for the front as part of the 12th Brigade and the 4th Division. This Division, then commanded by General Snow, was not at Mons, but on the morning of Tuesday, August 25th, 1914, it reached Le Cateau by train, and at once marched out to protect the British retreat. This it did with conspicuous success, but for some reason or other its work has not received the attention it deserved. The Lancashire Fusiliers and their comrades then fell back with the rest of the army to the Meuse, and turned and fought their way on the left of the line across the Aisne.

When, in October, the British troops were transferred nearer the sea, the 4th Division advanced from St. Omer towards the River Lys, which the men reached about the 16th, but they were still ten or more miles from Lille when the first Battle of Ypres began.

Heroism of Private Lynn

In this battle the 12th Brigade was not far from Armentières, and there it was heavily attacked on the 20th. Its advanced posts were driven in, Le Gheir was occupied by the Germans, and the cavalry were in danger of being surrounded. A counter-attack was planned, and this was led by the Fusiliers, whose "staunchness" was commended by Sir John French. The lost trenches were regained, and many prisoners taken. Without adequate reserves the Fusiliers and the rest of the corps presented a bold front to the enemy, drove back constant attacks, and gave valuable help to the cavalry who were holding the line on their left during the remaining days of this most critical battle.

Throughout January and February the Fusiliers kept to their trenches in the mud of Flanders, and on February 15th the billets at Le Bizet belonging to one of their companies were set on fire by shells. However, led by Sergeant-Major Ashworth, a party of them put out the fire, although the glare enabled the Germans to see them and to shell them all the time. In the Battle of Neuve Chapelle the Fusiliers, being in the Second Army, only took a subsidiary part.

In the second Battle of Ypres the Fusiliers were heavily engaged, although not at first. On April 30th their brigade was brought up to relieve another on the left of our line, and two days later they had their first taste of gas, being driven back by its fumes a little way. Then it was that Private John Lynn of this battalion won the V.C. for one of the great deeds of the Great War. Lynn, who had already gained the D.C.M., was in charge of a machine-gun when the Germans were advancing behind their poison cloud. Although partly overcome, he worked the gun for all he was worth, and when he was unable to see the enemy he lifted it to a higher position on the parapet, where it continued to spit fire. Eventually the attack was checked, but Lynn died the next day.

Fierce Assaults at Krithia

To return to the 1st Battalion in Gallipoli. As soon as a landing had been secured, the 29th Division attacked the village of Krithia, and did their part gallantly, and at great cost won here and there a few yards of ground.

This does not end the story of the doings of the Fusiliers either in Gallipoli or in Flanders; far from it. We do not know the ultimate destiny of the Dardanelles, whether the Peninsula will remain in British or Turkish hands, but we do know that the name "Lancashire Landing," given to the blood-stained beach by Cape Helles, will perpetuate for ever one of the most glorious deeds, not merely in the history of the British Army, but in the longer history of war.

THE ROYAL WARWICKS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—VIII.

AROUND the little town of Ypres, now such a familiar name to us, there are the remains of an old forest. These take the form of isolated woods, some of them being quite a good size, and the district is, in fact, not unlike those parts of Warwickshire which were once covered with the Forest of Arden. In this Flemish forest there are the nameless graves of many of Warwickshire's bravest sons.

One of these woods is called the Polygon Wood. It is quite a big one, and is near the village of Reytel, about six or seven miles from Ypres. On the morning of October 24th, 1914, it was in the possession of the British, and our line ran in front of it. But during that day the Germans got into the wood. The trenches in front of it were held by troops of the 21st and 22nd Brigades, which, as part of Sir Henry Rawlinson's famous 7th Division, had marched there from the neighbourhood of Antwerp. They were tired after their weary and harassed march, and were reduced in numbers by constant fighting. Probably the Germans knew this, for they suddenly sent against this part of the line four entirely new army corps. Time and again they failed, but on this day they succeeded, and our line was broken.

The position was critical, exceedingly so. An attempt had to be made to turn the enemy out of the wood, but the General had no fresh troops available for this purpose, none but the thin and weary battalions which had had little or no rest since leaving Southampton nearly three weeks before. One of these had to be chosen, however, and one in which the General had unbounded faith. He selected the 2nd Warwicks, who were holding some trenches near the spot, and sent them forward to the task.

Warwicks' Heroism Near Ypres

The gallant battalion did not hesitate. Amid the trees it advanced, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy retiring before it; "a great distance," so the General said. But naturally fighting of this kind cost a good many valuable lives, and soon the battalion was far too weak to follow up its success. It was therefore withdrawn before the Germans had been entirely driven from the wood.

The losses of the Warwicks on this occasion included the colonel, two captains, and two subalterns killed. The colonel, W. L. Loring, deserves more than the mere mention of his name. A few days before he had been seriously wounded, but he decided that he would lead his men in this attack. However, he could not walk, so he gave his commands from horseback, and was obviously a fine target for the German marksmen, who did not fail to shoot him down.

This was not the only deed of gallantry done by the Warwicks during this critical time. On October 9th, just after they had landed, when they were protecting the Belgian army retiring from Antwerp, they were at Kleyhoek, and there, the General said, "they acted with steadiness and good discipline under difficult circumstances."

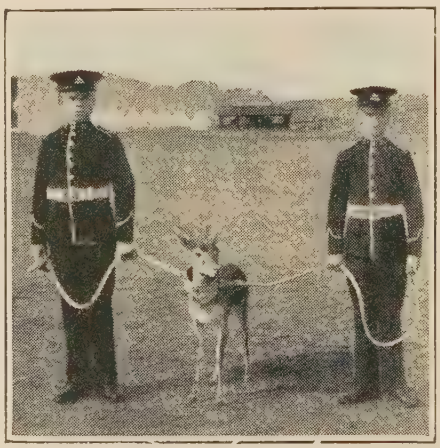
"The Sixth, one of the sacred six old regiments, and distinguished above all others in the Spanish War."
—HON. J. W. FORTESCUE, "History of the British Army."

On the 13th they were ordered to attack some German trenches, which they did, driving out the enemy with the bayonet. During this charge Major Christie was killed, and Captain Montgomery, who received the D.S.O. for "gallant leading," was severely wounded. On the 21st and 22nd, the former being the day on which Colonel Loring was wounded, they held a very exposed position. The Germans got round their flank, and were firing at them both from the side and the front. Eventually, after heavy losses, the Warwicks, who had not given way under this ordeal, were withdrawn by order of their General.

Curious Regimental History

A sergeant of the battalion, writing to his wife in Birmingham, described this charge, or one very like it. He said that when his platoon was led out it was fifty-seven strong, but that after the fight it only mustered himself, a lance-corporal, and three men. The Warwicks, he added, had won the praise of "everybody out here" for their gallantry, and a German officer had said he was proud to fight such a foe. The sergeant remarked, however, that this terrible experience had put twenty years on to his own life.

This Royal Warwickshire Regiment, known also as the 6th of the Line, has a long and somewhat curious history. It was raised in 1674 by a few adventurous Englishmen, who wished to help the Dutch in their fight against Spain, much as Englishmen of a later age went, without any particular official encouragement, to fight for the Italians and the Greeks.



Privates of the 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment with one of the two pet antelopes of the battalion.

These men did good service for Holland, so good, indeed, that the British Government decided to make use of them at home if necessary. Therefore, in 1685, they were included in the army of James II. as the Sixth Regiment of Foot. They remained, however, in Holland, the Dutch paying the British Government for their services, until 1688, when they landed at Torbay with William of Orange, a move which James II. had not anticipated.

Then their many fights for Britain began. After a campaign in Ireland, the Sixth went with William to Flanders, and at the battle of Steen Kirk it was all but annihilated. In 1705 the regiment was sent to Spain under the eccentric Earl of Peterborough. It won honour at the assault and capture of Barcelona, but its great day was the Battle of Almanza, for there they won the antelope, which is now their badge, by seizing a standard with this emblem thereon from the enemy. They added to their laurels by their daring at the capture of Minorca.

The Sixth fought right through the Peninsular War, especially hard at Corunna and Vittoria. While driving the French through the passes of the Pyrennes, they climbed some heights in face of a strong enemy and put him to flight, their superb heroism winning the warmest praise from the Duke of Wellington. In 1814 they helped to defend Canada against the Americans, and three times during the nineteenth century they served in South Africa. Many Warwicks went down in the Birkenhead, and one battalion of the regiment was selected for the force which completed Kitchener's great work in the Soudan, where it took part in the battles of Atbara and Omdurman.

The Fighting Near Cambrai

The coming of the Great War found the 1st Warwicks in England and the 2nd at Malta, but before long both were in France, though neither was at Mons when the fighting began. On the next day—Monday—early in the morning, the railway-station at the little town of Le Cateau, some twenty-five miles from Mons, was full of life and bustle. Trains, each full of British soldiers, steamed in one after the other; the men got out, collected their baggage, and at the word of command fell in and marched away through the town and on to the roads beyond.

These men were General Snow's 4th Division, and among them a spectator would have seen the 1st Battalion of the Warwicks, each man wearing his antelope badge. They had just crossed over from England, and had been hurriedly ordered up to the front by Sir John French, who found himself suddenly faced by enormous masses of Germans.

The Warwicks and their comrades joined up with the rest of the army near Cambrai, and took part in the fighting by which the German advance was hampered. On the Tuesday a small party of them were

OFFICERS OF THE 9th BATTALION ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.—Back row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Baker, Sec.-Lieut. S. St. G. S. Kingdom, Capt. G. H. D. Coats, Major G. D'E. H. Fullerton, Sec.-Lieut. E. N. Marson, Sec.-Lieut. E. S. Marshall, Sec.-Lieut. L. T. Berthon, Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Reade, Lieut. W. J. Glim. Centre row (left to right): Sec.-Lieut. J. R. Starley, Sec.-Lieut. J. K. S. Page, Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Lucas-Lucas, Lieut. and Quartermaster W. P. Hall, Lieut. C. E. Wilson, Lieut. I. Cattanach, Sec.-Lieut. R. F. Jardine, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. Kemp. Front row (left to right): Lieut. G. E. Grundy, Capt. C. J. Reid, Major R. G. Shuttleworth, Capt. C. C. R. Nevill (Adjutant), Lieut.-Col. C. H. Palmer, Major W. A. Gordon, C.M.G., Major A. G. Sharp, Lieut. P. E. Bodington.

cut off from the main body, and for ten days they were in the district occupied by the enemy. Nevertheless, owing to the courage and determination of Sergeant Montgomery, they managed to escape and join the rest of the battalion. Others, however, were not equally fortunate, and one casualty list issued at this time contained the names of seven missing officers of the Warwicks. Another, Captain Besant, who had been wounded, also fell into the hands of the Germans.

Just before the Battle of the Marne the 1st Warwicks passed under the command of General Pulteney, and, as part of his army corps, they fought at the Aisne. They crossed that river on a pontoon bridge near Missy, but were unable to make much headway up the wet slopes on its northern bank, until a French success relieved them from a hazardous position.

Warwicks' Wild Charge

In October Pulteney's men were taken by train from the Aisne to Flanders, and while the 2nd Warwicks were fighting near Ypres the 1st were advancing towards the German position near the River Lys. On the 13th they and the rest of the 10th Brigade drove the enemy, in a wild bayonet charge, from his trenches near Meterin, and entrenched themselves on the captured ground. They pressed on through Armentières and across the Lys, but there they were stopped, for the great Battle of Ypres was about to begin.

The part played in that terrible struggle by the 2nd Warwicks has already been told. The 1st were also put to a test, not perhaps as fiery, but yet quite severe enough for most mortals. Day after day they were attacked; there was no relief from the ceaseless strain of the trenches dug in the mud near the Lys. But they endured to the end, and in a November storm the battle died away.

Hard Fare and Hard Fighting

Ere this the brigade, of which the 2nd Warwicks was one of the four battalions, had been reduced from its original 4,000 men and one hundred and fifty officers, or thereabouts, to five officers and seven hundred men. It is not difficult, therefore, to form an idea of the losses of the Warwicks. The brigade was given a rest, and did not appear again in the fighting line until drafts from England had transformed it from a skeleton to a full-sized unit. The 1st Warwicks had not suffered quite so many losses, and they helped to hold the British line during the winter of 1914, being one of the battalions which ate and slept, joked and grumbled, fought and died, in the waterlogged and ice-cold trenches, where they sat with frost-bitten feet and mud entering at every pore. Towards the end of December they had some hard fighting and some severe losses, but even this was a welcome diversion. In March came Neuve Chapelle, which found both the Warwick battalions refreshed and reinforced. Neither, however, was employed in the first charge, but on the 13th and 14th the 2nd saw some fighting.

The Sundays of April and May were exciting days for the Warwicks. On one of these, April 25th, the 1st Battalion, hurried up to support the Canadians, who had just been overwhelmed by the German gas, advanced with the rest of the brigade, the 10th, through their shattered ranks towards a village held by the Germans, but as soon as they got to the houses they were mown down by hidden machine-guns. The attack was held up, and the brigade set to work to entrench itself.

Success in Spite of Gas

Near the trenches of the Warwicks was a farm, humorously called Shell Trap Farm by our men, and round it there was a good deal of fierce fighting. On the next Sunday, May 2nd, the Germans tried their gas against the British troops there, but they were ready for it, and the assailants were driven back. Several of the subalterns of the Warwicks, including G. S. Maclagan, once the cox of the Oxford crew, were killed during this second Battle of Ypres. At the attack on Festubert the 2nd Battalion supported the rest of the 22nd Brigade in a successful advance of over a mile to the German trenches.

This brief and incomplete story may fittingly end with an instance of individual gallantry performed eight days later. Lance-Corporal W. Milner, of the 1st Battalion, carried a machine-gun for three-quarters of a mile across ground on which the German shells were falling thick and fast. Yet he got it into position in the firing-line, being awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—IX.

"WE went through them like brown paper," said Sir Philip Chetwode of our cavalry against German cavalry in the early days of the Great War, and one of the regiments which did this was the famous Royal Scots Greys, or 2nd Dragoons, the heroes of Waterloo. The Greys had another distinction in those days, one which, now that we are all unhappily so familiar with long and terrible casualty lists, may easily be forgotten. The very first casualty reported in the war was an officer of this regiment, as on August 22nd, the day before Mons, a young Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Leven and Melville, was dangerously wounded in its ranks.

With two other fine regiments, the 12th Lancers and the 20th Hussars, the Scots Greys formed the 5th Cavalry Brigade, the one led by that gallant officer, Sir Philip Chetwode, a baronet of old and honoured family, whose name was the very first mentioned in Sir John French's first despatch.

"These Scottish men are right hardy and sore travailing in harness and in wars."
—FROISSART.

First Shots of the War

On Friday, August 21st, 1914, Sir John, who had just arrived at Mons from Paris, was busy with his Staff arranging his army for the coming battle. He had no troops to spare for a reserve, for his four divisions of infantry were all required in front, and as the men marched up they were set to work at throwing up trenches. Under these circumstances Sir John decided to use his cavalry, as far as possible, as a reserve, and after an anxious consultation with their leader, General Allenby, the necessary orders were given to them.

This was all very well, but it was absolutely imperative to send out some horsemen to scout round for news of the Germans, so it was decided to mark off the 5th Brigade for this purpose. "The forward reconnaissance," said Sir John, "was entrusted to Brigadier-General Sir Philip Chetwode, with the 5th Cavalry Brigade."

Early on Saturday morning the Greys were in their saddles, and their colonel, C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson, was giving the necessary orders to his officers. In squadrons or troops they rode out for several miles, beyond a belt of forest in front of Mons, and now and again they saw Germans similarly occupied. It was real war this time, not manœuvring on Salisbury Plain, so bullets shot out, and once or twice our men rode at the enemy, although their real object was not fighting, but learning. They did enough of the former, however, to show that they were in no way inferior to the Germans—rather the reverse—and that given a fair field and no favour they had nothing whatever to fear. It was in one of these little encounters that Lord Leven was dangerously wounded.

Trooper of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) in review order.

Greys in a Cavalry Battle

The Greys were out all day, the most exciting day the younger men among them had ever spent, and with their information they returned at nightfall. During the next day, when the battle was fought, they were near Binche, on the extreme right of the British line, ready to go wherever they might be required. Then the retreat began, and the cavalry were ordered to cover it. Our men were harassed by the Uhlans, who rode at Smith-Dorrien's tired infantry at Le Cateau and elsewhere, but our horsemen managed to drive them off, Chetwode's brigade being prominent in this work.

How history repeated itself at St. Quentin. The daring stirrup-charge by the Royal Scots Greys and Highlanders, which revived the most dramatic incident of the Battle of Waterloo, the subject of Lady Butler's picture, "Scotland for Ever!"

Two days later, on the Friday of the same week, there occurred a regular cavalry battle, in which the Germans were really routed. Smith-Dorrien's corps was being followed from St. Quentin by two large bodies of German cavalry, and to relieve the weary men on foot General Allenby ordered two of his brigades, the 3rd and the 5th, to turn round and tackle them. The Greys and the rest of Chetwode's men were sent against one of these columns, which was at Cérizy, and at the word of command they rode forward, squadron by squadron and troop by troop. When the rival horsemen clashed, the leading German regiment was broken up, the others were thrown into disorder, and the whole lot fled, followed by the Greys, who drove their swords into them as they caught them up.

"A Sight for the Gods!"

After this, and a few more lessons of the same kind, the German pursuit, it is not surprising to learn, became less vigorous. In one of these charges the Greys lost one of their senior officers, Major F. Swettenham, who was killed, and a little later it lost a junior, Sir Gawaine G. S. Baillie, Bart.

A curious incident, which there is no reason to disbelieve, is reported as having happened about this time. It seems that the Greys, after a charge in which some of them had been wounded, were ordered to retreat. As they turned they saw Prussian officers cutting the wounded with their swords, and at this they went mad. Instead of obeying the order to retire, a non-commissioned officer led them towards the foe, and, with their officers following, they hacked their way through the Germans. "Having got through," the story continues, "the officers took command again, formed them up, wheeled, and came back the way they went. It was a sight for the gods!"

Such was the gallantry of the regiment as a whole. Two individual acts of heroism performed about the same time are also worth recording.

It seems that a party was ordered to go out with a stretcher and bring in a wounded man. One of the men ordered did not look very fit, so J. Mutter, a private of the Greys, said he was stronger than this man and would go in his place. He went, but on the journey he was mortally wounded, and another name was written high on Britain's roll of heroes. Private H. Macredy, of the same regiment, remained for two hours attending to the last needs of a dying comrade, all the time under a heavy fire. Both, one dead and one alive, were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Some Heroes of the Greys

While speaking of honours, others fell to this regiment during the early days of the war. Two officers, Captain H. Denison-Pender and Lieut. G. F. A. Pigot-Moodie, were among those who received the new distinction of the Military Cross, and later the Tsar of Russia, the Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, added a few more. To Col. Bulkeley-Johnson, by then a general, he gave the Russian Order of St. George, to Majors Walter Long, D.S.O., and W. F. Collins he gave the Order of St. Stanislas, and to seven other officers honours of one kind or another. The rank and file were not forgotten. Eight of them received the Cross of the Order of St. George, and ten the medal of St. George. One of those honoured at this time by the Tsar was Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is an officer of the Greys, although he was not serving with it at this time.

Before following the Scots Greys into their trenches in Flanders it may be well to glance at the history of the regiment.

The Dragoons' Battle-Honours

In 1678 three troops of dragoons were raised in Scotland, and three years later these and some other troops were united to form the Royal Regiment of Dragoons of Scotland, for that country had its own little army until 1707. They fought under William of Orange in Flanders, but it was under Marlborough that they won their great name, and since then they have been known to all the world, on account of the grey horses which they rode, as the Scots Greys. The original dragoons, we may say, were mounted infantry, not cavalry in the strict sense, and they were called dragoons because the carbine which they carried was popularly named the dragon.

At Schillenberg the Greys pursued the routed Bavarians, and they were at the great battle of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. In all these fights, save the last two, a woman, Christian Davies or Christian Ross, rode in their ranks as a man, and her sex was not discovered until she was wounded at Ramillies. The Greys captured a French standard at Dettingen and lost heavily at Fontenoy. At Langfeld they rode heroically forward to protect the retreat of the infantry, and at Warburg they proved themselves superior to the French cavalry.

Drummer of the Royal Scots Greys in review order.

An Immortal Charge

Willems and Waterloo were great days in the history of the Greys. At Willems they charged down upon the French infantry, but, finding the squares firm, one of their officers rushed his horse on to the bayonets and so made a gap through which the Greys rode. In a few minutes the French squares were broken, and the British had won the battle. Their charge at Waterloo is immortal: The grey horses dashing down the slope, with the Gordons clinging to the stirrups of the riders, the fleeing French infantry and the initial shouts of "Scotland for ever!"

The Greys rode with the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, and went right through the South African War, but there was not much use for cavalry in the little campaigns of the late nineteenth century.

The connection of the regiment with Scotland has been steadily kept up since 1707, when it became part of the British Army, as the Second Regiment of Dragoons. Its headquarters are at Dunbar, the thistle appears on its colours, and its ranks, both commissioned and non-commissioned, are always full of Scots as "right hardy and sore travailing in harness and in wars" as they were in the days when Froissart lived and wrote.

A Hero of Messines

Early in October, to return to the Great War, the Greys were moved from the Aisne to Flanders, and under General Hubert Gough they helped to clear the Germans from the neighbourhood of Cassel, and to find out something about the strength of the enemy's positions on the Lys. About this time, owing to the numerical weakness of the British, the cavalry were dismounted and sent into the trenches, the Greys being near Klein Zillebeke, where they remained during the earlier part of the first Battle of Ypres. On October 30th they were moved forward to support some more cavalry under the Hon. Julian Byng, and they held on until nightfall, when they were relieved.

On the next day or two the Greys and the rest of the Brigade, now in trenches near Messines, were savagely and repeatedly attacked, and during the night of October 31st one of their officers, Second-Lieut. Osmond Williams, led the 12th Lancers to a position for a counter-attack; in this he took part, and with his own hand he disposed of no less than eleven Germans. Previously he had shown great gallantry in venturing out at night and discovering what the enemy were doing. Later he became a captain in the new Welsh Guards, and was killed during the fighting at Loos in September, 1915.

On All Saints' Day the Greys and their comrades of the 5th Brigade were driven from their trenches, which, in their weakened condition, they were unable to retake. They were then given a rest until February, when muddy trenches again became their residence, this time somewhere between Bixschoote and Gheluvelt.

At Neuve Chapelle and Ypres

During the Battle of Neuve Chapelle Chetwode's Brigade was out, ready to follow up any success gained by the infantry, and the men were keenly disappointed when Sir Henry Rawlinson sent word that no further action by the cavalry was advisable. They were treated, during the second Battle of Ypres, to a little of "Kultur's" latest weapon, poison gas. On May 13th the 5th Brigade had taken the place of another which had lost very heavily, and eleven days later came the gas, driven in clouds by a north-eastern wind. However, the men had learned to use their respirators by this time, and it did not do the harm which the Germans hoped and expected.

There for the present the story of the Scots Greys ends. Like the Coldstream Guards they bear the proud motto "Second to None," and although they have not had the chances which have fallen to that celebrated regiment of Foot Guards, they have proved their worth in those which have come their way. Maybe, in the happier days for which we all hope, they will ride again against the enemy, this time in his own land.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—X.

ON a hot Friday in August, 1914, while the men were at work down in the mines below, the women and children of the little town of Jemappes and the mining villages all round it had the time of their lives. Rumour said that *les anglais* were coming, and for once rumour was true. In a little while they came, tramping steadily along, pack on back; they were hot and dusty, but otherwise they looked in splendid fettle. Among them were the men of the 1st Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers. At their head rode Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Ainslie, and they were one of the four battalions in the 9th Brigade, which was part of General Hubert Hamilton's 3rd Division.

It had been decided by Generals Joffre and French that this would be the best place for the British Army to meet the advancing Germans. Smith-Dorrien's Army Corps, in which was the 3rd Division, was ordered to occupy a line running from Mons to Condé, and with the canal in front of them the idea seemed a thoroughly good one.

Hard Fights in France and Flanders

The Northumberland Fusiliers were around Jemappes, and after a rest they set to work. To the intense surprise of the children they erected barricades in the streets, and dragged machine-guns into all kinds of places. Here and there buildings were demolished in order to obtain a better view of the country beyond the canal.

On Sunday afternoon the Germans were seen in the distance, and shells from their big guns burst here and there, but they did not get to Jemappes, and the Northumberland men did not have a very hard job in keeping them at a distance. But nearer Mons they had got across the canal, and farther away to the right they had beaten a French army, and were working round the British flank; so the Fusiliers, although their losses had been very slight, were, like the rest of the corps, ordered to retreat.

> *"Then the 5th and 77th, two weak battalions, formed in one square, were quite exposed, and in an instant the whole of the French cavalry came thundering down upon them. But how vain, how fruitless to match the sword with the musket! to send the charging horseman against the steadfast veteran! The multitudinous squadrons rending the skies with their shouts, and closing upon the glowing squares like the falling edges of a burning crater, were as instantly rejected, scorched and scattered abroad; and the rolling peal of musketry had scarcely ceased to echo in the hills, when bayonets glittered at the edge of the smoke, and with firm and even step the British regiments came forth like the holy men from the Assyrian furnace."*
>
> —NAPIER'S "History of the Peninsular War."

Along their new line the battalions dug trenches, and early the next morning the Germans were again on them. The Northumberlands fought in this Battle of Le Cateau, and then retreated again by St. Quentin to Noyon, the peaceful little city on the Oise so loved by R. L. Stevenson. A further backward march to the other side of the Marne and the retreat was over.

The Northumberland Fusiliers fought in the Battles of the Marne and the Aisne. They crossed the latter river near Vailly, Sergeant J. Squires winning the D.C.M. for his gallantry on that occasion. After a first check their brigade forced its way up the high ground on the other side, where they entrenched and remained until they were moved in October to Flanders.

In Flanders the Fusiliers were at first near Herlies, but after several days of hard fighting it was found necessary to move them back a few miles, and they were stationed near Neuve Chapelle, around which there were some severe struggles at the end of October. In one of these Sergeant Fisk won the D.C.M. for gallantry, and a few days later Quartermaster-Sergeant J. W. Crouch gained the same honour.

Bygone Glories of the 'Old & Bold'

The Northumberland Fusiliers belonged to a regiment first raised privately in 1674 to assist the Dutch in their fight against France. In 1685 it was added to the British Army as the 5th Regiment of the Line, and it fought in Ireland, Flanders and Spain. In 1761 and 1762 it won much glory when fighting against the French in the Seven Years' War, and later it fought in America. At St. Lucia the Fusiliers behaved so gallantly in defending the island from the French that they were allowed to wear in their caps the white feathers taken from their foes. The regiment was equally prominent in Holland in 1799.

It was in the Peninsular War, however, that the Fusiliers made their great reputation and earned their well-known names the "Fighting Fifth" and the "Old and Bold." Their conduct at Roliça, and especially at El Boden in September, 1811,

OFFICERS OF THE 24th (SERVICE) BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS (1st TYNESIDE IRISH):
Lieut. B. C. Brady, Sec.-Lieut. J. L. Donnelly, Lieut. D. M. Dawson, Sec.-Lieut. J. M. Dalzell, Sec.-Lieut. J. J. G. Welton, Sec.-Lieut. R. Donald, Sec.-Lieut. T. W. Thompson, Sec.-Lieut. H. Wilkinson, Sec.-Lieut. H. A. Patterson, Sec.-Lieut. J. McLoughlin, Rev. G. McBrearty, C.F., Lieut. and Quartermaster P. McKenna, Sec-Lieut. H. S. Fitzgerald, Sec.-Lieut. H. M. Horrox, Sec.-Lieut L. F Byrne, Sec.-Lieut. S. A. Jardine, Lieut. C. M. Goodall, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Short, Sec.-Lieut. H. R. C. Sutcliffe, Sec.-Lieut. J. R. Wedderburn, Sec.-Lieut. R. Loverock, Sec.-Lieut. F. J. Downey, Lieut. A. F. Rogers, Capt. J. H. Pringle, Capt. G. Swinburn, Capt. K. Mackenzie, Capt. C. Wallace, Maj. J. M. Prior, Second-in-Command, Lieut.-Col. L. Meredith Howard, Commanding, Sec.-Lieut. and Adjt. W. Waring (Gordon Highlanders), Capt. J. P. Gallwey, Capt. E. Pugh, Capt. A. Thompson, Lieut. T. G. Farina.
In the foreground (seated): Lieut. C. J. Mate, Sec.-Lieut. G. Hardy, Capt. W. B. Watson, R.A.M.C.

A NIGHT SCENE NEAR YPRES WITH AN OFFICER'S PATROL.

A British officer serving on the Western Front near Ypres related that he was sent out at night on an officer's patrol to get in touch with certain troops who had been dislodged by a hurricane bombardment. In all directions houses and farm buildings were burning, and the country was lit up for miles.

To face page 1720

Hot Work of the 'Fighting Fifth' in the Ypres Salient

After bombarding the British first-line trench, battering the sandbag breastworks and actually blowing some of the wire entanglements across the trenches, the Germans left their position, only a few hundred yards distant, and began to attack in force. The machine-gun and rifle fire of the Northumberland Fusiliers made dreadful havoc of the enemy, who were so bunched together that our men merely fired into the crowds, it being impossible to miss at close range. But it was hot work for some minutes, and fresh ammunition was required before the attack was beaten off by the "Fighting Fifth."

was held up by the Duke of Wellington as an example to the whole Army, while at the Siege of Badajoz their desperate and hardened valour took them up the scaling ladders and into the town at a moment when a British victory seemed impossible. After nearly fifty years of peace the Fusiliers marched with Havelock to Lucknow, and the later services of the regiment were in Afghanistan, Egypt, and South Africa. During the Indian Mutiny men of this regiment earned four Victoria Crosses.

The "Fighting Fifth" Undismayed

By the end of January—passing again to the story of the Great War—the 1st Battalion of the Fusiliers was again in trenches near Ypres. On February 24th the battalion lost heavily in an attack, and four days later one of its companies was in grave danger in a front trench, for its telephone wire had been cut, and shells were falling all around. Owing to the bravery of Corporal C. Dawson, who carried a message across the open in broad daylight, assistance was obtained and the peril averted. Just a week later more than half of the men in another trench were killed or wounded, but, led by Sergeant A. Thompson, the remainder held grimly on to it.

Before the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, in March, the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberlands had arrived from India, and was at the front as part of the 84th Brigade and the new Fifth Army Corps. The Fusiliers had no share in that engagement, but the 1st Battalion was involved in the counter-attack made at St. Eloi two days later.

At the Second Battle of Ypres the 2nd Battalion held part of the British line in front of Zonnebeke, all but its grenadier company of two officers and one hundred and twenty men, who were sent to Hill 60, and then to help the gassed Canadians. Through the night of April 23rd these men—bearded, weary, and hungry, after eight hard days in the trenches—maintained the high reputation of the "Fighting Fifth."

The grenadiers then joined their comrades, and were with them when the Germans made one of their desperate attacks on May 8th. The rush broke our line, and the battalion was soon almost destroyed. Three companies were killed or captured entirely, and of the remaining one the whole of one platoon was either killed or wounded, for the Germans were all round them. However, under a subaltern, William Watson, the three remaining platoons of the one company left stuck to the trench, and although fired on from all sides, clung to it until they were relieved the next morning. Among the prisoners were the colonel (S. H. Enderby), the adjutant (Captain Auld), and at least five subalterns. Captains Hart, Molineux, and Reynolds, as well as several subalterns, were killed.

The Territorials' Fate

This was bad enough—a fine battalion destroyed—but perhaps worse was the fate which, a few days before, had befallen the Territorials of the Northumberland Fusiliers. A brigade of these men, consisting of the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Battalions, was in reserve, and about ten o'clock on the morning of April 26th, a Monday, they received the order to advance to Fortuin. They were going into battle, nearly all of them for the first time, but they seemed cheerful enough, as they tramped along singing. Once at Fortuin they were directed to attack the German position at St. Julien.

The Fusiliers moved forward, the 6th Battalion from Newcastle leading, but it was broad daylight, the barbed-wire before them was uncut, and the humps and hollows of the ground unknown. A hail of shot and shell mowed them down, and soon forty-two officers and about 1,900 men—about half the brigade—were lying on the ground. It was afternoon; the brigadier-general, J. F. Riddell, who had come up to try and retrieve the disaster, was killed, and the attack was perforce abandoned. The list of "missing" was a long one, and many of them were afterwards reported to be dead.

Northumbrian Heroes

On that day these Northumbrians did many heroic deeds. Privates Martin and Burrell, of the 7th Battalion, carried ammunition to the firing-line across open ground, and Corporal H. Smith and Private Yourstoun distinguished themselves by saving the wounded.

At Hooge, on June 16th, it was the turn of the 1st Battalion, but happily these men were more fortunate than their comrades. They took part in the successful attack, and led by their bombers, made their way into the German trenches.

After a rest to recover themselves, the Northumberland Territorials were sent into the trenches, and in July they were near Wulverghem. There a number of men of the 4th Battalion were saved from death by the heroism of Second-Lieutenant W. W. Varvill. Both our men and the Germans had prepared mines under the trenches, and it was a race as to which would be exploded first. Varvill went down alone to see that everything was in order, and finding it so, got in the first and decisive blow. He received the Military Cross because "but for his energy and skill our own trenches would most probably have been blown up."

THE DORSETS

Records of the Regiments in the War.—XI.

IT was October 13th, 1914, a few days after the fall of Antwerp, and our Second Army Corps, having marched from Abbeville to Bethune, was obeying Sir John French's orders by fighting its way towards La Bassée and Lille. Two days before, its two divisions, the 3rd and the 5th, had crossed the canal—but only to find that the Germans were much stronger than anyone had thought possible. Accordingly, General Smith-Dorrien ordered his men to bear away to the right, his object being to cut the enemy off from La Bassée. The Germans were ready for this move; their guns were hidden away on the high ground, and for two or three days there was desperate fighting around that place.

Daring Heroes of the Dorsets

In one of the brigades—the 15th—of the 5th Division was the 1st Battalion of the Dorset Regiment. Starting from Festubert, the Dorsets advanced towards Givenchy, near where the bridge called Pont Fixe crosses the canal. Then their difficulties began. Part of the brigade found the shell fire too strong for them, and fell back; but not so the Dorsets. Forward they could not and backward they would not go, so they just dug some trenches and clung grimly on to them. Through the day they defied the Germans, who had far more men and far more guns than we had, and at night they were still there.

The losses in this one day's fighting had been terrible—one hundred and thirty killed and nearly three hundred wounded;

"He (i.e., Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien) particularly mentions the fine fighting of the Dorsets, whose commanding officer, Major Roper, was killed. They suffered no less than four hundred casualties, one hundred and thirty of them being killed, but maintained all day their hold on Pont Fixe."
—SIR JOHN FRENCH.

but the Dorsets were not done with, as the Germans soon found out. In good order they left their trenches, a platoon under Sergeant E. Snoshall covering their retirement; but they did not go far. A few paces, and they were on the line which the British held throughout the winter, and there the survivors of the battalion halted. Many deeds of heroism were done at this time, of which another performed by Sergeant Snoshall deserves mention. For two days—the 14th and 15th—he lay in an exposed position, and prevented the enemy's patrols from reaching the bridge and by it crossing the canal. Sergeant-Major Vivian was rewarded also with the Distinguished Conduct Medal, for it was owing largely to his daring and coolness that his company, although faced by great odds, got safely away.

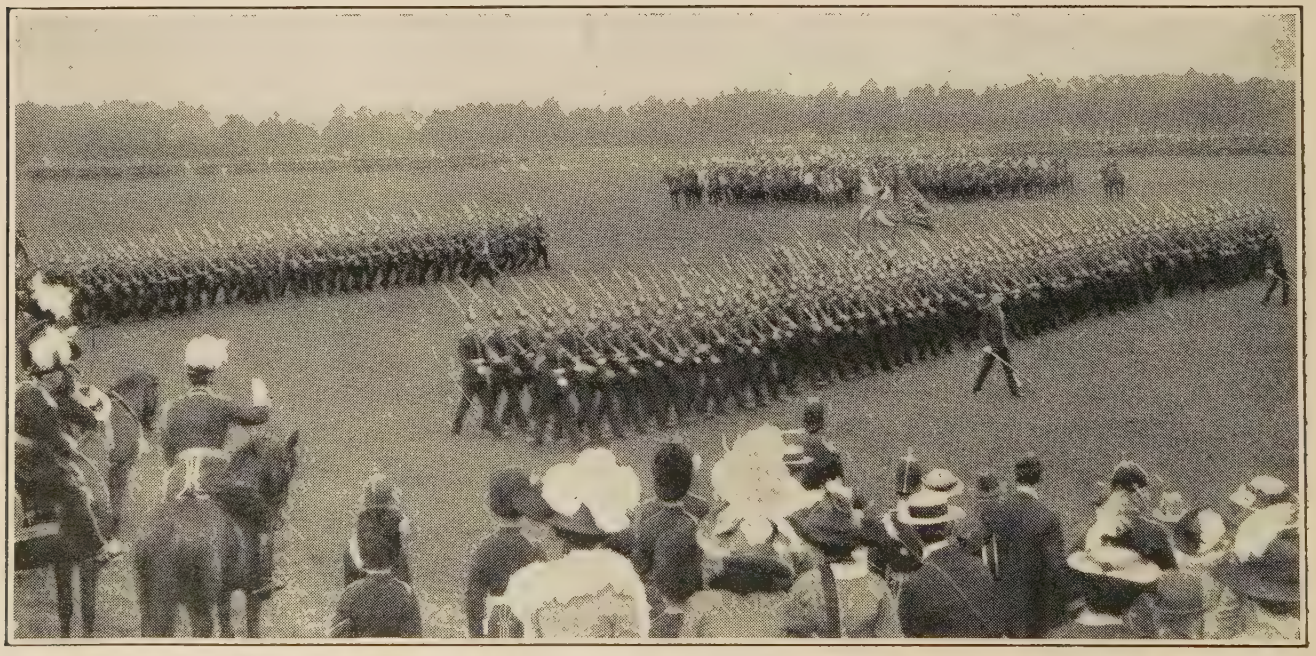
Glories Won in India

Dorset men will not perhaps be very surprised on reading about this gallant stand at Pont Fixe, for they know something of the history and traditions of their regiment, one of those humble county regiments which are the real backbone of the British Army. Its 1st Battalion, the old 39th, was raised in Ireland in 1701, and was at first called Cootes' Regiment. In 1709 it was in Portugal, and in 1747 it went to Flanders under "Butcher" Cumberland; but its chief glories have been won in India, and it bears upon its colours the proud motto, "*Primus in Indis.*" It was in 1754 that the regiment reached India to help the British East India Company in its struggle with the French one, and it occupied the centre of Clive's line at Plassey. In the previous year (1756) the 54th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion of the Dorsets, had been raised. Since then one or other, sometimes both, of the battalions have served in the Peninsular War, in Burma, in India, in the Crimea, in the Tirah Valley, and in South Africa, and among the names on their colours are Albuera, Vittoria, Orthes, Sevastopol, and Ladysmith. In 1881, the 39th and the 54th were united to form the Dorset Regiment.

Ordeals at Hill 60

When the Great War broke out, the 1st Battalion was sent from Ireland to France, and it was at Mons, helping to line the canal, on that August Sunday when the Germans met the British face to face. The Dorsets were in the retreat, and on August 26th they fought in the fierce Battle of Le Cateau. Then again, having beaten off the worst of the German attack, they marched off towards the Marne, and on one of these terrible days they did forty-two miles in the twenty-four hours.

The Dorsets were in the army which drove back the Germans from the Marne, and at the Battle of the Aisne they were among the battalions which crossed the river on rafts between Missy and Venizel. They next found themselves under a heavy fire from the Germans entrenched on the hills above the Aisne; but they held on to a narrow strip of ground between the river and the heights—no mean feat of arms. They dug their trenches and remained in them through



A review of the Dorset Regiment before the war. The march past the saluting base. The King's and regimental colours are carried with the first company.

two weeks of pouring rain, and then, with the rest of the army, they moved away to positions between Calais and Lille. Then it was that they showed their metal at Pont Fixe.

By this time we may say that, like the Welsh Fusiliers, the Dorsets had "practically ceased to exist." They had lost twenty-seven officers and eight hundred men, so there were not many left of the one thousand or one thousand one hundred who sailed from Ireland in August. However, drafts arrived, and with these the remnant stood up to the Germans near La Bassée in October, especially during a fierce attack on the 22nd. Under Sergeant Gambling, a machine-gun section did excellent work during these winter months.

For several months the Dorsets had no very hard fighting, but in April, when the Germans used asphyxiating gas, they were on Hill 60. There, in spite of severe losses, they held firm, and we know how, on May 1st, the defenders of one of their trenches were reduced to an officer and four men, the others having been poisoned. This officer, Lieutenant R. V. Kestell-Cornish, rallied and encouraged the four, and they held on through the night until reinforcements arrived. Four days later, on the same Hill 60, another subaltern, H. G. M. Mansell-Pleydell, took charge of a company which, under his able leadership, regained a lost trench.

The 2nd Dorsets against the Turks

But we must not forget that the Dorsets had a 2nd Battalion, the old 54th, fighting at the other side of the earth. With three Indian battalions, they landed at Fao, at the top of the Persian Gulf, in November, and attacked the Turks a few days later. The Turks were entrenched among some date groves, and in front of them was a bare plain; but the Dorsets set a splendid example to our men, and they crossed it in short rushes. The enemy did not wait to make the acquaintance of the gleaming bayonets, and the battle was won. During the advance, when there was no cover whatever, several of the Dorsets dared almost certain death by carrying up ammunition to the firing-line and by aiding the wounded. About one hundred and thirty of them were hit, and among the officers killed were Major A. A. Mercer and Captain F. Middleton.

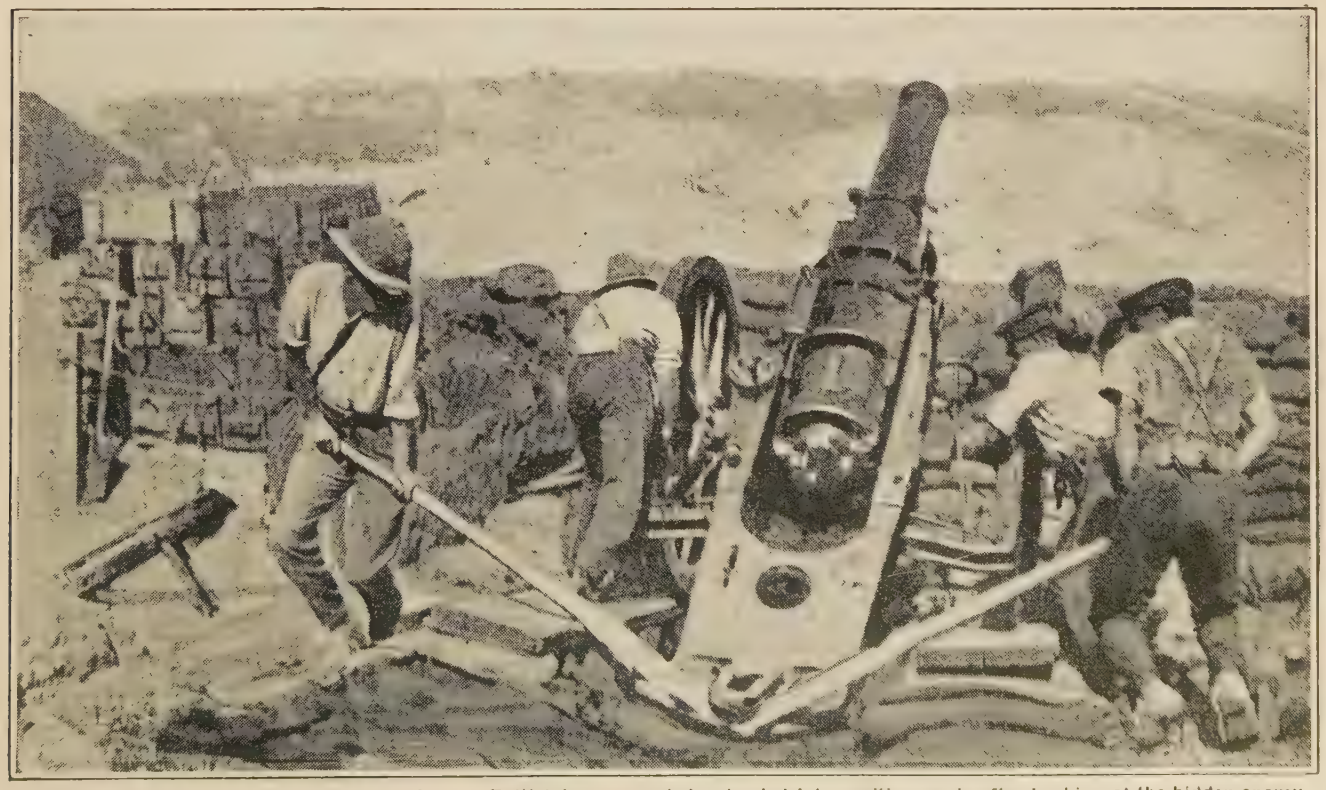
Drummer of the 1st Dorsets in review order.

On March 3rd, 1915, a few of our men went out to discover something about the enemy's strength, and were caught in an ambush and surrounded by thousands of yelling Turks. Step by step they fought their way back—two Dorsets, Lance-Corporal E. A. Finch and Private A. Barrett, doing heroic service in protecting the wounded with their rifles from the savagery of Germany's pupils and allies. Five other Dorsets won the Distinguished Conduct Medal by rushing out and rallying some Indian soldiers who were losing their nerve in the retreat.

"Primus in Persis"

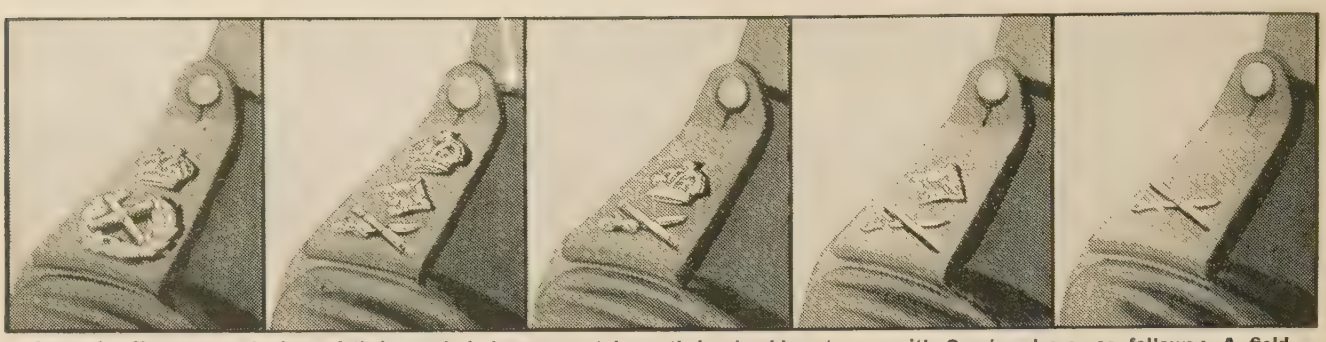
On April 14th, near Basra, there was another pitched battle, in which again the Dorsets led the British line. The conditions were about the same as in November. The Turks were entrenched among some woods, and between them and our men was a bare level plain. The day was hot, the sun glaring mercilessly down on our troops; but for five hours they pressed steadily on, rushing and lying down at short intervals. Then came the final charge with the bayonet, the Dorsets leading the way into the enemy's trenches and clearing them out. As a sample of the fighting, we may mention that of twelve men led into action by Sergeant-Major Warren, eight were hit. Among the killed in this engagement was the battalion's commander, Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. Rosher.

There for the present ends the record of the Dorsets. In 1754 they were *Primus in Indis*, and in 1914 *Primus in Persis*. In Flanders, also, they have "done their bit," and in the future we are certain they will be first somewhere or other for Old England's sake.

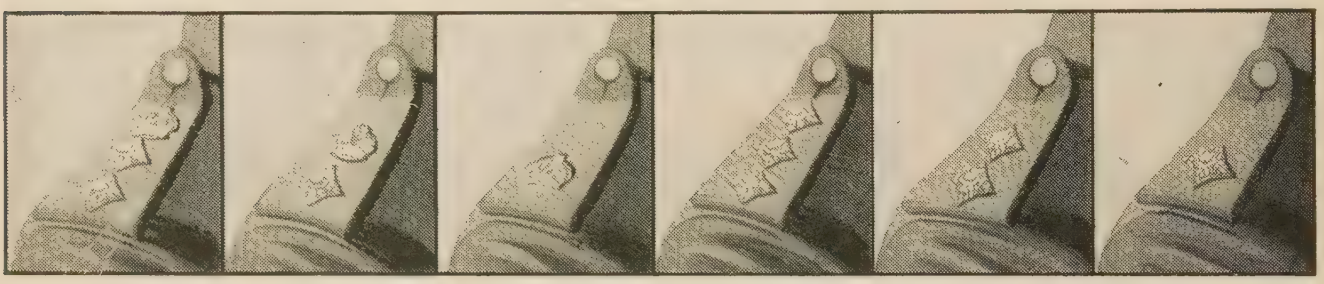


With the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. British heavy gun being hauled into position again after barking at the hidden enemy.

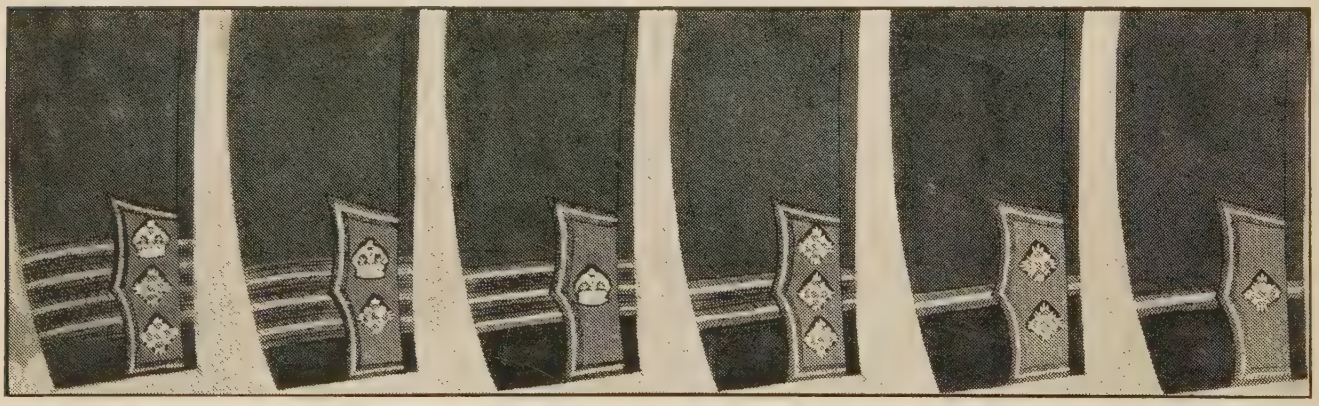
Badges of Rank Worn by British Army Officers



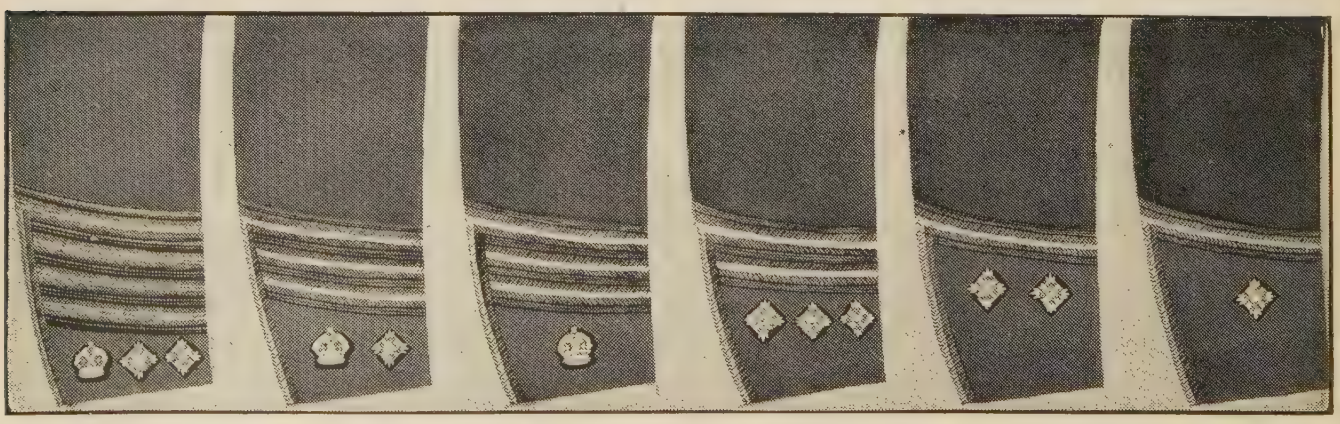
General officers wear badges of their rank in brown metal on their shoulder-straps, with Service dress, as follows: A field-marshal, crossed batons on a wreath of laurel, with a crown above; a general, crossed sword and baton, with a crown and star above; a lieut.-general, crossed sword and baton, with a crown above; a major-general, crossed sword and baton, with a star above; and a brigadier-general, crossed sword and baton alone.



The badges of rank of all officers are in metal on the shoulder-straps of overcoats. A colonel, a crown and two stars; a lieut.-colonel, a crown and star; a major, a crown alone; a captain, three stars; a lieutenant, two stars; and a second-lieutenant, a single star. All officers below general rank wear badges of rank in embroidery on the sleeves of their tunics.

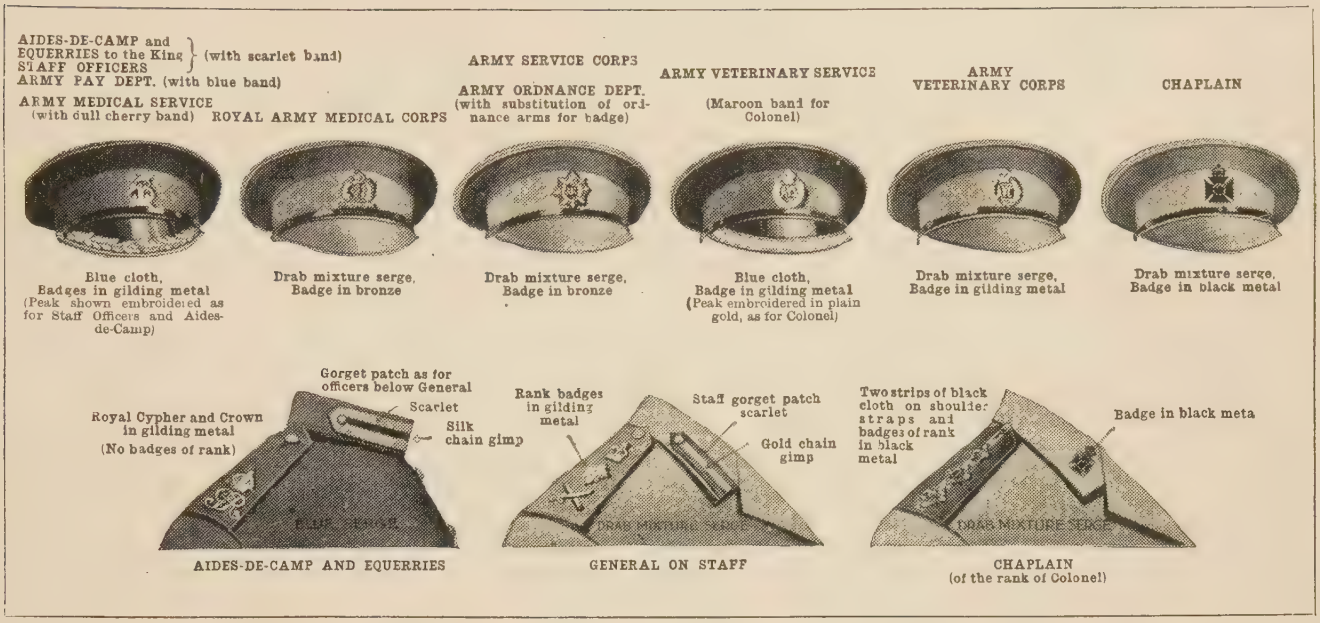


Above are the distinguishing badges worn on the cuffs of officers below general rank. A colonel, a crown and two stars; a lieut.-colonel, a crown and one star; a major, a crown alone; a captain, three stars; a lieutenant, two stars; and a second-lieutenant, one star only. It will also be noticed that a colonel wears four embroidered bands, the number of these bands diminishing with lower ranks.



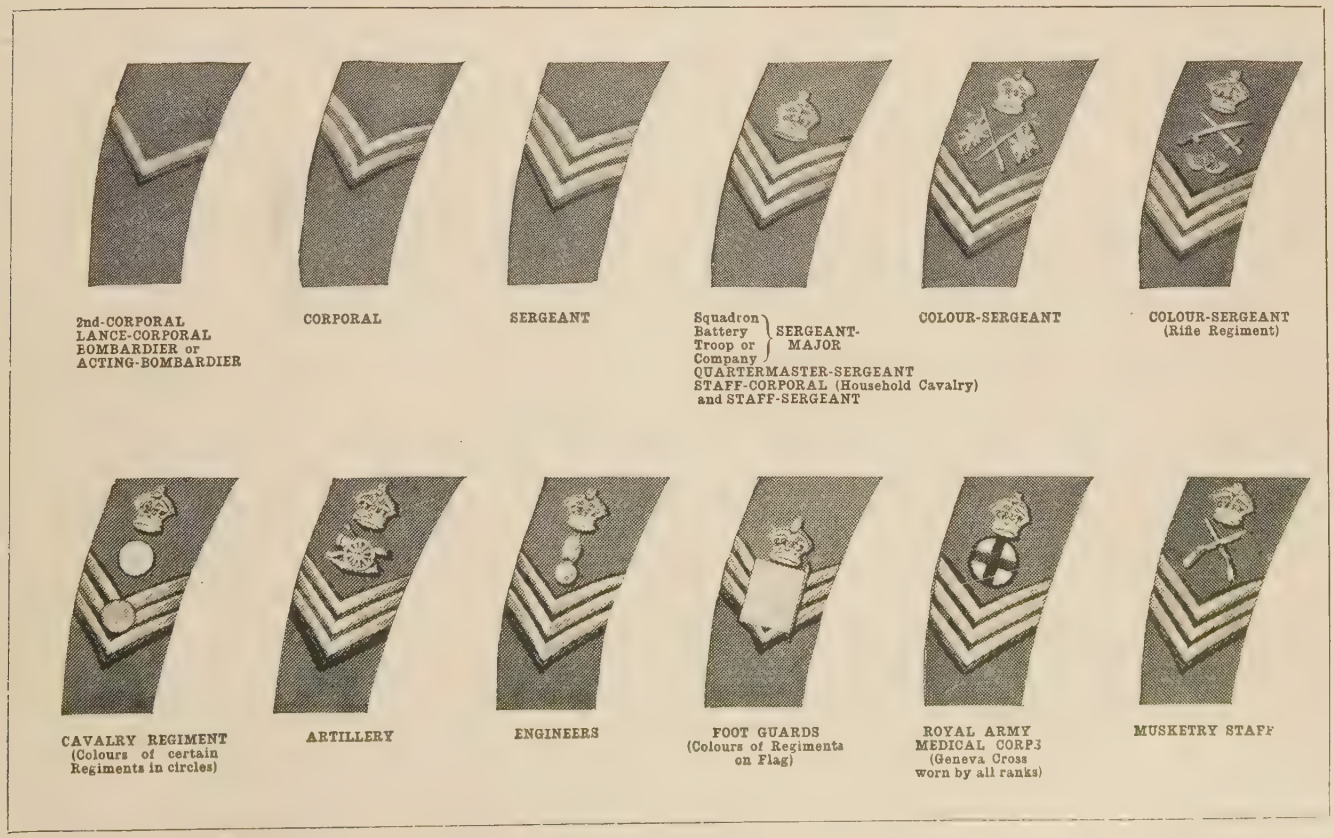
The rank of officers in Scottish regiments is shown on their sleeves and in embroidery, as above. The badges are as follows: A colonel, crown and two stars arranged across the cuff; a lieut.-colonel, a crown and a star set across the cuff; a major, one crown alone, worn below three lines of braid; a captain, three stars, set across the cuff under two lines of braid; a lieutenant, two stars, below one row of braid; and a second-lieutenant, one star only, set beneath one line of braid.

Caps of Aides-de-Camp, Equerries and Other Officers



AIDES-DE-CAMP, Equerries to the King, and Staff officers wear caps of blue cloth with badges in gilding metal and a scarlet band. Officers of the Army Pay Department and the Army Medical Service wear a similar cap—the former with a blue band and the latter with a dull cherry band. The cap worn by officers of the R.A.M.C. is of a drab mixture serge with a bronze badge. The A.S.C. and the Army Ordnance Department wear caps of drab mixture serge with a badge in bronze. The A.V.S. wear a cap of blue cloth with a badge in gilding metal; the peak is embroidered in plain gold, as for a colonel; a maroon band is also worn by a colonel. The A.V.C. wear a cap of drab mixture serge with a badge in gilding metal. A chaplain wears a similar cap, the badge being of a different design and in black metal.

The Arm-Badges of Various Ranks of British N.C.O's



Distinguishing Badges of Colonial & Indian Regiments

THE maple leaf and crown, and the rising sun and crown are worn universally by the Expeditionary Forces from Canada and Australia. The New Zealanders of the Expeditionary Force wear their individual regimental badges; the fern leaf is worn by the permanent Staff and all not belonging to a corps, or regimentally employed. The dolphin and dragons, the crossed kukries and kattars, the quoits, and the graceful perpendicular treatment of the Prince of Wales' feathers are original decorative effects among the Indian badges. As with our own forces, many of these designs are more or less repeated, and some—those of the 11th K.E.O. Lancers and 18th K.G.O. Lancers, for instance—stand, with but slight variation, for a number of other regiments. These illustrations, therefore, form but a representative selection of Colonial and Indian badges.

The Canadian Contingents The badge design comprises a maple leaf with crown, and a scroll with "Canada."

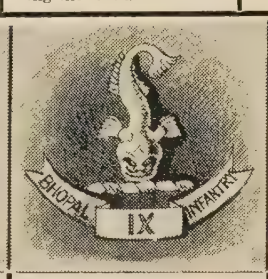
The Australian Contingents Crown on rising sun. On scrolls, "Australian Commonwealth Military Forces."

The New Zealand Contingents—Simple design consisting of a fern leaf bearing the initials "N.Z."

Indian Staff Badge Royal cypher, laurel and crown, worn by Staff and those not regimentally employed.

Bengal Bodyguard Officers Initials of Bodyguard of his Excellency the Governor of Bengal, over crossed lances.

Indian Ordnance Dept. Ordnance arms surmounted by a crown, with underneath the words "Ordnance, India."



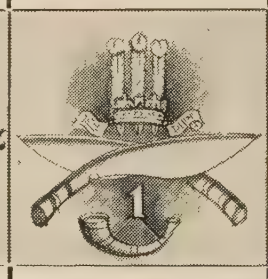
9th Bhopal Infantry A dolphin with scroll beneath bearing the inscription "Bhopal IX. Infantry."

23rd Cavalry (Frontier Force) Kandahar Star in bronze with XXIII. in centre, and "Kabul to Kandahar."

13th Rajputs Two silver crossed kattars (Rajput daggers), points upwards. Worn by officers.

62nd Punjabis Elephant in quoit and inscribed scroll over the dragon.

66th Punjabis Golden dragon wearing Imperial crown. The uniform of this regiment is scarlet.



1st K.G.O. Gurkha Rifles (The Malaun Regiment). Crossed kukries, edge downwards, horn and plumes.

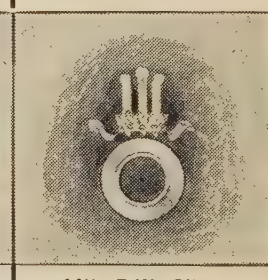
14th K.G.O. Sikhs Quoit with Prince of Wales' plumes. "14 K.G.O. Sikhs" inscribed on quoit.

18th K.G.O. Lancers Imperial cypher on crossed lances, with crown above. Inscribed scroll below.

61st K.G.O. Pioneers Imperial cypher and crown, with garter and laurel wreath. Prince of Wales' plumes.

130th K.G.O. Baluchis Prince of Wales' plumes and motto, "Ich dien." with an inscribed scroll beneath.

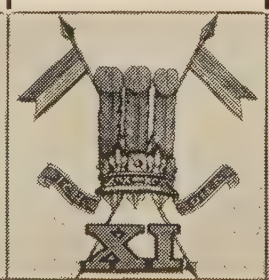
1st P.W.O. Gurkha Rifles Crossed kukries, edges downwards, on circular plate. Prince of Wales' plumes.



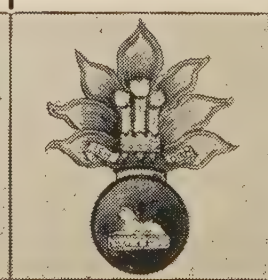
14th P.W. Sikhs On the death of King Edward the regiment became the 14th K.G.O. Sikhs.

61st P.W.O. Pioneers Laurel wreath and Prince of Wales' plumes and motto, with inscribed scrolls below

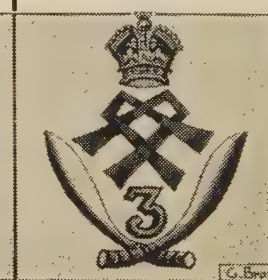
6th K.E.O. Cavalry Field cap of British officers. The late King Edward's Imperial cypher and crown.



11th K.E.O. Lancers Probyn's Horse. Prince of Wales' plumes over crossed lances. XI. between lances.



2nd K.E.O. Grenadiers A grenade in gilt metal, sphinx and plumes in silver on flames.



3rd Gurkha Rifles Queen Alexandra's cypher, crossed kukries, edge upwards, crown above.

Steep is the soldier's path; nor are the heights
Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hopes,
Save when Death takes the aspirant by the hand,
And, cutting short the work of years, at once
Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Golden Deeds of Heroism

One against many. How Corporal Pollock won the V.C. near the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

New Heroes of the Victoria Cross

SEC.-LIEUT. A. B. TURNER gained his V.C. for driving the Germans back by incessant bombing, practically single-handed. This gallant officer later died of wounds. Sergt. J. C. Raynes was awarded the V.C. for going out into the open, while his battery was being heavily bombarded, to carry in wounded men. Capt. A. M. Read, V.C., although partially gassed, went out several times to rally different parties, and led them back into the firing-line. He was mortally wounded.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. Johnson, V.C., although wounded, led several charges, and practically saved the situation. Sec.-Lieut. A. J. T. Fleming-Sandes, V.C., was sent to command a company in a very critical position. He jumped on to the parapet in full view of the Germans, only twenty yards away, and threw several bombs. Capt. C. G. Vickers, V.C., held a barrier for some hours, with only two men, against heavy German attacks from front and flank. He was severely wounded, though not before he had saved a critical situation.

Lance-Corpl. G. H. Wyatt gained the V.C. for his extreme bravery at Landrecies. Twice he dashed out of the line under fierce fire from the enemy, who were only twenty-five yards distant, and extinguished burning stacks of straw which the Germans had set alight with incendiary bombs. Sec.-Lieut. R. P. Hallowes, V.C., was mortally wounded after the heroic actions that gained him the cross, yet even then he continued to cheer his men. Corpl. J. D. Pollock, V.C., gained the decoration for his daring bombing exploits under heavy fire. Pte. S. Harvey was awarded the V.C. for his great devotion to duty under intense fire. Pte. A. Vickers gained the V.C. for his courage under fierce fire. Pte. G. Peachment, V.C., gave his life to save an officer. Piper D. Laidlaw won the V.C. for inspiring his company by piping while marching up and down under fire.

Sec.-Lieut. A. B. TURNER, V.C., 1st R. Berks Regt. For great bravery near Vermelles.

Sergt. J. C. RAYNES, V.C., 71st Brig. R.F.A. For heroism on two occasions.

Pte. J. HAMILTON, V.C., 1st Australian Force. For extreme bravery in Gallipoli.

Capt. A. M. READ, V.C., 1st Northamptons. For bravery near Hulluch.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. JOHNSON, V.C., 73rd R.E. For his heroism at Hill 70.

Sec.-Lieut. A. J. T. F.-SANDES, V.C., 2nd E. Surrey Regt. For bravery near Vermelles.

Capt. C. G. VICKERS, V.C., 1/7th Sherwoods. For bravery at Hohenzollern Redoubt.

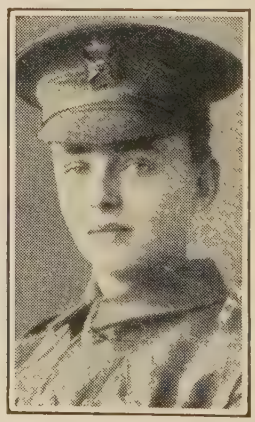
L.-Cpl. G. H. WYATT, V.C., 3rd Coldstream Guards. For heroism at Landrecies.

Sec.-Lieut. R. P. HALLOWES, V.C., 4th Middlesex Regt. For conspicuous bravery at Hooge.

Corpl. J. D. POLLOCK, V.C., 5th Cameron Highlanders, For heroism near Vermelles.

Pte. S. HARVEY, V.C., 1st Yorks & Lancs Regt. For heroism near Fosse 8.

Pte. A. VICKERS, V.C., 2nd R. Warwick Regt. For great bravery near Hulluch.



Pte. G. PEACHMENT, V.C., 2nd K.R.R.C. For conspicuous heroism near Hulluch.

Piper D. LAIDLAW, V.C., 7th K.O. Scottish Borderers. For bravery near Loos.

Doctor's Indefatigable Heroism Gains the V.C.

With unflinching courage and zeal during the heavy fighting near Mauquissart on September 25-26th, 1915, Lieut. G. A. Maling, M.B., R.A.M.C., tended over three hundred wounded men under fierce shell fire, and saved many lives. He worked incessantly for nearly fourteen hours, collecting and treating the fallen in the open. Once he was flung down and temporarily stunned by the bursting of a high-explosive shell, which wounded his only assistant and killed several of his patients. A second shell covered him with debris, but with conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty, Lieut. Maling continued his gallant work single-handed.

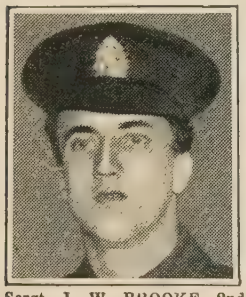
Heroes All: Seven V.C.'s and Some Others

Flag-Capt. H. W. BOWRING, D.S.O., Chief of Staff to Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.

L.-Corpl. LEONARD KEYSOR, 1st Australian Imp. Force, who gained the V.C. for his heroism on Gallipoli.

The late Lt. W. DARTNELL, 25th Batt. (Frontiersmen) R. Fus., who lost his life when winning the V.C.

Sec.-Lieut. G. S. M. INSALL, Royal Flying Corps, who gained the V.C. for his heroism in the air.



Sergt. J. W. BROOKE, 2nd King Edward's Horse who has been awarded the D.C.M.

Pte. J. HOARE, 3rd Monmouth Regt., who has gained the D.C.M.

Pte. H. G. STARBUCK, Leicester Regt. (T.F.), who has been awarded the D.C.M.

Sergt.-Maj. J. H. ROGERS, 10th Lancs Fus., who has gained the D.C.M.

L.-Cpl. A. ALLSOPP, Somerset L.I., who received the D.C.M. for rescuing a gassed man.

Pte. R. J. VALE, Coldstream Guards, who won the D.C.M. for a bombing exploit.

Cpl. W. WHITE, Coldstream Guards, who gained the D.C.M. for bravery at Loos.

Bomb. A. V. TAYLOR, Royal Garrison Artillery, won the D.C.M. for gallantry at Hooge.

Pte J. O'CONNOR, Irish Gds., received clasp to his D.C.M. for a daring reconnaissance.

Sergt. F. C. MOREL, Post Office Rifles, who gained the D.C.M. at Festubert.

Corpl. A. A. BURT, 1st Hertford Regt., who gained the V.C. at Cuinchy on September 27th, 1915.

Corpl. ALFRED DRAKE, V.C., Rifle Brigade, gave his own life to save a wounded officer.

Corpl. SAMUEL MEEKOSHA, 1/6th West Yorks Regt., awarded the V.C. for great bravery near the Yser.

Pte. JOHN CAFFREY, York & Lanc. Regt., awarded the V.C. for saving life under heavy fire.

CAPTAIN H. W. BOWRING, R.N., Dover Patrol, was awarded the D.S.O. for his valuable services as Chief of Staff to Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon during the Belgian coast attacks.

Lance-Corporal Leonard Keysor gained the V.C. for his fearless bombing at Lone Pine trenches, Gallipoli.

Lieut. W. Dartnell gained the V.C. in East Africa, and sacrificed his own life attempting to save the lives of other wounded men.

Sec.-Lieut. G. S. M. Insall won the Victoria Cross for his daring exploit on November 7th, 1915, when, after a thrilling battle in the air, he brought down a German machine.

Corporal Alfred Burt, 1st Hertford Regiment, gained the V.C. for outstanding courage at Cuinchy on September 27th 1915. A huge German Minenwerfer bomb fell into the trench. Corporal Burt dashed forward and put out the fuse with his foot.

Corporal Alfred Drake, 8th Battalion Rifle Brigade, was posthumously awarded the V.C. for gallantly giving his life to save that of his wounded officer while reconnoitring the German lines near La Brique, on November 23rd 1915.

Corporal Meekosha was one of a platoon of about twenty men holding an isolated trench near the Yser. A heavy bombardment shattered the position, killing six members of the party and wounding seven others. Corporal Meekosha, under heavy fire, helped to dig out those of his comrades who had been practically buried in the collapse of the trench.

Private Caffrey won the V.C. for life-saving under fire. Near La Brique, on November 16th, 1915, Private Caffrey and Corporal Stirk of the R.A.M.C., ventured out to save a badly wounded comrade. Stirk was himself struck by a bullet, and both had to abandon their quest. Later, Private Caffrey made another and successful attempt.

Brave Gurkha Saves the Life of British Soldier

The story of Rifleman Kulbir Thapa, 3rd Queen Alexandra's Own Gurkha Rifles, is conspicuous among those of the roll of V.C.'s. Although himself wounded in operations near Mauquissart, on September 25th, he discovered a sorely injured soldier of the 2nd Leicesters behind the first-line German trench, and stayed by his side the whole day and night. Mist falling on September 26th, Kulbir Thapa carried his comrade out of immediate danger, and returned to bring in two wounded Gurkhas. Finally he went back to his first charge and carried him to a place of safety, under heavy fire for the greater part of the way.

Decorated for Valour: More of Britain's Brave Sons

LIEUT. HILTON YOUNG, R.N.V.R., M.P. for Norwich, was honoured by King Peter of Serbia with the special medal for valour in recognition of his conduct during the siege of Semendria, while his brother, Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young (Red Cross), was enrolled a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold for valuable services rendered to the population of Ypres and other towns in the war area.

Captain J. H. Beith, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was awarded the Military Cross for devotion to duty. He is known as "Ian Hay," author of "The First 100,000," a vivid work on the first Kitchener's Army men, which was one of the most successful books concerning the war.

Quartermaster-Sergeant A. V. Prosser was awarded the D.C.M. for singularly gallant conduct at Suvla Bay. At the moment of an advance a fire started in the scrub. Prosser, realising the danger of a number of fallen wounded, went out several times under heavy fire and dragged many of them to safety.

Major-General J. A. Ferrier (in command of the Humber Defences) awarded the D.C.M. and the Russian gold medals to four Leicester heroes at Patrington. Sergt. A. A. Sparkes received his medal for saving a wounded officer under fire; Quartermaster-Sergt. Hill was honoured with the Russian gold medal of St. George for leading the last ten men of his platoon to an attack at Neuve Chapelle, in which event he was wounded; Sergt. H. Owen was also awarded the Russian gold medal of St. George for venturing forth and saving a wounded Gurkha; Sergt. Gray received the D.C.M. for gallantry and devotion to duty on the Aisne. All four belonged to the 3rd Leicester Regt.

Captain John Joseph Kavanagh when on special observation duty in a "crow's nest" was subjected to heavy fire, but remained throughout the day in the building and continued to transmit important information. He only left his post, which was struck by four direct hits, to put his orderlies under cover. He was awarded the Military Cross.

Pte. J. S. FARMER, 1/8th Royal Warwicks, awarded the D.C.M. for rescuing a comrade.

Mr. G. WINTHROP YOUNG, decorated by King Albert for valuable service at Ypres.

Lieut. H. YOUNG, R.N.V.R., M.P., awarded special medal by King Peter for gallantry at Semendria.

Bandsman T. THORBURN, A. & S. Highlanders, winner of D.C.M. and Russian Cross.

Capt. J. H. BEITH ("Ian Hay"), A. & S. Highrs, who was awarded Military Cross

Qmr.-Sergt. A. V. PROSSER, Border Regt., awarded D.C.M. for life-saving at Suvla Bay.

Reading from left to right: Sergt. A. A. SPARKES, awarded D.C.M.; Qmr.-Sergt. HILL, who received the Russian gold medal of St. George; Sergt. H. OWEN, also decorated with Russian gold medal; and Sergt. GRAY, who won the D.C.M.

Pte. H. SMITH, Coldstreams, awarded D.C.M. for strenuous bombing at Loos.

Pte. G. PUTTOCK, 2nd E. Surrey Regt., won D.C.M. at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Pte. W. THEOBALD, 2nd East Surrey R., who won the D.C.M. at the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Pte. R. THOMPSON, Border Regt., awarded D.C.M. for devotion to duty at Hooge.

Sec.-Lieut. J. H. de la M. HARPUR, 15th Batt. Royal Irish, awarded Military Cross for saving life.

Capt. J. J. KAVANAGH, 3rd Connaught Rangers, awarded Military Cross for devotion to duty.

Pte. R. J. FAWCETT, Welsh Regt., who won D.C.M. at Festubert for carrying messages under fire.

The Dauntless Courage of a Highland Laddie

There are many precious incidents of unique courage, of a gay contempt of death, which call forth even greater admiration than the Homeric prowess of a soldier who, by chance of circumstances, may account for six of the enemy, and win the V.C. The action of General Marchand, who led his splendid Colonial troops to the charge cane in hand, or of Piper Laidlaw at Loos, are two such episodes. The illustration on this page is a third, and was only rescued from oblivion by a correspondent's brief mention. In the ranks of the Gordons a braw Scot was seen to advance at a walk to the German trenches under a veritable hurricane of shells, playing a mouth-organ. Could any human action be more inspiring? And this is only one of many which occurred.

Cossack's Herculean Strength and Epic Courage

One of the greatest feats of the war, a Cossack exploit in which eleven Germans were killed, became the talk of Petrograd. A trooper of the 6th Don Cossack Regiment was engaged in an attack on a German transport column. Observing six Germans in a trench about to enfilade the Russian main body, he charged the position, and spitted two with his lance, while the other four fled. These he chased and killed individually. Later five German riflemen attacked the Russians, and again Kirianoff charged, disposing of three with his lance. The others fled to a wood, where the amazing Cossack despatched them with his sword.

Hero of the Underseas Wins Fame on Terra Firma

On the night of August 21st, 1915, Lieut. D'Oyly-Hughes dropped over the side of his submarine into the Sea of Marmora and swam ashore, pushing a raft freighted with a dynamite charge, accoutrements, clothes, revolver, bayonet, electric torch, and whistle, with the intention of destroying a Turkish viaduct. Scaling the cliffs he found his task to be impossible, and decided instead to explode the dynamite under a low brickwork support, thereby destroying another part of the railway line. The loud report startled Turkish sentries who were only 150 yards away, and Lieut. D'Oyly-Hughes was compelled to retreat along the railway line and enter the water fully clothed at a point a mile away from his landing-place. Losing track of the submarine, he swam about in a very exhausted condition, until a blast from his whistle attracted those on board his craft. He was awarded the D.S.O.

Phenomenal Fearlessness of a London Officer

Captain Douglas Carmichael leading his company in one of the charges in which he captured four lines of enemy trenches near Hooge. Those who saw this heroic young officer rally his men again and again to the attack have said that "he earned the V.C. fifty times over"; that "it was glorious to see him throw himself on the packed masses of Germans and, almost alone, force them back." Captain Carmichael was wounded early in the day, but refused to retire, and was later killed instantaneously by a bullet in the forehead. "A more gallant leader or fearless man never led men on the field of battle," one of his superior officers said.

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THE PERIL OF THE NON-COMBATANT. A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A RED CROSS WAGGON.

This gives an idea of the perils of the non-combatant Red Cross worker. The driver of a horse ambulance was killed by a shell and lay across the seat. The infuriated horses rushed towards a British trench. One of the occupants dashed out and brought the waggon to a standstill before it careered wildly over the trench parapet.

The Immortal Story of Erin at Kevis Ridge

During the fighting in Macedonia on December 13th, 1915, the intense patriotism and bravery of the Inniskillings undoubtedly saved a precarious situation. Pressed by the Bulgarians in superior numbers of ten to one, the British were forced to retire on to the third line of defence. Two companies of Inniskillings remained behind and held on to Kevis Ridge, keeping the Bulgarians in check with the bayonet and rifle. Nearly every one of these gallant Irishmen gave his life so that the rest of the army could retreat.

More Men who won Heroic Fame

MAJOR G. G. M. WHEELER gained the Victoria Cross for two acts of heroism at Shaiba, Mesopotamia. He led a cavalry attack, and so drew the enemy from their position; later he rode single-handed, far ahead of his men, towards the enemy's standards, but was killed. Private Thomas Kenny, V.C., when on patrol duty in a thick fog with Lieut. Brown, who was shot through both thighs, crawled about for over an hour with the wounded officer on his back, though heavily fired upon by the Germans. He refused to go on alone, but at last, utterly exhausted, he found a ditch which he recognised, placed Lieut. Brown in it, and then crawled to the British lines for help.

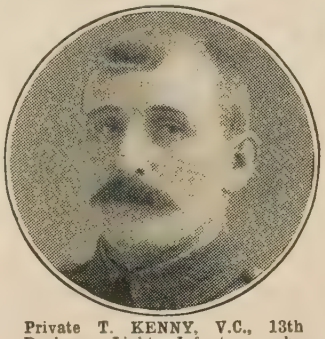
Corporal James Lennox Dawson gained the V.C. for his outstanding heroism at Hohenzollern Redoubt. During a gas attack he walked up and down, fully exposed to the enemy's fire, in order to direct his sappers. Finding three leaking gas-cylinders, he rolled them sixteen yards from the trenches, still under a fierce fire. His action saved many men.

Lieutenant Guy Henry Frossard, 5th Regiment of Engineers (French Army), who was awarded the French Military Cross for conspicuous bravery, is the son of the Rev. C. E. Frossard, rector of Hemmerwick, near Lichfield.

Squadron-Commander R. B. Davies, D.S.O., V.C., planed down and rescued Lieut. Smylie after the latter's machine had been brought down by the enemy at Ferrijik Junction, Thrace.

Major G. G. M. WHEELER, V.C., 7th Hariana Lancers, Indian Army, won the cross, but lost his life.

Lt.-Commander W. P. WARDLAW, who received the D.S.O. for gallantry in action.

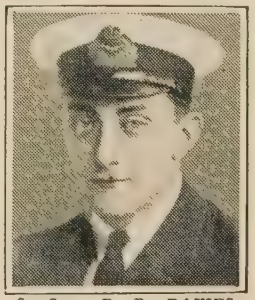


Private T. KENNY, V.C., 13th Durham Light Infantry, who rescued an officer under fire.

Corpl. J. L. DAWSON, V.C., 187th Coy. R.E., a hero of Hohenzollern Redoubt.

L.-Cpl. T. F MORRIS, 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry, who was awarded the D.C.M.

Com. R. A. WILSON, R.N., H.M.S. Mersey, who received the D.S.O.



Sq.-Com. R. B. DAVIES, D.S.O., R.N., who won the V.C. in Thrace.

Sec.-Lieut. A. W. GATES, 2nd S. Lancashire R., gained Military Cross near Hooge.

Private S. J. GAMBRILL, R.E., gained the D.C.M. for bravery at Ypres.

Lieut. G. H FROSSARD (French Army), an English winner of the French Cross.

Flight-Com. J. R. W. SMYTH-PIGOTT, who gained the D.S.O. for daring air work.

Lieut. A. WRIGHTSON, 7th Canadian Infantry, awarded the Military Cross for bravery.

Lieut. J. R. COSGROVE, 1st Field Coy., Canadian Engineers, Military Cross.

GEORGES CARPENTIER, the French boxer and aviator, awarded War Cross.

Major D. McLEOD, Gordon Highlanders, who was awarded the D.S.O.

Capt. M. A. MACDONALD, R.A.M.C., gained the French Military Cross for heroism.

Capt. H. N. FAIRBANK, 117th Battery R.F.A., gained the Military Cross at Hulluch.

Subadar Major PARTAB CHAND, 59th Scinde Rifles, decorated with the Military Cross.

Portraits by Russell, Vandyk, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes.

Soldiers First! Nurses' Devotion on Sinking Ship

It is inevitable in a great war that some of the most heroic episodes should escape wide publicity at the time. This one must be saved from oblivion. When a British transport was torpedoed in the Ægean Sea, the captain of a French cruiser, who was instrumental in saving a number of lives from the sinking vessel, reported that when his boats arrived on the scene, thirty-six nurses refused to leave the wreck. They unanimously agreed the fighting men should go first. Ten of these unnamed heroines were drowned.

More Men who have won Heroic Fame

CAPTAIN LIONEL W. B. REES was awarded the Military Cross for bringing down three German aeroplanes although fighting at great odds. Captain Leonce Delphin, Royal Engineers, gained the Military Cross for conspicuous energy in raising a labour corps of refugees and local people at Bethune for the preparation of defences. He and his corps worked many weeks under shell fire.

Lieut. W. J. Symons, 7th Australian Imperial Force, gained the V.C. for gallantry in Lone Pine Trenches in Gallipoli. He held his trenches through several attacks, led a charge to retake a lost sap, and under heavy fire built up a barricade. Sec.-Lieut. H. V. H. Throssell, 10th Light Horse, Australian Imperial Force, was awarded the V.C. for great bravery in action in Gallipoli.

Lieut. F. H. Tubb, 7th Australian Imperial Force, gained the V.C. for bravery at Lone Pine Trenches in Gallipoli. Though twice wounded, he maintained his position under fierce bomb fire. Lieut. Geary, East Surrey Regiment, was granted the V.C. for his heroism at Hill 60. Continually rallying his men, he successfully defended his position through a night, and was badly wounded. Private G. A. Rook, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers, was awarded the Russian Medal of St. George. While endeavouring to obtain information, a hand-to-hand fight took place, and he fought four Germans, killing two and wounding one. Then, though badly injured, he carried a wounded comrade to safety under heavy fire.

Subadar SUNDAR SINGH, Indian Army, decorated with Indian D.S.M.

Maj. G. J. CHRISTIE, D.S.O., Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Capt. L. W. B. REES, one of the British airmen awarded the Military Cross.

Capt. L. DELPHIN, Royal Engineers, awarded the Military Cross.

Capt. S. J. ANDERSON, 5th Canadian Infantry, awarded the D.S.O.

Lieut. W. J. SYMONS, 7th Australian Imperial Force, decorated with the V.C.

Sec.-Lt. H. V. H. THROSSELL, 10th Australian Light Horse, gained the V.C.

Lieut. F. H. TUBB, 7th Australian Imperial Force, awarded the V.C.

Lieut. T. E. G. HAYWOOD, R. West Kent Regt., granted the D.S.O.

Lieut. GEARY, East Surrey Regt., decorated with the V.C.

Lieut. S. H. LONG, Royal Flying Corps, awarded the Military Cross.

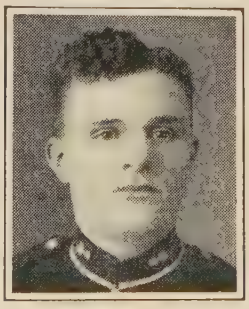
Lieut. E. H. HOPKINSON, 2nd Cambridge Regt., granted the Military Cross.

Lieut. B. H. SYMNS, Royal Naval Reserve, gained the D.S.O.

Sec.-Lieut. H. S. SHIELD, Royal Flying Corps, awarded the Military Cross.

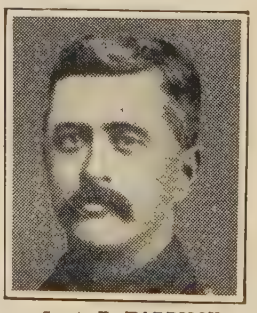
Lieut. K. G. GILL, 1st Cambridge Regt., granted the Military Cross.

Pte. L. EVANS, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers, gained the D.C.M.



Pte. G. A. ROOK, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers, Russian Medal of St. George.

Lieut. D. A. C. SYMINGTON, Royal Flying Corps, granted the Military Cross.



Sergt. T. HARRISON, 115th Batt. R.F.A., awarded the D.C.M.

Rifleman E. G. VINCENT, London Irish Rifles, awarded the D.C.M.

'War Illustrated' Employee on the Roll of Heroes

Private F. G. Challoner, 6th (City of London) Battalion, London Regiment (T.F.), a member of the staff of the Amalgamated Press, publishers of "The War Illustrated," gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his conspicuous gallantry in action at Loos, on September 25th, 1915. Far ahead of his comrades, Private Challoner charged the enemy first-line trench in face of a withering shell, machine-gun, and rifle fire. Jumping down in the midst of a crowd of Germans, he shot and bayoneted nine of them. This example of heroism so inspired the soldiers following him that they charged the remaining German trenches again and again.

Brave War Deeds by Women of Dauntless Courage

IT was, perhaps, with the Russian Army that women played the greatest parts as actual fighters in the ranks, and even as officers; several were decorated by the Tsar for their courage and prowess in action. But Russia had her more typical "womanly" heroines as well—courageous "minist'ring angels" who, while engaged on their glorious work of alleviating suffering, also proved their fearlessness when face to face with the enemy: Mira Miksailovitch Ivanoff, for instance, who, when all the officers of the company whose wounded she was tending in the firing-line were killed or injured, rushed to the head of the Russian soldiers and rallied them so splendidly that they repulsed the Germans. But Mira Ivanoff was killed in the moment of victory. In the British lines at Loos, in September, there was a real Joan of Arc—a French girl, eighteen years of age only, who, in addition to tending our wounded, fought side by side with our men, and was seen to kill five Germans with a revolver and with hand-grenades. This combatant-heroine, Mlle. Emilienne Moreau, was praised by General Sir Douglas Haig, and awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Nurse with one of the Russian "flying" ambulances. Right: Mira Miksailovitch Ivanoff, the heroic Russian nurse who lost her life while rallying troops to a charge.

Mlle. Moreau, the French heroine of eighteen, who fought side by side with British troops at Loos, killed five Germans, and tended our wounded, being decorated with the Military Cross by General de Sailly at Versailles. Inset: Mlle. Moreau wearing her medal.

A Joan of Arc in the British Lines at Loos

The authentic cases on record where women took an active part in the war are many and various. One of the most notable was that of a seventeen-year-old heroine of Loos, who was honoured by the French Army order of the day for tending British wounded, and killing five Germans with a revolver and grenades. In a German attack on Loos she fought side by side with Highlanders and other British soldiers. General Sir Douglas Haig expressed his admiration and gratitude for her courage and assistance.

More Men who won Heroic Fame

CORPORAL A. CLACK, Army Service Corps, was awarded the French Military Medal for his remarkable resourcefulness. While carrying a despatch he sighted a company of Germans. Immediately donning a German coat and helmet, he passed right by the enemy soldiers, and succeeded in reaching his destination.

Captain Robert Loraine, Royal Flying Corps, well known as an actor, was awarded the Military Cross for his conspicuous gallantry and skill in attacking a German Albatross biplane.

Lieutenant G. H. Wyndham-Green, Seaforth Highlanders, was awarded the Military Cross for his conspicuous gallantry in action near "Fosse 8." He set a splendid example of coolness and bravery under fire when in command, first of his platoon, and later of his company, exposing himself fearlessly.

Captain W. C. Wilson, 2nd Leicestershire Regt., who gained the D.S.O., was a well-known International Rugby footballer.

Lance-Sergeant J. Williams, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his remarkable coolness and courage after he was badly wounded. Although one of his hands was practically severed from his wrist, and he was also wounded in the shoulder, he assisted to bandage numbers of wounded near him. He also did his best to encourage the rest of his company, and finally, refusing any assistance from the R.A.M.C. men, he walked to the first-aid post.

Cpl. A. CLACK, Army Service Corps, awarded the French Military Medal for daring while carrying despatches.

Lieut.-Com. E. C. COOKSON, R.N., who, after being awarded the D.S.O., was reported killed

Assist.-Paymstr. H. M. FITCH, R.N., awarded the Fifth Class Order of the White Eagle.

Com. C. P. TALBOT, R.N., who was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his bravery.

Capt. ROBERT LORAINE, Royal Flying Corps. This well-known actor-aviator won the Military Cross.

Cpl. J. C. ALLPRESS, R.H.A., receiving the D.C.M. from Brig.-Gen. T. F. Bushe.

Lance-Corporal BEALE, Royal Engineers, being presented with D.C.M. by Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd.

Sec.-Lieut. R. RAWLINS, R.H.A., being given the D.C.M. by Brig.-Gen. T. F. Bushe.

Sec.-Lieut. N. E. WEBSTER, Sherwood Foresters, who received the Military Cross.

Lieut. G. H. WYNDHAM-GREEN, Seaforth Highrs., who gained the Military Cross.

Capt. W. C. WILSON, 2nd Leicestershire Regt., who was awarded the D.S.O.

Capt. P. H. HANSEN, V.C., Lincolnshire Regt., who gained the Military Cross.

Lance-Sergt. J. WILLIAMS, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who gained the D.C.M.

Portraits by Russell, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM R. BIRDWOOD

who Commanded the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in Gallipoli

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. BIRDWOOD

GALLIPOLI, that sinister neck of land between the Hellespont and the Ægean, has been the grave of more than one reputation, political and military, since April, 1915. Criticism of the plans made in Whitehall and of the control of the actual operations on the Peninsula between the date just given and January, 1916, has been insistent and severe. But the troops engaged in those operations covered themselves with glory, even in the eyes of the enemy, and some, at least, of the leaders came through the fiery ordeal with records not only undimmed, but enhanced in value. Of these leaders history will probably single out General Birdwood as chief.

Hard Training on the Indian Frontier

Belonging to a family which has divided its varied talents between science, languages, and the arts of war and government, a family that has left a permanent impress on modern India, William Riddell Birdwood was born on September 13th, 1865. His father was Herbert Mills Birdwood, C.S.I., LL.D., J.P., I.C.S., an eminent Anglo-Indian administrator, and his mother, Edith Marion Sidonie, daughter of Surgeon-Major E. G. H. Impey, F.R.C.S. His paternal grandfather was General Christopher Birdwood, of the Bombay Army, and he is a nephew of the veteran scholar, Sir George Birdwood.

Educated at Clifton College—the school, by the way, of Sir Douglas Haig—and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, William Birdwood entered the army in 1883 as a lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers. In 1885 he exchanged to a cavalry regiment, the 12th Lancers, from which, in the following year, he transferred to the 11th Bengal Lancers. It was on the North-Western Frontier of India, the physical features of which approximate in no small degree to those of Gallipoli, that Lieut. Birdwood had his first experiences under fire. He took part, in 1891, in the Black Mountain (Hazara) Expedition under General Elles, an expedition which passed through many a hazardous enterprise in a roadless and storm-beaten country, sometimes at an elevation of ten thousand feet. He was awarded the medal and clasp. In 1892 he was with the Isazai Field Force under Sir William Lockhart. Adjutant of the Viceroy's Body Guard in 1893, and promoted captain in 1896, he was again in the thick of the Frontier fighting in 1897–8, being present at the actions of Chagra Kotal and Dargai, the capture of Sampagha and Arhanga Passes, and the operations in the Bazar Valley, being mentioned in despatches and receiving the medal with three clasps.

His Morning "Tub" on the Dargai Heights

An interesting story is told by one who was with him in the Tirah Campaign, in which he acted as ordnance and transport officer. Captain Birdwood was discovered early one morning carefully nursing a fire he had built. The temperature was something below zero, and the transport animals were knee-deep in powdered snow. Asked if he were cold, the captain replied: "Cold be hanged; I'm trying to melt enough ice to have my 'tub'!" The chronicler adds: "Twenty minutes later I happened to return that way, and there was Birdwood, standing in the snow, quite nude, and rubbing himself down briskly with a coarse towel as big nearly as a blanket, while a lot of natives stood round him in a ring at a respectful distance, muttering to one another that the English sahibs were 'mad—quite mad!'" So, later, "Iron Birdwood," as he had come to be known, enjoyed his morning and evening "dip" in the sea off Gallipoli, regardless of Turkish shell-fire.

In the South African War of 1899–1902, Captain Birdwood was for the first time severely wounded. Serving respectively on the Staff as brigade-major Mounted Brigade (Natal), D.A.A.G., and military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Kitchener), he took part in the Battles of Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaal Krantz, Tugela Heights, Laing's Nek, Belmont, Lydenburg, and Pieter's Hill, and was at the relief of Ladysmith. He gained in succession the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel, and was awarded the Queen's Medal with six clasps, and the King's Medal with two clasps.

When Lord Kitchener went to India as Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-Colonel Birdwood went with him as Assistant Military Secretary and Interpreter. Appointed A.A.G., Headquarters in 1904, he was Military Secretary to Lord Kitchener from 1905 to 1909, having by 1905 attained the rank of full colonel. He was Chief of Staff to Sir James Willcocks in the Mohmand Expedition of 1908, being present at the action at Kargha. His services were recognised by mention in despatches, the award of the medal and clasp, the D.S.O., and the Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire. He was also appointed A.D.C. to King Edward VII.

General Willcocks said of him: "He is an able and resourceful officer, who never acknowledges difficulties, and by his influence and tact secured the smooth working of the entire Staffs of my force. In fact, he rendered most valuable services throughout the operations, and he was always in the right place during a fight."

Promoted brigadier-general in 1909, A.D.C. to King George V. in 1910, major-general and a C.B. in 1911, brigade commander at Kohat 1909–1912, Q.M.G., India, from May to November, 1912, Major-General Birdwood was next Secretary to the Government of India, Army Department at Delhi, and a member of the Legislative Council of the Governor-General of India. In 1914 he was called from India to the Command of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps attached to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, his services in connection with which were marked by repeated mention in General Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches, promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general the K.C.S.I., the K.C.M.G., the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre of our gallant French Allies, and the enthusiastic admiration of the Anzacs, those "dare-devil" heroes from the South.

"The Soul of Anzac"

General Birdwood gave evidence of his powers of organisation in connection with the highly difficult and hazardous operations of the detached landing of the Anzacs at Gaba Tepe on April 25th-26th, 1915, operations "crowned with a very remarkable success." He was in command during the subsequent fighting. During the fighting in May he was wounded—a Turkish bullet removing his hat, and, as he himself put it, ploughing a new parting in his hair, but he retained his command, and Sir Ian Hamilton wrote of him: "Lieutenant-General Birdwood has been the soul of Anzac. Not for a single day has he ever quitted his post. Cheery and full of human sympathy, he has spent many hours of each twenty-four inspiring the defenders of the front trenches; and if he does not know every soldier in his force, at least every soldier in the force believes he is known to his Chief."

Considerable space is devoted by Sir Ian Hamilton, in his third despatch, to the assault on Chunuk Bair and the landing in the neighbourhood of Suvla Bay. He says: "The entire details of the operations allotted to the troops to be employed in the Anzac area were formulated by Lieut.-General Birdwood, subject only to my final approval. So excellently was this vital business worked out on the lines of the instructions issued that I had no modifications to suggest, and all these local preparations were completed in a way which reflects the greatest credit not only on the Corps Commander and his Staff, but also upon the troops themselves."

The wonder work of the Anzac and Suvla landing and of the fighting that ensued was rivalled by the wonders of the evacuation. And in the landing, the fighting, and the evacuation, Sir William Birdwood was ever to the fore, resourceful, indefatigable, refusing to recognise difficulties, though the tragic failure of the whole expedition must have involved a terrible shock to one who, as Sir Ian Hamilton declared, had done "all that mortal man can do" towards success.

Sir William Birdwood, in 1894, married Janette Hope Gonville, eldest daughter of Colonel Sir Benjamin P. Bromhead, Bart., C.B., of Thurlby Hall, Lincoln, and has one son and two daughters.

O! Canada, Mistress of snows and of mountain,
Tears are the dew of thy prairies to-day;
Thy blood has gushed forth as it were from a fountain,
'Neath Belgium's sweet soil thy noble sons lay.
Gallant the "Charge" that made the world-story,
Fierce were the odds, but they knew not dismay.
Ever their fame will reflect in the glory
Of self-sacrifice, as they fell on the way.
—GEORGE GILMORE, 10th Canadians.

Gallant Canadians storming trenches of the Prussian Guard with bombs.

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught inspecting the 72nd Canadian Overseas Battalion at Vancouver. The photo shows him taking the salute. Canada sent thousands more of her best to emulate the deeds of her first contingents.

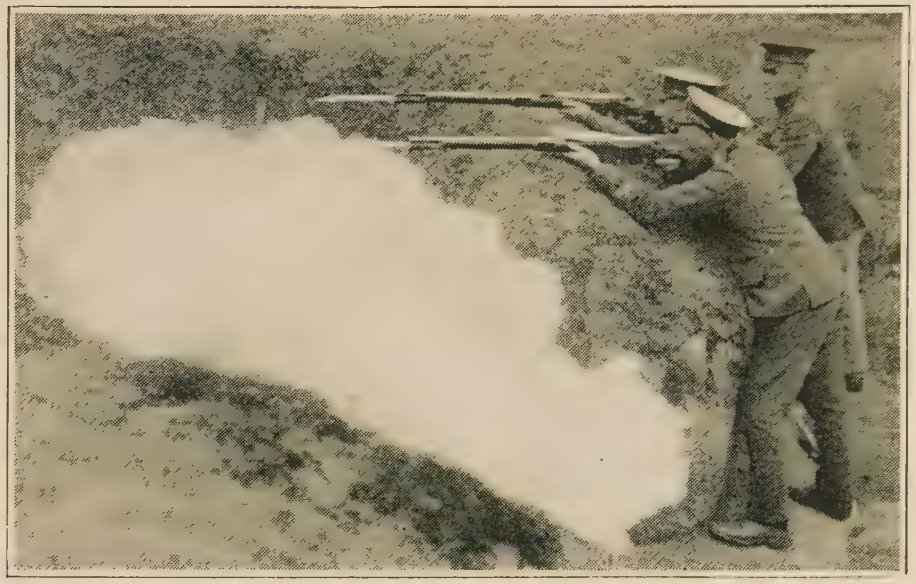
The Governor-General of the Dominion delivering a farewell message to a regiment before its departure for England. The centre photograph shows the Duke of Connaught with members of his Staff reviewing some of the newest recruits to the 72nd Battalion, who, even without their uniforms, were a particularly fine-looking body of men.

Canadian Cavalry Training on Their Superb Steeds

Canadian cavalry training for the "real thing" somewhere in the Old Country. Cavalry had comparatively little opportunity, but of that it made the most.

Two striking views of the men and their surefooted mounts coming down a grassy slope. Some of the Canadian riders may well boast of being as expert at horsemanship as their Cossack allies.

About to charge. Men of the new Canadian Contingent in training near Lake Ontario for the battlefields of Flanders. Some are seen throwing hand-grenades.



Rifle practice "under fire." A novel idea was the use of harmless bombs, which were exploded in front of the trenches to accustom the men to the nerve-racking strain of explosions.

Springing from the trenches. Canadian soldiers experience the exhilaration of a charge. It was not long before these fine types of the Empire's manhood were at the front.

A lecture on trench-digging. Canadian officer in friendly confabulation with his men on the construction of trenches, an art much modified by the lessons of the Great War.

SONS OF THE MAPLE LEAF IN TRAINING AT THE GREAT CAMP ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ONTARIO.

Canada's Expert Bomb-throwers in France

Canadian bombing officer with a case of hand-grenades in a first-line trench within a few yards of the Germans.

Lieutenant in command of a grenade company of one of the Canadian regiments at the front, with an assortment of bombs and grenades.

An officer in charge of a Canadian bombing party firing a rifle-grenade in France. Right: Canadian officer about to hurl a hand-grenade. In his belt are three bombs of a different type, with "streamers" by which the aim is steadied.

Canada sends More Men and Still More

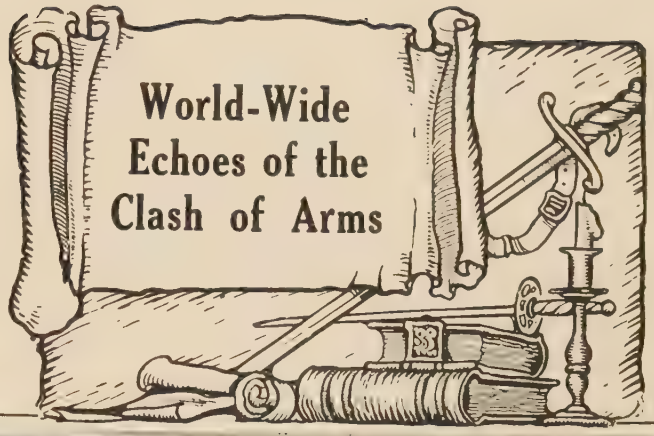
Unit of Canadian Field Artillery leaving Valcartier Mobilisation Camp to embark at Quebec for the front via the Motherland. Canada gave liberally of her sons in the great war against the Central European Empires, and it must be a source of gratification to the Dominion that the Canadian volunteers were among the soldiers most feared by the German conscripts.

Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who, of course, took an ardent interest in the Canadian Contingent and recruiting, is seen in this photograph crossing a pontoon bridge in the line of march from Valcartier to Quebec.

My heart clean loupit in my mouth to hear
The Pipers in the Strand,
And I nearly choked as I stopped to cheer
The Pipers in the Strand.
'Twas the grand auld tune that I loved to croon,
As a feckless, fechtin', country loon.

"Where hae ye been a' the day,
Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie?
Saw ye him that's far away,
Highland Laddie, O?"

—CLYDE FOSTER.



"His Majesty King Baby."—An up-to-date version of a popular picture. A French soldier on leave in London with wife and baby.

Daily Despatch of the Mail to Men at the Front

Royal Engineers' postal staff sorting the letters and parcels for the British Army at the front. On the right: Delivering the goods by motor-car to the expectant men in the trenches.

An Army post-office was established in Regent'e Park, and more than a million and a quarter letters and over a hundred and fifty thousand parcels, most of them containing food of every description, were dealt with every day during the war.

Additions to the Mascot Zoo and Other Curios

"Nanny," the agile mascot goat of the Sherwood Foresters' Transport Section.

"Nancy" and three comrades of the South African Scottish who underwent training in England.

"Looking for Jellicoe," as the Germans might say. Hun sailor using a field periscope.

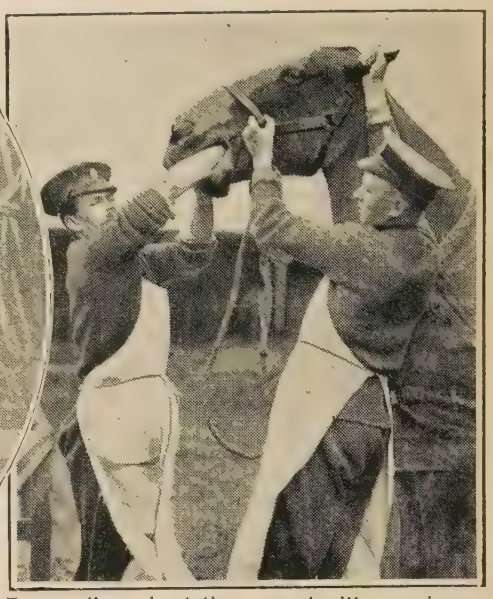
Melody with the R.F.C. Three members listening to a gramophone in France.

Allies with a difference. The long and short of it on the Austro-German front.

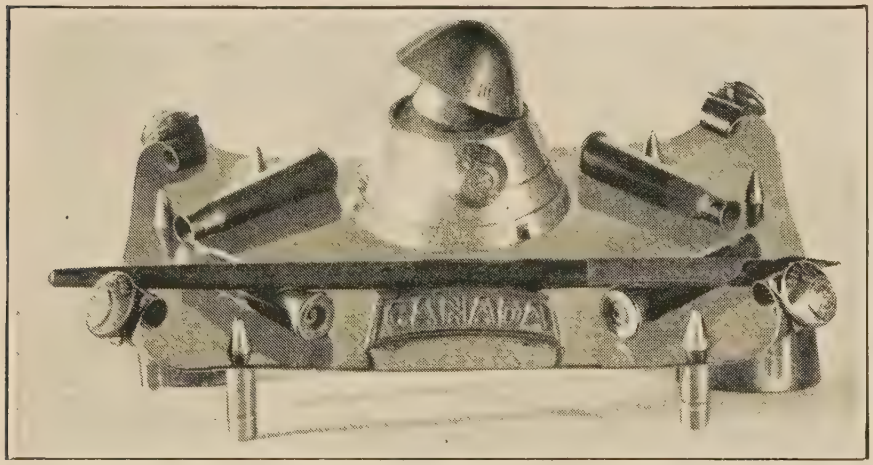
Leisure moments on the wary patrol ship. "Jack" making up to amuse his messmates.

Quaint friends of the Allies in the Levant. Mascot owl, Turkish cat, and a hedgehog.

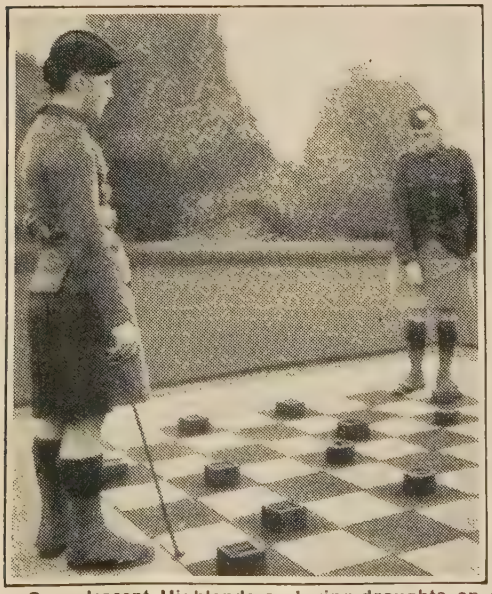
Fragments From the Interminable Film of War



Left : Donkey from Gallipoli, a pet of the Royal Naval Division. Centre : "Henry Farman," an air-station mascot with experience of service in an aeroplane, a submarine, and a mine-sweeper ! Right : A.V.C. men doctoring a horse with a pill at the front.



Novel inkstand made by a Canadian soldier from the time-fuse of an unexploded German shell ; some cartridges, bullets, buttons, and a shoulder badge. Right : The homely "tabby" installed in a British first-line trench.



Convalescent Highlanders playing draughts on a large outdoor board in the West of Scotland. Centre : French Army rat-catcher returning from the trenches with a "bag" of rodents. Right : The optimist ! A Belgian soldier, recovered from wounds, on his way from the Firth of Clyde to rejoin for active service.

Light Interludes in the Drama of the World War

A trench toilet. British "Tommy" being shaved by a Serbian soldier-barber in a trench manned by British and Serbian troops, fighting side by side. Right: A "lengthy" meal! Kurdish boatmen eating from giant loaves on the banks of the Tigris.

Ship's mascot comfortably perched on the warm llama wool hood of a sailor's winter outfit.

A coyote, the newly-acquired pet of a regiment of Canadian Roughriders, being introduced to the regimental bulldog.

A Canadian Highlander with a kitten, "Sniper," found by him in a trench at "Plug Street."

A French army shoemaker at work behind the lines. Napoleon said that he won his victories with the feet of his soldiers, and the same principle applies to-day. Right: By their diggings and burrowings the British and French armies incurred invasions by hordes of rats and mice, the ubiquitous rodents adding considerably to the discomforts of trench life. But they provided a spare-time sport, and here are seen some French soldiers with one day's "bag."

America's Roaring War Trade

"Too proud to fight" for the Cause of Freedom, but happy to make Dollars out of Europe's Difficulties

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

That the United States, in the course of the war year ending June, 1915, increased their export trade by £81,000,000 does not suggest that Great Britain's maritime blockade affected America's commerce to any great extent. In fact, although American trade was somewhat restricted in the interests of the Allies, there is every indication that our Transatlantic cousins were "making real good" out of the great calamity; and, furthermore, without the loss of a single citizen for what was, after all, America's cause as well as that of the Allies—the cause of democratic liberty.

A VISITOR from Mars, reading the American Note to Great Britain on the subject of our sea blockade of Germany, would imagine that the great American nation was in sore straits because of our maritime policy. The American diplomatic protest spoke of:

> The disastrous effect of the methods of the Allied Governments upon the general right of the United States to enjoy its international trade free from unusual and arbitrary limitations imposed by belligerent nations,

and it went on to say that:

> unwarranted delay and expense in bringing vessels into port for search and investigation upon mere suspicion has a deterrent effect upon trade ventures, however lawful they may be, which cannot be adequately measured in damages. The menace of interference with legal commerce causes vessels to be withdrawn from their usual trade routes and insurance on vessels and cargoes to be refused, while exporters for the same reason are unable or unwilling to send their goods to foreign markets, and importers dare not buy commodities abroad because of fear of their illegal seizure, or because they are unable to procure transportation.

Uncle Sam's Corner in Commerce

So runs paragraph 28 of this portentous declaration.

Now, as a matter of fact, it is a great comfort to us to know that although we were inflicting enormous economic injury upon the enemy, our friends in the United States were *not* suffering through the war. Although it would hardly be imagined from a perusal of the American official utterance above quoted, American exporters were having the time of their lives. They were making hay while the European sun was under a cloud.

As long ago as 1907 the United States exports had reached 376 millions. By 1914 they had risen to 473 millions, an increase of 97 millions in seven years. Comparing 1915 with 1914, however (the periods compared are the American fiscal years which end in June), we find that in a single year American exports leapt up through the war by 81 millions, to 554 millions. Thus, in a single year of war, American exports rose nearly as much as in the previous seven years. One would hardly gather that from the American official Note.

Mammon Worship in "God's Own Country"

But even that does less than justice to the remarkable effects of the war upon American exports. Just before war broke out, American exports were down. In July, 1914, they had fallen to 31 millions for the month, or at the rate of 372 millions a year. The following comparison is of remarkable interest:

American Exports in July, 1914	£31,000,000
American Exports in July, 1915	54,000,000
Increase through the war	£23,000,000

The explanation is a simple one. Whereas in July, 1914, the month before the war, Britain and her Allies bought £10,500,000 worth of American goods, in July, 1915, their American purchases had risen to £32,100,000.

Not only so, but as a result of the war America leapt to an easy trade supremacy. The British Fleet ruled out German commerce. Britain herself, although in one sense she maintained her exports remarkably, had necessarily been unable to accept all the business that had offered. Many a British firm had contracts in hand which it could not fill, or was compelled to refuse new export business. If we take the six months ended June, 1915, we get the following remarkable comparison:

EXPORTS (OWN PRODUCE) OF VARIOUS NATIONS, JANUARY TO JUNE. (In Millions of £.)

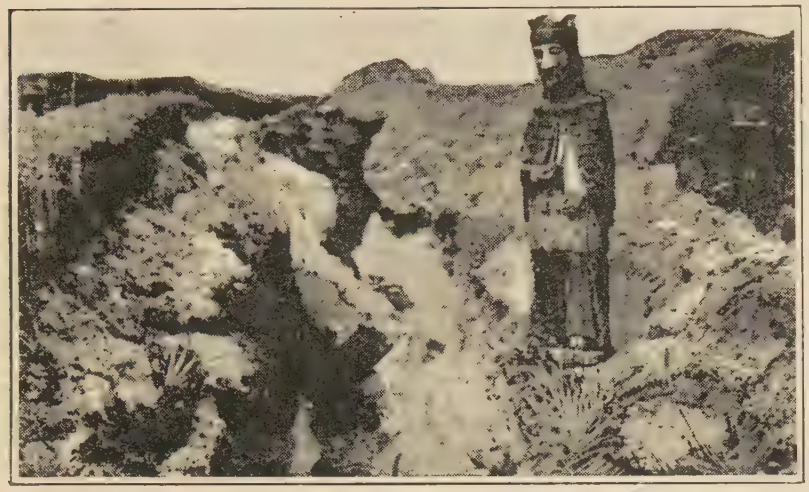
	1913.	1914.	1915.
United States	238	214	348
Britain	257	255	183
France	134	135	58
Italy	48	50	50

It will be seen that, in the first six months of 1915, the war added 134 millions to American exports as compared with the first six peaceful months of 1914.

[*Continued on page 1760.*

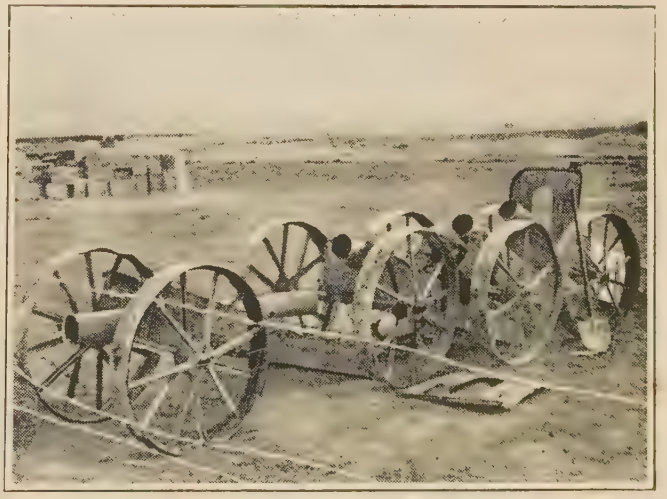
From Mars to Mammon. Procession of the "almighty dollar" in New York. $52,000,000 worth of English gold being conveyed in twenty-five automobiles, under heavy police guard, to the sub-treasury, New York, ostensibly to strengthen British financial interests on Wall Street.

Some of the Queer Things seen in War-time



This image of a saint of the Greek Church, found by Germans in a captured Russian trench, illustrates the simple piety of Russia's soldiers. Right: Eagerly awaiting parcels from England at the civilian internment camp at Ruhleben.

Left: Feeding the birds on a French carrier-pigeon automobile behind the firing-line. Above: French soldier about to enjoy the luxury of a rough-and-ready shower-bath behind the French lines.



Substantial German dug-out at a camp near Troubricot, in Champagne, captured by the French. The Frenchman is wearing a steel helmet. Right: Dummy guns captured from the enemy by the French during the great advance. These "fake" weapons were used as a "ruse de guerre" to deceive scouting airmen.

AMERICA'S ROARING WAR TRADE (Continued from page 1758.)

What would have happened to American commerce if Germany had occupied our position in the war, and if a German Navy had had the command of the seas that we possessed?

The answer to that question any American may gather from what Germany actually did in this war. The "New York Herald," in its comments upon President Wilson's Note, said: "It is pertinent to ask, was not there once a steamship known as the Lusitania?"

Sea-Power Champions Neutral Rights

If Germany, powerless at sea save in the use of the submarine, showed so little regard for the rights of neutral nations, to say nothing of the common instincts of humanity, what would she have done—or, rather, what would she not have done—if she had possessed the absolute command of the oceans that was ours? President Wilson's Note spoke of America as the champion of the rights of neutrals. He could not have been unaware that the British Navy was in a very real sense at that moment the main safeguard of neutral shipping.

At the Guildhall banquet the Lord Chief Justice, newly returned from America, told a story which is full of significance for America:

"We are not likely to forget the return from America. I will tell you the story how, on the voyage, approaching the danger zone, there were looks of some anxiety which one could detect on the faces of women and men on board the liner on which I was travelling. She was an American vessel. . . . There was a place agreed at which I was told by telegram . . . I should be met. We approached that place and . . . I went for'ard to see whether any signs were to be descried of a British ship. I saw nothing. Such was my confidence in the Navy that it did not cause me even the slightest trepidation. Within a moment or two I saw on the horizon far away two little specks appearing. Somehow in the distance I could detect, I cannot tell you why, they were warships. I shall not easily forget the scene on board that liner when men, women, and children, recognising they were warships, rejoiced and congratulated each other, never doubting for one moment that on that vast expanse of sea the warships approaching were British warships. And so they were."

The very day after that anecdote was told to a distinguished audience, the news arrived in London that a number of American subjects had perished in the dastardly sinking of the Ancona by a submarine which may have been Austrian, which was probably German, and which was in any case prosecuting a policy of murder conceived by the German Admiralty.

"*I should have acted,*" said ex-President Roosevelt, speaking of the Lusitania. It is not for us to dictate to America, or even to suggest to her, what action she should take for defence of her own honour or in vindication of her espousal of the rights of neutrals. We may, however, in view of paragraph 28 of the American Note, be permitted to point out to her, as is done in this article, that most certainly she did not suffer loss of trade through this war, and that British sea-power, although in absolute and unchallenged supremacy, was exercised with every regard for the commerce of neutral nations which the conditions of this unprecedented war permitted. Nay, we may go further, and point out that there are many amongst us who hold that we carried regard for neutrals so far as to endanger our own safety.

When Lancashire Starved for the U.S.A.

In the terrible American internecine strife of 1861-65, British sympathy for the cause of the North never faltered, in spite of the effect of the Federal blockade upon our great staple, the cotton industry. We endured the cotton famine which reduced Lancashire to misery and starvation, although the British Fleet could at any time have removed the American warships which stood between Lancashire and the cotton supply. There was no such war-created misery in the United States as existed in the eighteen-sixties in this country because of the American Civil War. If there had been, we could well believe that the American Government, the champions of liberty, would have consented to suffer as we suffered in the black year 1862, when Lancashire was starving, and when the repercussion of Lancashire's distress was felt throughout British industry. Fortunately, America was exposed to no such trial. She enjoyed the heyday of a war-created prosperity, and she was in a position, without shedding the blood of one of her sons, to play a great part in the determination of a war waged to end a remorseless tyranny.

As the guests of the European inhabitants of Cairo, who vied with one another in their keenness to do their utmost for British wounded soldiers, the convalescents were continually taken to see the sights of Egypt. Here, clad in pyjamas, some British soldiers are seen strolling through the Cairo Zoo.

The Magic Pipes in City Street and on the Field

"Pied Pipers" of the war. Enthusiastic recruits who had enlisted under Lord Derby's scheme following the inspiring skirl of the bagpipes played by Highland pipers—a frequent scene in London.

Shining through all the horror of human strife, the deluge of blood, the torrent of tears, are incidents which compensate for suffering, and even make war sublimely beautiful. Such an event was the conduct of Piper Laidlaw, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, on the occasion of the advance at Loos. At a critical moment when his comrades were unnerved by the effects of gas, the superb piper bounded on to the trench parapet, and swung up and down, playing "The Flowers of the Forest" under heavy fire. The magic skirl of the pipes restored the nerve to his sentimental compatriots. The effect was instantaneous, and the Scots dashed out of the trench to the assault, Laidlaw piping away until wounded, thereby gaining the V.C.

ARMY DOGS' HEADQUARTERS.—French military dogs' "dug-outs" near the firing-line in the North of France. This animals' camp consists of terraced kennels cut in the rocks, the entrances being built up solidly with boulders. These army dogs are used by the French chiefly for ambulance work and scouting. The Red Cross dogs are sent out to help in finding wounded soldiers who may have crawled under cover and are unable to attract the attention of the first-aid men. The scout dogs accompany sentries on night duty.

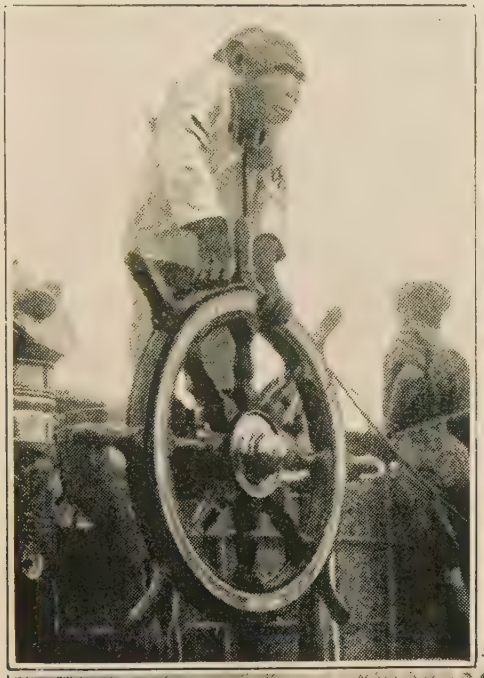
Melody and Mirth with the Allied Fighting Men

The pipes and drums of a Highland regiment being played at a British camp outside Salonika.

A slight illustration of Belgium's undaunted optimism, as expressed by a heterogeneous orchestra! Left: Australians and Scotsmen enjoying a melodeon solo on a London bridge.

"Sweetness in the desert air!" Egyptian troops receiving a music lesson from a smiling native non-com.

Merriment, Mascots & Medicine Ashore & Afloat



Left: A mascot helmsman, the pet of a British troopship, clad in naval uniform. Above: Harmony, humour and the ubiquitous "Charlie Chaplin." Amateur comedians entertaining their comrades on the deck of a British battleship.

"Kiss-in-the-ring." Wounded soldiers being entertained by the Society of Yorkshiremen in London. Right: Private Maidment, a clever ventriloquist, and a survivor from the mined hospital ship Anglia, who entertained his fellow-patients.

"Tiny," a donkey found dying on the roadside by the 26th Divisional Train at Salonika. He was cared for and adopted as a mascot. Right: Medicine time. A welcome visitor with an unwelcome gift at a convalescent camp in France.

Children of the Brave on the Fringe of War

Within sound of the guns in Flanders, over three hundred little Belgian children attended a school presided over by a major in the Belgian army. Inset: Food was provided for those scholars who came long distances to attend the battlefield school.

Numbers of little French children who lost both father and mother through the war were cared for at a large house at Nice. They were adopted by Madame Poporaska, who undertook to have the little ones taught trades after their education was completed.

Some Phases in a Horse's Life at the Front

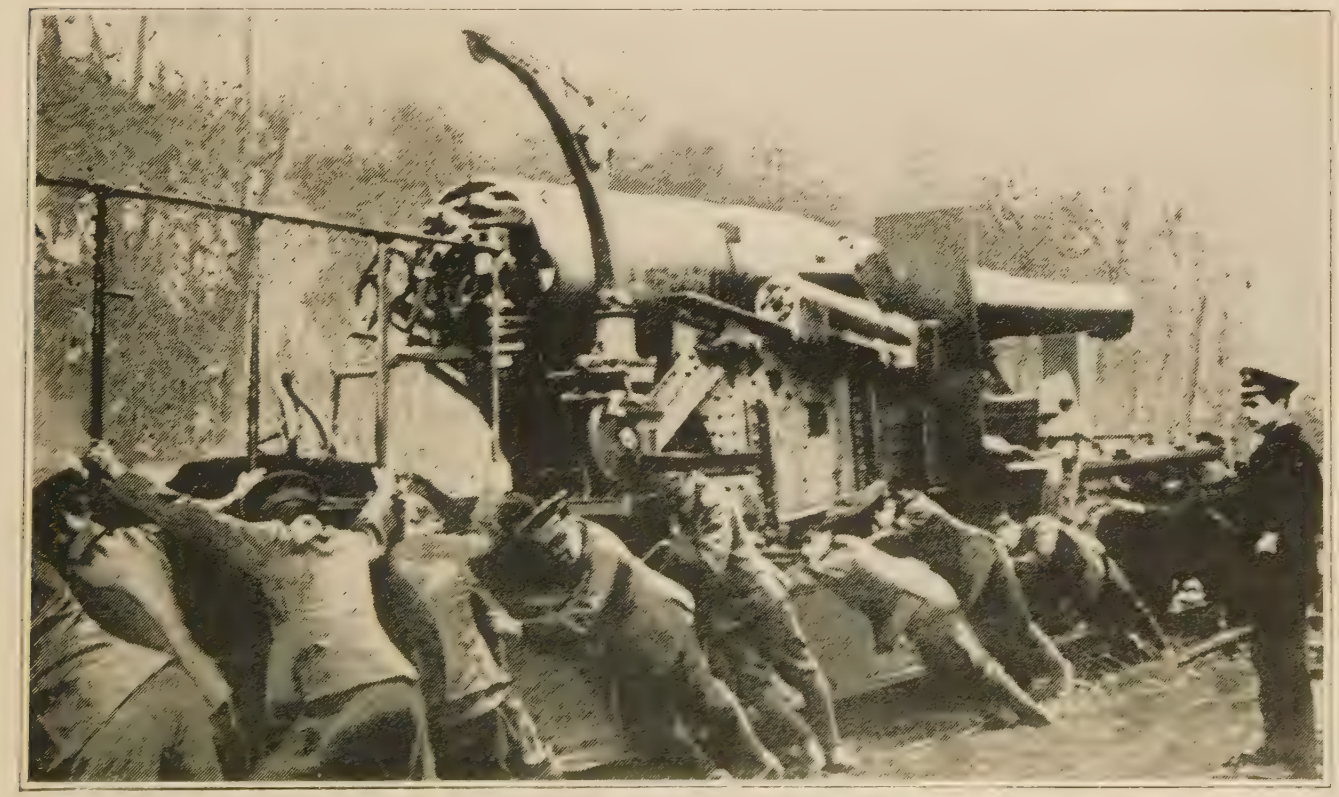
Hay being collected from an abandoned forage depot to be conveyed to an advanced position. The strictest economy was practised at the base camps in France. Right: British soldiers preparing winter quarters for the mules.

Left: One of the many Army Veterinary Corps' hospitals in France built by the R.S.P.C.A. Above: Horse being inoculated by an Army veterinary surgeon: an operation as necessary for animals as for men.

Cowboy, with one of the Canadian Contingents in France, finds his lasso as useful at the front as on the prairie. This photograph was taken near Dieppe, where a number of the Canadians' horses were allowed to run to grass before their journey to the firing-line.

The Ultimate Extremes in Man-killing Machines

British officer instructing African natives in the use of the Maxim gun. The machine-gun has replaced the rifle to a great extent in modern battles. During an enemy advance, the rapid Maxim is the only weapon that can cope with numbers.



Enormous siege weapon being hauled into position. It was hardly likely that any defence work could withstand bombardment from a dozen such weapons, which played an important part in the later days of the war. Unquestionably the big gun was the weapon with which to win, and all the belligerents concentrated their energy on devising even more powerful machines than those used by the Germans at the beginning of the struggle.

Indo-British Activities in a Remote Asian Area

Striking photographs of Britain's little campaign against the Mohmands, the turbulent Pathan tribe, in the North-West Province of India. Hindoo signallers "speaking" with flag and heliograph in the British lines near Hafiz Kar, north of the Khyber Pass.

Firing on the rebel Mohmands in open country, prior to charging them with the bayonet. Right: Repelling a sudden attack on part of our front. One man is about to fix his bayonet.

An attack in progress near Hafiz Kar, where General Campbell's 1st Division moved out to fight the rebels on September 5th, 1915. The Mohmands live partly in Afghanistan, partly in independent tribal territory within the British frontier, and partly in districts around Peshawar. They are Mohammedans, and were incited to rise through German influence.

A GREAT GUN IN THE MAKING. OIL-HARDENING A 12-INCH GUN TUBE.

An impressive scene in a British munition works. Throughout the land the workshops and factories were run at the highest pressure to fashion the materials of victory.

To face page 1768

Quaint Sidelights from the Battle Centres

Left: Italian lieutenant of engineers in steel breastplate and helmet—an almost mediæval outfit. Above: Simian dentistry. "Jacko" examining the teeth of his fellow mascot aboard a battleship. Right: Equipped for the "tourney." Another Italian officer in armour.

A German capture in Serbia that afforded a welcome opportunity to the Wolff Bureau—a little Serbian victim who wandered too near the German lines. Right: Military blacksmiths cooking a midday meal on their forge at a base in France.

Ferrets about to be sent to the trenches. Dealers were commissioned to send ferrets to France, where they were used to fight the rats that added so much to the hardships of trench life. Right: Goose stepping to the bugle call! A humorous incident in France.

Many Varied Echoes of the Far-flung Clash

A soldier who, before he enlisted, was a professional ventriloquist, amusing his comrades behind the firing-line. Right: Private J. Gallaher, Coldstream Guards, painting on plates in a hospital ward.

The youngest French soldier, Jacques Viriot, who, though only thirteen, served in the trenches.

Little Egyptian boy who was adopted by the Australians at Cairo as their mascot.

Another Australian mascot. A boy, eight years old, who accompanied a battalion from Australia.

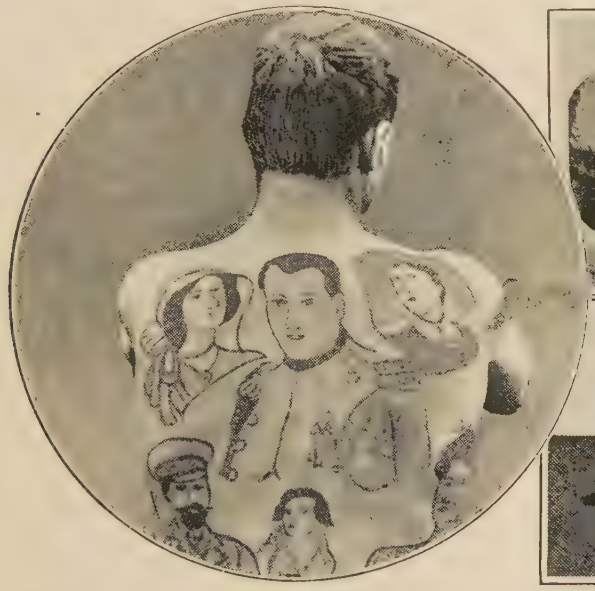
A small instance of the conscription of labour enforced by the invaders on the eastern front. Wandering knife-grinder sharpening a German's knife under Teutonic supervision.

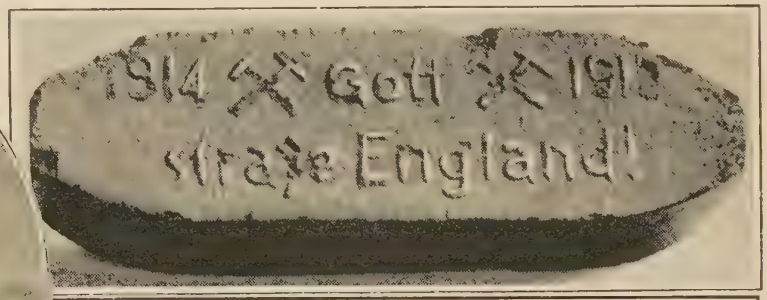
The arrival of Christmas parcels in an enemy trench. Germans in France contemplating a bottle of wine sent from the Fatherland.

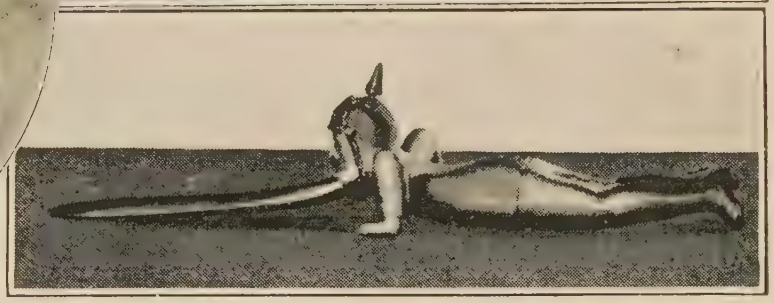
Divers Novelties of the Ever-Wonderful War

Regimental mascot symbolical of its owners' homeland. "Dickey," the pet kangaroo of an Australian unit, aboard a transport.

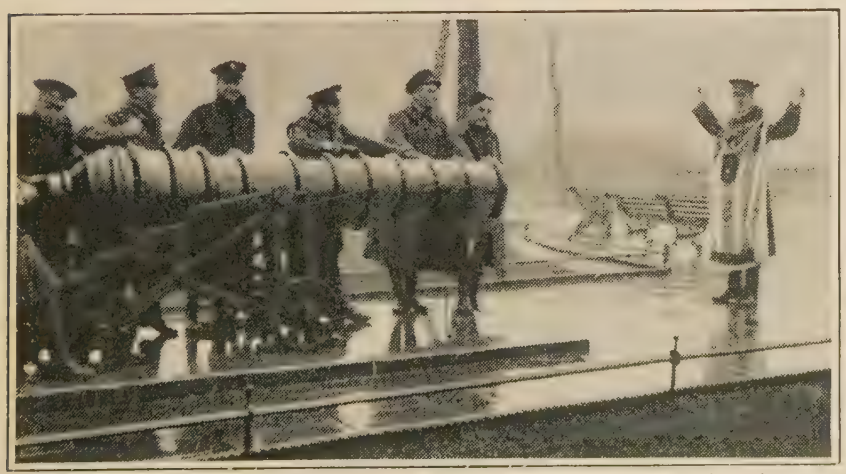
Fisticuffs on the deck of a troopship. Two soldier boxers having a friendly sparring match to keep themselves fit.





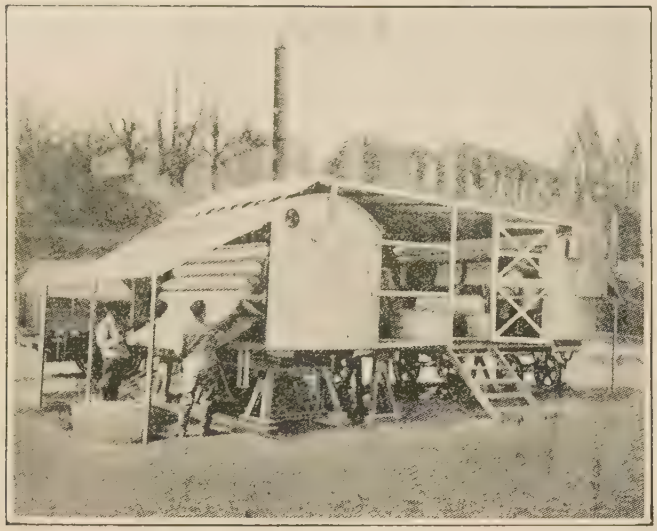


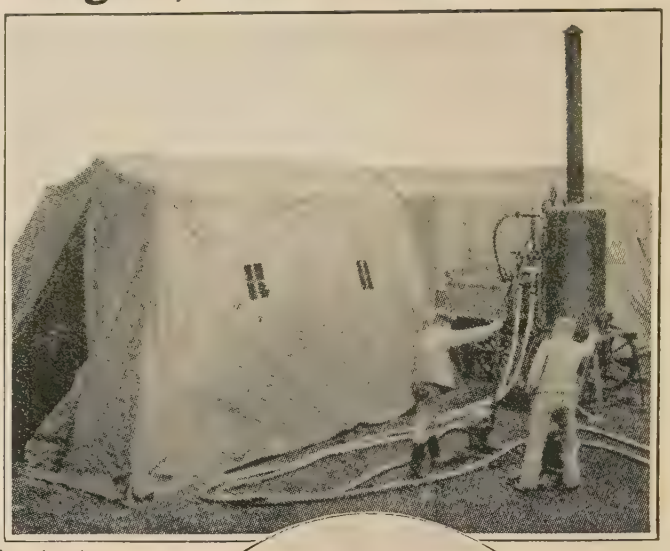
Patriotic "needlework" on the back of a French soldier—tattooing emblematic of Britain, France and Alsace, Russia, and Italy. Right, above: The "fuel of hate!" The "motto" stamped on a lump of patent fuel affords an amazing illustration of the Teuton's lack of humour. Below: An ingenious leather toy made by a French soldier, and representing the Kaiser as an ant-eater.



"Glad-rag" trophies of the "Canada crowd." Canadians with one of the banners they captured at the peace meeting they raided in London. The soldiers invented a ceremony at which they gravely "shot" the banners with a Chinese gun at their headquarters. Right: Trooper W. T. Hickinson painting one of his clever cartoons at Springfield Military Hospital.

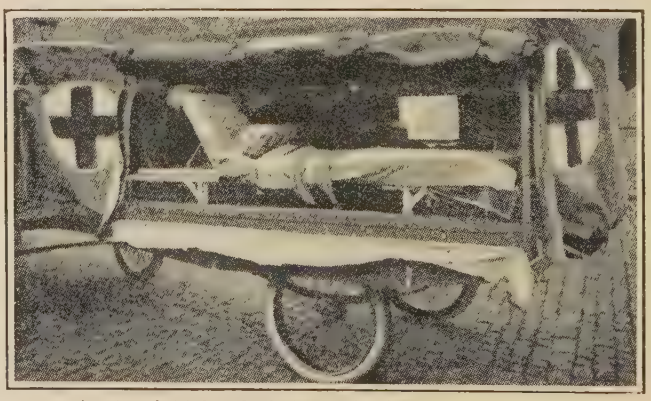
The Campaign Against Plague, the Common Foe





Collapsible field steam laundry used in the German Army. The structure could be taken to pieces easily and conveyed to another part of the front. Right: Bathing-waggon being worked outside a tent containing baths of hot water.

British soldiers perfecting the drainage system of a camp in France. In view of the inclement winter weather the question of draining camps became of supreme importance to the good health of troops. Right: Disinfecting a captured German trench.



Motor-drawn German Red Cross waggons of a new type. As illustrated in the right-hand photograph, the canvas sides and ends could be rolled up, allowing ambulance workers to attend to the wounded without having to remove the men, and also obviating the dreadful jolt that could not be avoided when the stretchers themselves were pushed head-first into ambulances.

Bonds of Sympathy Between Wounded Fighters

Two and a quarter yards of prisoner. One German lad captured by the French in a raid on the trenches was six feet nine inches in height—a most inconvenient stature for trench life, and making its owner somewhat conspicuous in a German prison camp.

A roadside scene behind the lines in France. Soldiers offering gentle ministration to their wounded comrades. Above: French Red Cross men dressing the wounds of a German prisoner.

Some Rare Pleasures for The Man-of-Arms

Jolly scene at the Zoological Gardens, where a number of sturdy "Jocks," straight from the front, are being wheeled to lunch by a squad of feminine admirers. The usually self-conscious Scot seems to have adapted himself to this charming hero-worship with as much sang-froid as he did to the bitterness of the Huns.

Wounded soldiers playing billiards in the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's famous Orchid House, Highbury, Birmingham, which was being used as a V.A.D. Hospital. Inset: Wounded officers taking tea in a house in Grosvenor Street, London, which was converted into a club for their benefit. Newspapers and games were provided.

Physical Energy versus Rocks and Mud

Hauling a gun over a rough mountainous road. Italian artillerymen, with the aid of horses, are dragging a mountain weapon into position. Whatever may be said of the difficulties in the Balkans, the intense cold of the Baltic, the barren wastes of Gallipoli, the Alps must ever remain the most arduous arena of Mars.

The roads in Serbia, consequent upon heavy rains and unwonted transport of machines and men, were like ploughed fields. This striking photograph depicts a German Staff officer's car stranded in the mud, a convoy of ammunition waggons going up to the front on the left, and a column on the right passing to the rear. Inset: Helping to get an officer's car out of a rut.

By-the-Way Happenings in the World-Wide War

A little engagement with the Grand Fleet. Duel between two men with mops dipped in flour and soot.

Mahomet Ben Salim, unique recipient of the D.C.M. for good work in Mesopotamia as senior naval officers' interpreter.

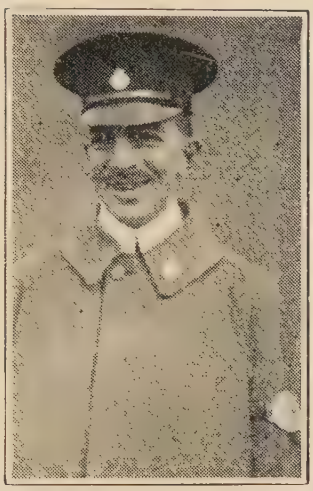
French missionary wearing riband of the Legion of Honour, the Cross of War, and religious emblems. He rescued many wounded on the Champagne front.

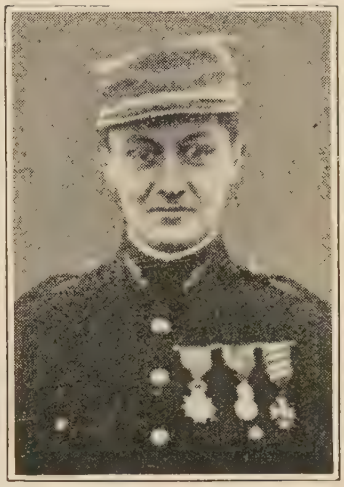
The war on the trench pest. Rat-hunter with a bag of rodents killed by the dog. These vermin infested some of the first-line positions in swarms, and were a source of great annoyance to the soldiers.

Amusing incident in a London street. The soldier, who knows something about "navvying," teaches the labourer his business, and the language used will not pass the Censor.

Ancient custom in France during war-time. Town-crier with a drum announced the daily communique, generally only to the women of the village. Nearly all their menfolk were on service.

War-time Items of Interest Public and Personal





Marquis of Downshire and (2) his son, the Earl of Hillsborough, as special constables. (3) Pilot-Sergeant Gaynemer, who, for his daring exploits in the air, has been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and awarded the Military Medal and the Cross of War. (4) Capt. V. M. Lunnon, 11th Essex Regt., enlisted on Sept. 7th, 1914, and rose to his present rank in seven months.

An unstable toilet—hair-cutting operations on the narrow deck of a British submarine. Above: On the occasion of a fete day held in the French lines at Salonika there was a pageant in which topical matters were burlesqued. A goose-step performer.

By a recent order of the French War Minister, stripes are granted according to the number of times a man is wounded. In this photograph the top black stripes represent eighteen months' service, and the lower for wounds are red. (2) Germans bargaining for meat in a Serbian town. (3) Cap and ear-piece for deaf recruits or soldiers whose hearing has been impaired. Inside the front of the cap is an instrument, and the sound, penetrating the eyelets, is thus conveyed to the ear-piece.

Rifles Used in the Great War by Allies and Enemies

The German Mauser

Can fire forty rounds a minute—more than any other rifle in present use. It is of the 1898 pattern, weighs 9 lb., without the bayonet, and is sighted from 219 to 2,200 yards. It has a stabbing length of 5 ft. 9 in.—8 in. longer than the British—but without the bayonet is 4 ft. 1 in. long. It is the strongest and simplest rifle in use. The magazine holds five cartridges. Turkey uses a similar rifle.

The Austrian Mannlicher

Similar to the Mauser and Lee-Enfield, except that the bolt is operated with a snap back and forth, and has not to be turned to lock the breech. The magazine holds five cartridges; the rifle weighs, without the bayonet, 8 lb. 5 oz., and is sighted from 410 to 2,132 yards. Bulgarians and Greeks also use the Mannlicher.

The British Lee-Enfield

The rifle is only 3 ft. 8½ in. long, and so is useful for cavalry, and particularly serviceable for snap-shooting. It has a range of from 200 to 2,800 yards, and holds twice as many cartridges as the German Mauser. It weighs 8 lb. 2 oz.

The French Lebel

This was the first magazine rifle adopted by a European army, and the first to fire smokeless powder. With bayonet fixed it is longer than any other rifle, and weighs, without the bayonet, 9 lb. 3½ oz. It is sighted from 273 to 2,187 yards. The tube magazine under the barrel (indicated by crosses) holds eight cartridges.

The Belgian Mauser

The Belgian and Serbian Armies both use Mauser rifles, but of smaller bore than the German pattern. The Belgian Mauser, the 1889 pattern, weighs just over 8 lb., and is sighted from 547 to 2,187 yards. The magazine holds five cartridges, and the rifle, with its short, flat bayonet, measures 4 ft. 11¾ in. The bayonet is 9½ in. long.

The Russian Rifle

The longest in Europe, and modelled on the Mauser, the Russian "3 line" Nagant is sighted up to 2,100 yards. The triangular bayonet is fixed, never being removed from the rifle. There is an "interruptor" which prevents cartridges from jamming. It weighs a fraction less than 9 lb.

The Italian Mannlicher-Carcano

A modified Mannlicher, the Italian rifle, of the 1891 pattern, weighs just over 8 lb. 6 oz. without the bayonet, and measures 4 ft. 2¾ in. The magazine holds six cartridges.

The rifles used by the belligerents, showing in detail the working of the British Lee-Enfield. This, the latest British Government pattern, known as "Mark III.," and the result of a series of improvements on the 1887 pattern, has a magazine holding two "chargers," each containing five rounds, so that the magazine is filled with ten rounds in two motions. Unlike the German Mauser, our rifle is fitted with a cut-off, which enables it to be used as a single-loader. The barrel is 25 in. long.

Rudyard Kipling.

THE TWENTY BEST WAR POEMS

Specially Selected for "The War Illustrated"

By Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

In making this selection of war poems I have tried to do justice to various interests—to our Allies, and especially to our Dominions, also to the various forms of service, and to the new perils that have disclosed themselves in the war. Nor could I forget either the sorrows of bereavement or the religious hope that has sustained so many combatants in the battlefield and so many aching hearts at home.—W. R. N.

Thomas Hardy.

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE." By Rudyard Kipling.

Some lines in Mr. Kipling's poem have passed into the consciousness of the nation. Those who heard Lord Plymouth at Queen's Hall after his son's death will never forget how he quoted the words: "Who dies if England live?"

FOR all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand;
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart
The old commandments stand:—
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

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MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.)

By Thomas Hardy.

These verses of Mr. Thomas Hardy share with Mr. Kipling the distinction of making a universal appeal.

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be!—
England's need are we;
Her distress would set us rueing:
Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing grey,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

"TO A FALSE PATRIOT."

By Sir Owen Seaman.

Sir Owen Seaman was at his best in "Punch" in a series of poems that won attention by their pathos, their sarcasm, their courage, and their fine indignation. The following verses are characteristic.

HE came obedient to the Call;
He might have shirked like half his mates
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime,
You waved a flag above his head,
And hoped he'd have a high old time,
And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are!
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake";
And took him round from bar to bar
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,
He held himself the soldier's way—
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right;
Your easy conscience takes no blame;
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand
Nothing of all his bitter pain;
You have no regiment to brand;
You have no uniform to stain;

No vow of service to abuse,
No pledge to King and Country due;
But he had something dear to lose,
And he has lost it—thanks to you.

THE KAISER AND GOD.

By Barry Pain.

This masterpiece of irony is from the text, "I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory. How magnificently God supported him!"—Telegram from the Kaiser to the Crown Princess.

LED by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well;
You with patronising nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—does God approve of you?

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn;
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore,
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorise,
Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing-line,
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow,
But a Cross of Wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain
Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that Name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies.

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God.
To Whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.

"THE HOSTS OF THE DEAD."

Written by a Canadian soldier in camp near Ypres.

IN lonely watches night by night
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghastly banners o'er them float,
Strange bugles sound an awful note;
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed,
And peace hath come to them at last;
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.

INTO BATTLE. By Julian Grenfell.

No poem of the war reflected more perfectly the mind of the soldiers than this by the gallant Capt. the Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., who died a hero's death.

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.
The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth; [run,
Speed with the light-foot winds to
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.
All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.
The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
"If this be the last song you shall sing
"Sing well, for you may not sing another;
"Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes [blind,
Him by the throat, and makes him

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Flanders, April, 1915.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1914. By Neil Munro.

The religious feeling of the nation is well expressed in this poem by the brilliant Scottish novelist.

LORD, from this storm-awakened isle,
At this dark hour on land and sea,
'Twixt bugle-call and Sabbath bell
Go up our prayers to Thee.

For the long years of sanctuary
We tender thanks, O Lord!
For peaceful fields and sacred hearths,
And the unused sword.

Thine be the praise. And now when quakes
The world, and trials come,
O God, preserve inviolate
Our ancient island Home!

O! had we died untried, unproved,
And missed this hour of stress!—
Praise be to God for this last gift,
The joy of steadfastness!

Where'er our people be to night,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunder-bolted deep,
Or bivouacked by the guns;

Treading the mire of a foreign land,
Or guarding our native coasts,
Be Thou their Shield and Comforter,
We pray Thee, God of Hosts!

THE ZEPPELIN. By Laurence Binyon.

Mr. Laurence Binyon is as much the poet of the Zeppelin as Mr. Henley was of the motor-car.

GUNS! Far and near,
Quick, sudden, angry,
They startle the still street.
Upturned faces appear,
Doors open on darkness,
There is a hurrying of feet,
And whirled athwart gloom
White fingers of alarm
Point at last there
Where bright and dumb
A shape suspended
Hovers, a demon of the starry air.
Strange and cold as a dream
Of sinister fancy,
It charms like a snake,
Poised deadly in the gleam,
While bright explosions
Leap up to it and break.

Is it terror you seek
To exult in? Know then
Hearts are here
That the plunging beak
Of night-winged murder
Strikes not with fear
So much as it strings
To a deep elation
And a quivering pride
That at last the hour brings
For them too the danger
Of those who died,
Of those who yet fight
Spending for each of us
Their glorious blood
In the foreign night,—
That now we are neared to [them
Thank we God.

SONS OF BRITAIN. By William Watson.

SONS of her who keeps her faith unbroken,
Her who gave you might of limb and nerve,
Her whose service—be it devoutly spoken—
Perfect freedom is, for all who serve:

Her who gave you dower of iron sinew, [brave—
Her who made you strong and swift and
Give her all the manhood that is in you:
'Tis the royal gift her own hands gave.

England's safety—England's dearer honour—
Both forbid that you should halt and wait
Till the Enemy be indeed upon her,
He who vaunts and flaunts him at her gate.

Heed not overmuch when she is slandered;
Yours to guard her from a Bully's blow;
Yours to arm, and rally to her standard;
Yours to rise, and face the brutal foe.

Men of England—men of loyal Ireland—
Men of faithful Scotland, faithful Wales—
Forth and fight, for Motherland and Sireland,
Fight for Right, that in the end prevails!

Then, though yonder battlefields be gory,
You shall make them great and splendid too,
And with laurel of eternal glory
She we love shall crown your deeds and you.

"IF I SHOULD DIE." By Rupert Brooke.

This is the finest sonnet of the war. It is reprinted from "1914," by permission of the Literary Executor of the author and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed:
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Wash'd by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives back somewhere the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD. By Barry Pain.

I DREAMED that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes;
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race [side
That foes marched side by
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led,
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—

Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!

THE INDIAN ARMY. By R. E. Vernede.

Some of the best war poems were written by Mr. R. E. Vernède, and published in "The Times."

INTO the West they are marching! This is their longed-for day
When that which England gave them they may at last repay;
When for the faith she dealt them, peasants and priests and lords,
When for the love they bear her, they shall unsheathe their swords.

Men of the plains and hill-men, men born to warrior roles,
Tall men of matchless ardour, small men with mighty souls,
Rulers alike and subjects; splendid the roll-call rings;
Rajahs and Maharajahs, Kings and the sons of Kings,
Bikanir, Patiala, Ratlam, and Kishangarh,
Jodhpur, who rides the leopard down, Sachin and Cooch-Behar,
From lands where skies are molten and suns strike down and parch,
Out of the East they're marching, into the West they march.

Oh little nimble Gurkhas, who've won a hundred fights,
Oh Sikhs—the Sikhs who failed not upon the Dargai heights,
Rajputs, against whose valour once in a younger world
Ruthless, unceasing, vainly, the Mogul's hosts were hurled.

Grey are our Western daybreaks and grey our Western skies
And very cold the night-watch unbroke by jackals' cries;
Hard too will be the waiting—you do not love to wait?
Aye, but the charge with bayonets—they'll sound it soon or late!
And when that charge is sounded, who'll heed grey skies and cold?
Not you, Sikhs, Rajputs, Gurkhas, if to one thought you hold,
If as you cross the open, if as the foe you near,
If as you leap the trenches, this thought is very clear:

These foes, they are not sahibs: they break the word they plight,
On babes their blades are whetted, dead women know their might;
Their princes are as sweepers, whom none may touch or trust,
Their gods they have forgotten; their honour trails the dust;
All that they had of izzat is trodden under heel—
Into their hearts, my brothers, drive home, drive home the steel!

THE VIGIL. By Sir Henry Newbolt.

Sir Henry Newbolt is one of our noblest patriotic poets.

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now, before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
"England! what thou wert, thou art!"
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth! and God defend the Right!

ALL I POSSESS. By C. A. B.

"All I possess." His Highness the Rajah of Pudukota.

"ALL I possess," the Rajah said,
"My wealth, my troops, are thine,
With the myriad swords of India's lords,
For England's foes are mine!"
And they came, those dusky warriors
('Twas a royal, noble deed);
By England's side they fought and died
For England's need.

"All I possess," the laddie said,
And lofty was his brow,
"Love's sweet voice hushed, Ambition crushed,
For *England* needs me now.
Farewell, fair scenes, the might-have-beens!
It is not much, indeed,
But I give my all—my life—at call
Of England's need."

"All I possess," the mother said,
"And mine the woman's part
In agony, that none may see,
To hide a breaking heart;
But I give my all—for should *he* fall
With none beside to heed—
Can one give more than the son she bore
For England's need?"

AUSTRALIA'S TRIUMPH. By Queenie Scott-Hopper.

Australia's magnificent response to the call finds voice in these spirited lines.

WITH hand upon her trident rose
the mistress of the sea—
Her brows she knit, o'er eyes wrath-lit,
and "What is this?" said she.
"Who dares my ocean-realm oppress
That ships should go in fear?
What arrogant adventuress?
What brazen buccaneer?
Lo, mine the broad blue highway is,
and mine to keep it free
From all such wanton brigands," spake
the mistress of the sea.

"Good ships a score, the tide sweeps
o'er, that perished as her prey;
Shall none for these just vengeance take?
Shall none her plundering stay?
On peaceful ports of sea-coast fair
She swoops in fell descent—
With murderous shells plays havoc
there,
And steams away content.
Who loves me, then, will heed my call,
and scour the deep with me,
To cleanse it of this terror," quoth the
mistress of the sea.

"The chase may be a long-drawn chase,
for artful tricks she tries—
She rigs a sham fourth funnel up, a
friendly flag she flies;
And sidling in amongst us thus
In crafty masquerade
She turns destruction loose on us,
And counts the trick well played.
But once too oft she'll dare the game,
and punished shall she be,
Who scores by craft and cheating,"
spake the mistress of the sea.

"The chase may be a long-drawn chase,
for wide the ocean-field,
And none can guess the lurking-place
where next her hand's revealed:
Where, secretly, the plotter basks,
And, beckoning to her prey—
'Say, have you seen the Emden?'
asks
In quite a guileless way;
Then, following up the answering clue,
swoops down with 'Here is she!'
Am I, or is this minx, I beg, the mistress
of the sea?"

The chase hath been a long-drawn chase,
as two full moons avow—
She challenged us ere Holy Cross, and
here's Saint Martin now.
But on the eve of Martinmas
Australia's accents clear,
Their news across the ocean pass—
"We've caught her, Mother dear!
We caught her on the Cocos Isles—as
fair as fair could be;
She's wrought her last bold outrage
'gainst the mistress of the sea!"

"O, bravely done!" Britannia said—
(What mother but hath known
More gladness o'er a daughter's feat
than triumph of her own?)
"O, bravely done!" Britannia
cried;
"A signal service paid,
In warfare, to the Cause Allied—
In peace, to ocean-trade;
While, true of heart and strong of arm,
my children stand by me,
We'll keep the broad blue highway!"
spake the mistress of the sea.

TO A MOTHER. By J. J. Bell.

The author of "Wee Macgreegor" expresses with much tenderness the yearning pride of the mother who gives her son to the war.

YOU have known it, this truth beyond others,
Since first the babe breathed at your side:
No yearning so deep as the Mother's,
No guerdon so great as her pride

You still see his look as he left you
You still feel his clasp and his kiss—
More kindly a sword would have cleft you
Than the fear that has ended in this.

My dear, dare a word that is human
Intrude on Love's desolate cry?
Dare Pity itself ask a woman
What death she would have her son die?

Yet lovelier than life is the beauty
Of death upon him who doth give
The uttermost homage to Duty,
Who dies that a nation may live.

Oh, fail not, though love could not save him,
Be proud, though the sorrow endures—
The life he has given you gave him,
His honours and glory are yours.

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS. By Lord Crewe.

The Harrow School magazine contained the following poem by Lord Crewe, whose son-in-law, Captain the Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, M.P., was killed in action.

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

"THE DAY." By Henry Chappell.

The author of this fine poem is Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. (Reprinted by permission of "The Daily Express.")

YOU boasted the day, you toasted the day,
And now the day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the day, you lied for the day,
And woke the day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the day, you schemed for the day;
Watch how the day will go.
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the day, you have grown for the day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of the slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the day, you have longed for the day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain.
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

CALLED UP. By Dudley Clark.

The protector of England against the Great Armada and the Man of Trafalgar remind us that, though the methods of war vary with the centuries, Drake's Drum and Nelson's Signal still inspire the British Navy.

COME, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's a-looming!
Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are a-booming!
'Tis a longish line of battle—such as we did never see;
An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by you an' me!

What seest thou, Sir Francis?—Strange things I see appearing!
What hearest thou, Sir Francis?—Strange sounds I do be hearing!
They are fighting in the heavens; they're at war beneath the sea!
Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o' you an' me!

Seest thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I see great lights a-seeking!
Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I hear thin wires a-speaking!
Three leagues that shot hath carried!—God, that such could ever be!
There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson—they ha' done wi' you an' me!

Look thou again, Sir Francis!—I see the flags a-flapping!
Hearken once more, Sir Francis!—I hear the sticks a-tapping!
'Tis a sight that calls me thither!—'Tis a sound that bids me "Come!"
'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!—'Tis the beating of my drum!

Art thou ready, good Sir Francis? See, they wait upon the quay!
Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought of you an' me!

HYMN FOR AIRMEN. By M. C. D. H.

The following was published in "The Times" on January 5th, 1915.

LORD, guard and guide the men who fly
Through the great spaces of the sky,
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storm or sunshine fair.

Thou Who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds, with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skilful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with Thy saving Grace.
O God, protect the men who fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the courtesy of all the authors represented by Sir William Robertson Nicoll's selections in permitting their poems to be reprinted here.

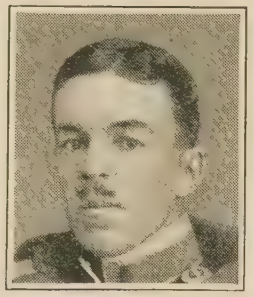
And never a word does one man speak,
Each in his narrow bed,
For this is the Vale of Long Release,
This is the Vale of the Lasting Peace,
Where wars, and the rumours of wars, shall cease—
The Valley of the Dead.
—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

Private Lynn, V.C., of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, who died after working a machine-gun single-handed, and so checked the German advance under cover of a poison-gas cloud.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. H. G. FITTON, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.



Major H. A. CARTER, V.C., 101st Grenadiers, Indian Army.

Maj. H. J. U. WILKINS, 1st S. Lancashire Regt.

Maj. H. J. J. L. MONTEITH, 1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry.

Capt. J. B. ATKINSON, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Capt. S. R. JACKSON, 19th London (T.F., St. Pancras).

Capt. C. S. BLAKE, 10th S. Lancs Regt.

Capt. C. F. DROUGHT, 7th Lincolnshire Regt.

Capt. R. B. BURGESS, Royal Engineers.

Capt. G. J. SCOTT, 5th Yorkshire Regt. (T.F.).

Brig.-Gen. H. G. Fitton, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. to the King, was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Berkshire Regiment in 1884; he was appointed Lieut.-Col. to the Royal West Kents in 1905. Gen. Fitton had occupied many important Staff positions, and seen much active service in the Sudan Expedition from Suakim (1885); at Giniss and elsewhere in the Sudan in 1885-86; in the Dongola Expedition (1896), when he was wounded and won his D.S.O.; in both Nile Expeditions; he fought at Atbara and at Khartoum, and was on the Staff throughout the South African War. Gen. Fitton held many decorations.

Major H. A. Carter, V.C., 101st Grenadiers, Indian Army, obtained his commission in 1897. He served through the Tirah Campaign in 1897-98 (medal and two clasps), in Somaliland (medal and three clasps). During this campaign Major Carter was mentioned in despatches, and in April, 1904, he won the Victoria Cross for saving the life of one of his men.

Major H. J. J. L. Monteith, 1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry, served in the South African War, receiving the Queen's Medal with two clasps. Capt. C. F. Drought, 7th Lincolnshire Regiment, was the eldest son of Canon and Mrs. Drought, of St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne. Capt. R. B. Burgess, Royal Engineers, was well known as an Irish Rugby International. Lieut. F. J. Christison, 10th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was the younger son of Sir Alexander and Lady Christison.

Lieut. Innes O. Hutchison, 2nd Black Watch, was a London journalist, and a member of the editorial staff of the "Evening News." He joined the Artists' Rifles at the outbreak of war.

Capt. H. WRIGHT, 6th Loyal N. Lancs Regt.

Lieut. F. J. CHRISTISON, 10th Argyll & Sutherland H.

Lieut. C. S. WARD, 10th R. Warwick Regt.

Lieut. I. O. HUTCHISON, 2nd Black Watch.

Lieut. S. L. PONSONBY, 12th Middlesex Regt.

Lt. G. T. LANGMUIR, 15th Inf. (48th Highrs., Toronto).

Sec.-Lt. E. St. L. BONVALOT, 2nd Coldstream Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. W. L. G. MORTIMER, 6th R. Dublin Fus.

Sec.-Lieut. S. R. T. A. M. WILLIAMS, R. E. Kent Yeo.

Sec.-Lieut. A. W. KNIGHT, 9th R. Warwick Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. F. GILLETT, Royal Field Artillery.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Watson, Bassano, Russell, Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. W. J. St. J. HARVEY, Black Watch

Capt. J. D. WALSH, 2nd S. African Infantry.

Capt. H. B. MUDIE, Remount Service.

Capt. and Adjt. WARD, 5th Norfolk Regt.

Lieut. the Hon. M. H. N HOOD, R.N.V.R.

Lieut. J. A. COWIE, R.N.R.

Lieut. W. C. MAYO, 9th Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. E. M. HARPER, 7th Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. E. G. WILLIAMS, 2nd Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. B. E. HICKS, 8th Royal Berks Regt.

Brigadier-General W. J. St. John Harvey died of wounds received in action in Mesopotamia. He saw long service with the Black Watch, and was at most of the engagements in the Boer War, being wounded at Magersfontein. Later he went to Egypt and was appointed to the command of a brigade in September, 1915.

Captain and Adjutant Edward Martyr Ward was one of the lost legion of Norfolks, whose heroism on Gallipoli is one of the epics of the war. Lieutenant the Hon. Maurice Hood, killed in action on Gallipoli, was the only surviving son of Viscount and Viscountess Bridport. He was gazetted lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, his seniority being dated February 28th, 1915.

Lieutenant the Hon. William Lionel Charles Walrond, M.P., died from tubercular larnygitis contracted on active service. He was the younger and only surviving son of Lord Waleran, and was private secretary to his father when Chief Unionist Whip. In 1906 he was elected in the Unionist interest for the Tiverton Division.

Lieutenant James A. Cowie was a shipmaster when he joined the Navy on the outbreak of war. For some time he was on duty in the North Sea, but was transferred to the English Channel, and subsequently went to the Mediterranean to command a patrol unit. His ship was reported missing, and in February, 1916, given up for lost. Lieut. Cowie was regarded as a skilled officer, and had received official recognition for bravery on duty.

Lieut. G. E. TRACEY, 9th Devonshire Regt.

Lieut. S. R. V. TRAVERS, 7th Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lt. Hon. W. L. C. WALROND, M.P., A.S.C.

Lieut. C. B. MUNRO, 13th Royal Scots.

Lieut. H. B. L. HINDE, 3rd Somerset L.I.

Lieut. J. P. PHILLIMORE, 6th The Buffs.

Sub.-Lieut. W. V. GILBERT, Royal Naval Division.

Sec.-Lieut. A. S. BAXTER, 18th Middlesex Regt.

Sec.-Lt. W. J. McCONNOCHIE, Royal Flying Corps.

Lieut. E. E. EARLY, 5th Lincoln Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. G. R. A. CASE, 3rd Lancs Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes, Russell.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. Hon. J. F. H.-S.-F.-TREFUSIS, D.S.O., Irish Gds.

Major A. ROBERTS, 6th Yorkshire Regt.

Capt. C. W. HOOPER, 2nd Highland L.I.

Lt.-Col. A. H. DAUKES, 7th South Staffs Regt.

Major A. T. W. CONSTABLE, 2nd Essex Regt.

Capt. A. J. GOODFELLOW, 8th Lancashire Fusiliers.

Capt. W. BURGESS, 2nd Royal Sussex Regt.

Capt. J. W. H. McCULLOCH, 8th Border Regt.

Capt. R. S. SCHOLEFIELD, 5th Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. C. A. COBBOLD, 7th Suffolk Regt.

Brigadier-General the Hon. John Frederick Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes-Trefusis, D.S.O., was the third son of the Dowager Lady Clinton and the late Lord Clinton. He was gazetted to the Irish Guards in July, 1902, had been A.D.C. on the Staff at various times to the Commander of the Fourth Army Corps, to the General Officer Commanding the Eastern Command, and to General Lord Methuen, Commanding-in-Chief in South Africa in 1908-9.

Major Archibald Thomas Wynne Constable, 2nd Essex Regiment, entered the Essex Regiment from the Militia in December, 1901. He was promoted lieutenant in April, 1904, and captain in 1912, while in December, 1914, he was given temporary rank of major for service with the 9th Battalion. In the South African War he was employed in operations in Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony, and for his services he received the Queen's Medal with three clasps. Captain Arthur James Goodfellow, 8th Lancashire Fusiliers, who was killed in action in the Dardanelles, had been associated with the Fusiliers for seven years, and was gazetted captain in 1911.

Captain Walter Burgess, 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment, was the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel F. F. R. Burgess. He entered the Sussex Regiment in 1904, and was promoted in February, 1909. From July, 1909, to March, 1914, he was employed with the West African Regiment.

Capt. C. W. HAYES-NEWINGTON, 2nd Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. H. W. HILL, 6th Border Regt.

Lieut. H. M. CLARKE, 17th London Regt.

Flight Sub.-Lieut. D. A. HAY, R.N.

Lieut. P. A. C. KELSEY, 6th East Kent Regt.

Lieut. J. C. GARDOM, 1st Essex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. ARTHUR, 8th Gordon Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. W. S. C. GRIFFITH, 6th Leinster Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. FRIEND, 2nd Wiltshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. U. Y. WILLINGTON, 6th Leinster Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. S. MACDONELL, 1st Cameron Highlanders.

(Portraits by Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Speaight, Lafayette, Lambert Weston.)

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Major E. BARKER, 5th Middlesex Regt.

Capt. C. A. COOKE, 8th R. W. Surrey Regt.

Capt. J. R. F. LECKY, 5th Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. and Adjt. P. L. HEYWORTH, 7th N. Staff. Regt.

Capt. H. G. WOOD, 3rd L. North Lancs Regt.

Capt. L. F. CASS, 7th R. Sussex Regt.

Capt. J. HAILES, Army Ordnance Dept.

Capt. P. S. G. WAINMAN, 2nd Worcestershire Regt.

Capt. W. W. COLQUHOUN, 11th Highland Light Infantry.

Capt. J. P. BOYD, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

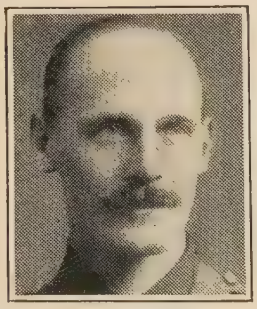
Lieutenant F. C. MacNaught, R.E., was a son of the late Dr. F. J. MacNaught, of Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk. For seven years before the war he was in the Westminster Dragoons (2nd County of London Yeomanry), and was an acting squadron sergeant-major when he received his commission in the Royal Engineers in October, 1914. He went to France with the 91st Field Company in July, 1915. Lieut. Viscount Stuart was the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Castlestewart. Lord Stuart was gazetted on October 8th, 1914. Lieut. Christopher C. Tower, aide-de-camp to the late Major-General Wing, 12th Division, and of Weald Hall, Essex, was the eldest son of Mr. Christopher J. H. Tower and Mrs. Tower, of Wealdside, Brentwood. He married Cynthia, elder daughter of Brigadier-General Surtees, C.B., D.S.O., and leaves a daughter and a son, Christopher, born in June, 1915.

Lieut. John Montague Hammick Jackson was the only son of Colonel M. B. G. Jackson, R.A., and Mrs. Jackson, of Woodlands, Exmouth. He was only twenty years of age.

Lieut. Kenneth Vernon Dodgson was the elder son of the Rev. F. Vivian Dodgson, chaplain to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barkingside, and volunteered on the day that war was declared. He was a grandson of the late General Sir David Scott Dodgson, K.C.B., Bengal Staff Corps, who entered Lucknow at the first relief of the city, on September 25th, 1857, the same day of the month of September on which Lieutenant Dodgson fell. Lieut. Henry Desmond O'Hara, D.S.O., received his commission in September, 1912. He had won distinction with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and was awarded the D.S.O. for his services in the fighting at Seddul Bahr, in February, 1915.

Capt. J. CLARKE, R.A. Medical Corps.

Lieut. F. C. MACNAUGHT, Royal Engineers.



Lieut. Viscount STUART, 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Lieut. C. C. TOWER, Essex Yeomanry.

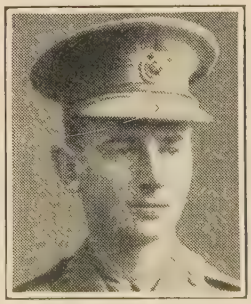
Lieut. J. M. H. JACKSON, 5th Oxford & Bucks L.I.

Lieut. K. V. DODGSON, 8th Devon Regt.

Lieut. P. B. G. HENRIQUES, 8th King's Royal Rifles.

Lieut. B. S. LAURENCE, Westminster Dragoons.

Sec.-Lieut. P. G. M. SCUDAMORE, 2nd R. Lanc. Regt.



Lieut. G. M. MICHAELIS, Royal Engineers.

Lieut. H. D. O'HARA, D.S.O., 1st Royal Dublin Fus.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Col. F. C. ROMER, C.B., C.M.G., O.C. 8th East Kent R.

Lt.-Col. A. G. E. EGERTON, Coldstream Guards.

Capt. R. M. PIKE, Royal Flying Corps.

Capt. J. A. TENNANT, 10th Bedford Regt.

Capt. R. C. ANDERSON, 1st Black Watch.

Capt. I. C. PENNEY, 13th Royal Scots.

Capt. W. R. RICHARDS, 6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. the Hon. F. BOWES-LYON, 8th Black Watch.

Capt. H. ANTROBUS, 6th Cameron Highlanders.

Capt. E. E. HANEWINKEL, 19th London Regt.

Col. F. C. Romer, C.B., C.M.G., commanding the 8th Battalion East Kent Regiment (the Buffs), commanded the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers from February, 1900, to October, 1901, in the South African War. Colonel Romer was mentioned in despatches, received the Queen's Medal with four clasps, and was awarded the C.M.G.

Captain R. Cunningham Anderson, 1st Battalion the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), was gazetted to the Black Watch in 1910. Captain Anderson went through the retreat from Mons, Le Cateau, the Battles of the Marne and the Aisne, being mentioned in Sir John French's first despatch. He was severely wounded in the first Battle of Ypres, and was promoted to captain in May, 1915, on rejoining his regiment.

Captain the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, 8th Battalion the Black Watch, was the third son of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne. In 1914 Captain Bowes-Lyon married Lady Christian Norah Dawson-Damer, daughter of the sixth Earl of Portarlington.

Captain Hugh Antrobus, 6th Battalion Cameron Highlanders, served with that regiment in the South African War, and received the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

Captain the Hon. T. C. R. Agar-Robartes, M.P., Coldstream Guards, was the eldest son and heir of Viscount Clifden. He was formerly in the Devon Yeomanry.

Sec.-Lieut. Leonard Righton Burrows, 9th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, was the second son of the Bishop of Sheffield.

Capt. the Hon. T. C. R. AGAR-ROBARTES, M.P., Coldstream Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. W. H. GOOD, 7th Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. W. G. HOBBS, 8th Royal Berks Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. STOCKER, 6th K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Lieut. D. H. HUTCHISON, 16th Queen's Westminsters.

Lieut. G. M. HOYLE, 2nd Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lieut. L. R. BURROWS, 9th Northumberland Fus.

Lieut. A. L. GULLICK, 6th East Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. S. A. TORRY, 12th Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lieut. W. F. C. McGARRY, 6th R. Dublin F.

Sec.-Lieut. L. NEWALL, 1st London Regt.

Portraits by Bassano, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry, Heath, Swaine, Hughes, Barnett, Speaight.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lt.-Col F. H. FAIRTLOUGH, C.M.G., 8th R.W. Surrey Regt.

Maj. M. W. HENDERSON, 9th Black Watch.

Maj. J. C. MONTEITH, 2nd Bedfordshire Regt.

Maj. J. RUSSELL, 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Maj. A. D. NICHOLSON, 1st Cameron Highlanders.

Maj. Hon. C. M. B. PONSONBY, M.V.O., 3rd Grenadier Guards.

Capt. H. D. DRYSDALE, 26th Punjabis.

Capt. W. McL. McMILLAN, 11th Argyll & Sutherland H.

Capt. F. H. ROMILLY, D.S.O., 2nd Leicester Regt.

Capt. WILLIAM CASSON, 7th London Regt.

Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Howard Fairtlough, C.M.G., commanding the 8th the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment), saw service in the Boer War, and was mentioned in despatches.

Major M. W. Henderson, 9th Black Watch, was formerly in command of the 10th Royal Scots. In the South African War Major Henderson saw much service in various colonies; he received the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Major J. C. Monteith, 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, served in India for several years, and for the last two years before the war was adjutant of the O.T.C. of Glasgow University.

Major A. D. Nicholson, 1st Cameron Highlanders, was the son of Major-General Stuart Nicholson. He had seen much active service. He was in the Nile Expedition of 1898, and was severely wounded at Khartoum. Major Nicholson was mentioned in despatches, received the Egyptian Medal with clasp, and the Nile Medal. For his services in the South African War he was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Major the Hon. Cyril Myles Brabazon Ponsonby, M.V.O., 3rd Grenadier Guards, was the second son of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. Joining the Grenadier Guards in 1900, he served in the South African War, and was A.D.C. to the Duke of Connaught from 1907 to 1909.

Captain Francis Henry Romilly, D.S.O., 2nd Leicestershire Regiment, served right through the South African War, and fought in many of the chief actions. He was decorated with the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. He was in West Africa in 1903, and received the medal and clasp for the Kano-Sokoto campaign.

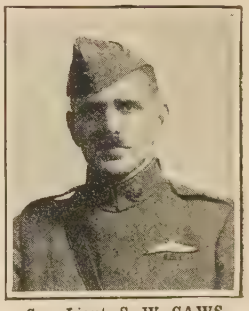
Capt. O. OSMOND-WILLIAMS, D.S.O., Welsh Guards.

Lieut. E. H. L. HENN, 9th Rifle Brigade.

Lieut. G. E. TRACEY, 9th Devonshire Regt.

Lieut. J. M. S. KENNEDY, 9th Seaforths (Pioneers).

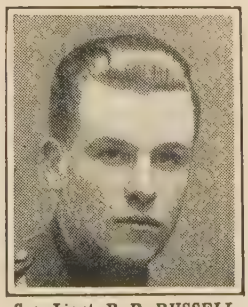
Lieut. W. M. ALLEN, 13th Northumberland Fus.



Sec.-Lieut. S. W. CAWS, Royal Flying Corps.

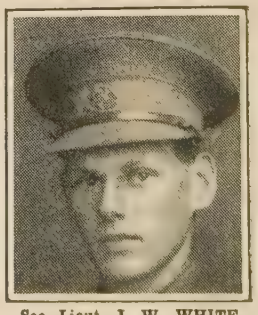
Sec.-Lieut. D. LAMBERT, 6th E. Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. L. HOPKINS, 8th Somerset L.I.



Sec.-Lieut. B. R. RUSSELL, 2nd Royal Berks Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. E. C. ADAMS, 20th London Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. J. W. WHITE, 8th East Yorkshire Regt.

Portraits by Swaine, Speaight, Lafayette, Chancellor, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Downey, Russell.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Capt. A. D. L. CAMPBELL, 15th Durham Light Infantry.

Capt. F. A. BAGLEY, 2nd S. Lancashire Regt.

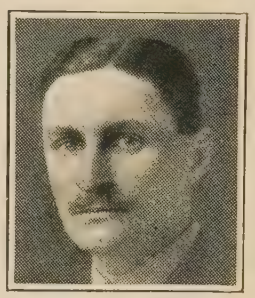
Capt. R. C. FIPPARD, 14th W. Yorkshire Regt.

Major W. E. NICOL, D.S.O., 1st Grenadier Guards.

Capt. G. G. DUGGAN, 5th R. Irish Fusiliers.

Capt. A. T. BOSTOCK, 14th Northumberland Fus.

Capt. G. S. ROBERTSON, 13th Royal Scots (Lothian R.).



Capt. A. E. DEPREZ, Royal Field Artillery.

Capt. N. H. L. MATEAR, 2nd Royal Warwick Regt.

Capt. D. MACLEOD, 10th (Scottish) Liverpool R., T.F.

Major W. E. Nicol, D.S.O., 1st Grenadier Guards, received his commission in August, 1900, gaining his captaincy eight years later. For his services in the South African War Major Nicol was awarded the Queen's Medal with two clasps. Afterwards, he was employed with the Macedonian and Turkish Gendarmerie. Capt. G. G. Duggan, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers, was in the Territorial Force several years before the outbreak of war, and held a lieutenant's rank in the Dublin University Officers Training Corps. Captain D. Macleod, 10th (Scottish) Liverpool Regiment, T.F., was an old member of the King's Territorial (Scottish) Battalion.

Captain R. Kerr-Clark, Seaforth Highlanders, was the elder son of the late John Kerr-Clark, of 35, Great Cumberland Place, and the husband of Lady Beatrice Kerr-Clark, only daughter of the ninth Earl of Drogheda. Lieut. W. O. Fortescue Darling, 1st Royal Irish Rifles, was educated at Haileybury, where he became a member of the Officers Training Corps, and on the Medway, one of the Mercantile Marine training vessels under Lord Brassey's scheme. Lieut. R. J. R. Richardson, 1st South Staffordshire Regiment, was an undergraduate of St. John's, Cambridge, and rowed for his college in the "Mays" in 1914; he also rowed for Molesey Boat Club.

Second-Lieut. O. Harvill Beaufort, 6th Battallion North Staffordshire Regiment, received his commission in August, 1914. Only twenty-one years of age, he had been a keen member of the O.T.C. for eight years. He did some excellent work as a bomb officer in Flanders, and was gazetted to the Staff. He was killed in France.

Capt. R. KERR-CLARK, Seaforth Highlanders.

Sec.-Lieut. O. H. BEAUFORT, 6th N. Staffordshire Regt.

Lieut. E. L. JULIAN, 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Lieut. W. O. FORTESCUE DARLING, 1st R. Irish Rifles.

Lieut. B. A. KNIGHTS-SMITH, 12th Rifle Brigade.

Lt. R. J. R. RICHARDSON, 1st S. Staffordshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. L. D. SAUNDERS, 1st S. Wales Borderers.

Sec.-Lieut. O. O. STAPLES, 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.

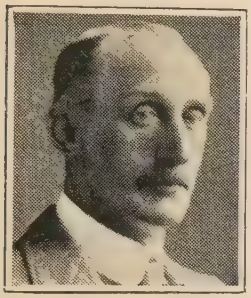
Sec.-Lieut. W. F. ELRINGTON-BISSET, 9th Gordon H.

Lieut. J. D. G. MILLER, 9th Black Watch.

Sec.-Lieut. G. A. SMITH-MASTERS, 6th Bedford Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Speaight, Vandyk, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Malcolm Arbuthnot.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD



Lieut.-Col. E. E. BOUSFIELD, 123rd Outram's Rifles.

Major F. A. BLIGH, Royal Field Artillery.

Major C. O. N. WILLIAMS, 8th Royal Lancaster Regt.

Major W. J. TERRY, 1st Suffolk Regt.

Capt. C. R. CLEAVER, 29th Punjabis, I.A.

Capt. H. P. BENNITT, 7th Seaforth Highlanders.

Capt. F. E. MYDDELTON-GAVEY, 2nd Worcester Regt.

Capt. R. W. L. OKE, Royal Berkshire Regt.

Capt. A. V. NEWTON, Royal Flying Corps.

Capt. B. G. GUNNER. 1st Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Bousfield, 123rd Outram's Rifles, attached 1st Gurkha Rifles, gained his first commission in the South Wales Borderers in 1889. In July, 1892, he joined the Indian Staff Corps, and was gazetted major in 1907. Major C. O. N. Williams, 8th Royal Lancaster Regiment, had been second in command of this Service Battalion since April, 1915. Major W. J. Terry, 1st Suffolk Regiment, was gazetted second-lieutenant from the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry in June, 1901. From November, 1911, to August, 1914, he was employed with the West African Frontier Force. For his services in South Africa Major Terry had the Queen's Medal with two clasps.

Captain C. R. Cleaver, 29th Punjabis, I.A., died from wounds received in German East Africa. Captain Cleaver was gazetted in August, 1905, joining the Indian Army in the following year. Captain H. P. Bennitt, 7th Seaforth Highlanders, was first attached to the 2nd King's African Rifles. He saw service in the Somaliland, Gambia, and Gold Coast Expeditions, for which he received the general African Medal with three clasps. Captain F. E. Myddelton-Gavey, 2nd Worcestershire Regiment, entered the Indian Army in 1908, and was then attached for a year to the York and Lancaster Regiment at Quetta. He served with the 10th Jats at Alipore and Hyderabad, Sind.

Captain B. J. Deighton, 1st Middlesex Regiment, entered the Army as a drummer when only fifteen years old.

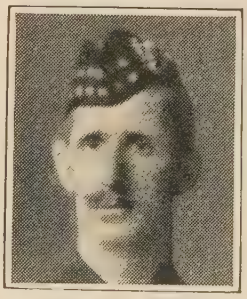
Lieutenant G. F. Whidborne, 3rd Coldstream Guards, had been mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross for his services. Lieutenant A. Anson, 3rd Grenadier Guards, was the younger twin son of the Hon. Frederic Anson, and nephew of the Earl of Lichfield.

Capt. B. J. DEIGHTON, 1st Middlesex Regt.

Lieut. G. F. WHIDBORNE, 3rd Coldstream Guards.

Lieut. H. A. CRUICKSHANK, 3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Lieut. H. H. McCORMAC, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



Lieut. W. MILNE, Gordon Highlanders.

Lieut. A. ANSON, 3rd Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. F. B. O'CARROLL, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. S. W. BAKER, 8th Somerset Regt.

Lieut. C. K. MACDONALD, 10th Argyll & Sutherland H.

Sec.-Lieut. A. A. RAYMOND, Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. G. W. R. BURROWES, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Portraits by Bassano, Lafayette, Swaine, Russell, Elliott & Fry, Lambert Weston, Hughes & Mullins.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Major E. COLSON, 41st Dogras (Indian Army).

Major H. E. R. BOXER, D.S.O., Lincolnshire Regt.

Major J. R. WARDLE, Q.O.R. Glasgow Yeomanry.

Capt. J. C. HOLMS, 9th Queen Victoria's Rifles.

Capt. A. GEARY SMITH, 9th West Yorks Regt.

Capt. J. F. S. GRAINGER, 11th Black Watch.

Capt. J. T. LEWIS, 6th Lincolnshire Regt.

Capt. A. C. DONALDSON, 8th Cameron Highlanders.

Capt. B. H. HOLLOWAY, 9th Royal Sussex.

Lieut. C. E. F. BEVIR, Royal Field Artillery.

Major E. Colson, 41st Dogras, died of wounds received in Mesopotamia. He was the eldest son of Surgeon-Major E. Colson, I.M.S., and grandson of the late Canon Colson, rector of Cuxton, Kent. Obtaining his first appointment in the South Wales Borderers, in December, 1895, he transferred to the Indian Army in 1899. He was promoted captain in 1904, and major in 1913. Major Colson saw active service in China in 1900, and was awarded the medal. Major H. E. R. Boxer, D.S.O., Lincolnshire Regiment, obtained his commission in 1892. He had seen active service with the Nile Expedition of 1898, was severely wounded at the Battle of Atbara, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Egyptian medal with clasp, and the Atbara medal.

Major J. R. Wardle, the Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry, was the fourth son of the late Mr. Henry Wardle, M.P., of Highfield, Burton. Major Wardle was first connected with the 5th Highland Light Infantry, and for ten years with the Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry. Lieut. F. Crathorne, 252nd Tunnelling Company, Royal Engineers, was gazetted to the 11th South Lancashire Regiment in May, 1915, exchanging later into the Royal Engineers. He served throughout the South African Campaign, first as a trooper and afterwards as lieutenant in the Imperial Light Horse, receiving both medals and clasps.

Sec.-Lieut. C. H. W. Darling, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, was the second son of the late Rev. Oliver Darling, rector of Killesk parish, Duncannon, Co. Wexford. He was a member of his school O.T.C., and enlisted in the 8th Hussars. He applied for a commission on the outbreak of war, and was gazetted to the 3rd Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. G. F. F. CORBET, 1st Welsh Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. M. SPENCER, 1st R. Warwickshire Regt.

Lieut. W. C. ISLE, 7th South Staffordshire Regt.

Lieut R. C. BAILE, Royal Engineers.

Lieut. E. WORKMAN, 5th Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. F. CRATHORNE, Royal Engineers.

Sec.-Lieut. C. H. WALE, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles.

Sec.-Lieut. F. H. BUTLER, 6th London Rifles.

Lieut. H. BALL, Royal Engineers.

Sec.-Lieut. H. DURANT, 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers.

Sec.-Lt. C. H. W. DARLING, 3rd Royal Irish Rifles.

Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Vandyk, Hughes & Mullins.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Capt. A. F. HENTY, 11th Middlesex Regt.

Lieut. A. A. FERGUSON, 7th London Regt.

Lieut. and Adjut. G. R. FRERE, 10th Rifle Brigade.

Lieut.-Col. F. E. DANIELL, D.S.O., Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. R. A. S. DOBBIN, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Lieut. A. Y. YOUNG-JAMES, 8th Hants Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. T. BELL, 9th Black Watch.

Lieut. G. E. BRADSTREET, Royal Engineers.

Lieut. M. H. C. FIRMIN, 1st Loyal N. Lancs. Regt.

Lieut. A. W. LANE-JOYNT, Motor Machine Gun Service.

Lieut.-Colonel F. E. L. Daniell, D.S.O., entered the Seaforth Highlanders in September, 1895. He had his first promotion in February, 1898, and was captain in March, 1901, and major in 1913, while in July, 1915, he was gazetted temporary lieutenant-colonel, and appointed to the Staff. Colonel Daniell, who was a graduate of the Staff College, had a wide experience of Staff service in South Africa during the Boer War, and afterwards in India, and in August, 1914, he was brigade-major. In the Nile Expedition he fought in the Battle of Atbara, and was mentioned in despatches. From the South African War his honours consisted of promotion and the Queen's Medal with four clasps. For his services in the Mohmand campaign, 1908, he had the medal and clasp, and the Great War brought him further promotion, mention in Viscount French's despatches, and the D.S.O.

Captain Arthur Frank Henty, 11th Middlesex Regt., was the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henty, of Oaklands Park, Chichester. He was gazetted from the Reserve of Officers, in which he held the rank of lieutenant, to the 11th Middlesex Regt. in September, 1914, and was promoted captain in February, 1915.

Lieut.-Surgeon P. J. Walsh, R.A.M.C., was a graduate of University College, Cork; he won a high place in the Indian Medical Service, and at the outbreak of war was appointed to the R.A.M.C. with the Indian troops in France.

Lieut. the Hon. George Joachim Goschen, 5th The Buffs, who died of wounds received in action in Mesopotamia, was the only son and heir of Viscount Goschen. He was gazetted to the Buffs in September, 1914, and had been promoted.

Lieut. G. JACKSON, 11th Argyll & Sutherland H.

Lieut. R. N. SOMERVILLE, Royal Engineers.

Lieut. A. L. H. JACOB, 18th London Regt.

Lieut. A. J. W. BLAKE, 5th Connaught Rangers.

Lieut.-Surgeon P. J. WALSH, R.A.M.C.

Sec.-Lieut. M. McGREGOR, 2nd Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. G. G. DOWNES, 6th Lincoln Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. W. L. ORR, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. V. B. ODHAMS, 15th Durham Light Infantry.

Lieut. the Hon. G. J. GOSCHEN, 5th The Buffs.

Lieut. W. N. MONTEITH, 2nd Rifle Brigade.

Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Russell & Sons, Bassano, Brooke Hughes, Chancellor.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. W. M. O'CONNOR, R.A.M.C., Field Ambulance.

Major E. CAMPION, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Capt. B. P. NEVILE, 7th Lincoln Regt.

Capt. G. S. STRITCH, 6th Connaught Rangers.

Capt. E. H. WYAND, 16th King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Capt. C. W. D'ARCY-IRVINE, 6th Leinster Regt.

Lieut. J. A. MOORE, 7th South Staffs Regt.

Capt. E. P. ALMACK, Royal Field Artillery.

Lieut. C. J. WILLIAMS, 8th Bedford Regt.

Lieut. C. A. M. BINGEN, 5th Royal Sussex Regt.

Major Edward Campion, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, was the third son of Colonel W. H. Campion, C.B. Major Campion obtained his first appointment in the Seaforth Highlanders from the Militia in 1895. From October, 1900, to October, 1901, he was temporary A.D.C. to Major-General, Infantry Brigade, Aldershot. He saw active service in the Nile Expedition, 1898, taking part in the Battles of Atbara and Khartoum, and in the South African War, being awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

Captain Bernard Philip Nevile, 7th Lincolnshire Regiment, joined the Public Schools O.T.C. on the outbreak of war, and received a commission shortly afterwards.

Captain George Seymour Stritch, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., 6th Connaught Rangers, held a captaincy in the Territorials when the war started, and, on offering his services, was the first officer gazetted to the 15th Durham Light Infantry. Captain Stritch was a cousin of Sir Edward Carson.

Lieut. Eugene Launcelot Erskine Lindop, 41st Dogras, was gazetted to the Indian Army from the unattached list in November, 1908. In April, 1913, he was appointed adjutant to his regiment.

Lieut. Charles James Williams, 8th Bedfordshire Regiment, was the second son of Mr. H. C. Williams, Deputy Mayor of Bedford, and formerly Commissioner in Bengal. He joined the Inns of Court Officers Training Corps on the day after war was declared.

Lieut. C. L. MERE, 6th Royal Lancaster Regt

Lieut. K. McIVER, 2nd Nigeria Regt.

Lieut. E. F. FOWLER SMART, 7th Leicester Regt.

Lieut. S. O. ALLDAY, 5th South Staffs Regt.

Lieut. E. L. E. LINDOP, 41st Dogras (Indian Army)

Lieut. J. BENNETT, Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Lieut. H. C. T. NEALE, 1st Northampton Regt

Lieut. W. S. DRURY, 8th Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. A. D. STEWART, 9th Royal Sussex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. W. PHILLIPPS, 1st Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. G. R. JEFFERY, 20th Hussars.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Vandyk, Lambert Weston, Brooke Hughes.

DIARY OF THE SECOND WINTER CAMPAIGN—1915-16

The Progress of the Great War from the Battle of Loos to the Eve of the Fight for Verdun

1915

Oct. 1.—Sir E. Grey announces that German officers are taking control of the Bulgarian Army.

Allied aviators attack German railway communications radiating from Valenciennes and Vouziers.

Oct. 2.—Sir John French reports that our counter-attack recovered two trenches south-west of Fosse 8 and to the north-west of Loos.

East of Souchez the French advance on the heights of La Folie.

Oct. 3.—Petrograd reports that the enemy has been "crumpled up" near Vileika.

Germans succeed in retaking the greater part of the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Oct. 4.—**Russian Ultimatum to Bulgaria.**

Turks defeated in the Caucasus near Van.

North of Arras French make progress in the Givenchy Wood, and on Hill 119, where they occupy the cross-roads. Later the enemy gains footing at latter place.

Oct. 5.—**Allied Forces land at Salonika.**

Violent bombardment in Artois and Champagne.

Diplomatic relations between Russia and Bulgaria broken off.

Lord Derby appointed Official Director of Recruiting.

Oct. 6.—French carry the village of Tahure by assault, and progress in vicinity of Navarin Farm.

M. Venizelos, Greek Premier, resigns.

Oct. 7.—Invasion of Serbia by German and Austro-Hungarian troops.

In Artois, French progress south of Thélus, near to Arras-Lille road.

Oct. 8.—Serbian official report states that enemy's advance guard which crossed Danube at Belgrade fortress was partly destroyed and partly captured.

South-east of Tahure, in Champagne, French gain footing in the "Trapeze," and capture several trenches.

Great German attack on Loos completely repulsed.

British submarine sinks German transport in the Baltic.

Oct. 9.—Sir John French reports that we pushed our trenches steadily forward north-east of Loos between Hill 70 and Hulluch, and gained ground varying from 500 to 1,000 yards in depth. Great numbers of the enemy's dead "are lying in front of our lines."

Belgrade occupied by Austro-German troops.

Oct. 10.—In Champagne, French progress to the north-east of Tahure.

Oct. 11.—Sir John French's despatch proves that German attack on the allied positions at Loos was executed on a great scale. He reports that a very severe reverse was inflicted on the enemy. A French estimate gives the total German dead as nearly 8,000 before the allied lines.

French make marked progress to the west of the Souchez-Angres road, and in the Bois de Givenchy.

Bulgarians invade Serbia.

Oct. 12.—French make progress towards the ravine of La Goutte, in Champagne.

Miss Edith Cavell, English nurse, shot by Germans in Brussels.

Russian victory in Galicia, near village of Haivarenka, west of Trembovlia. Austrian line pierced at two points, and River Strypa crossed.

Oct. 13.—**Zeppelin raid on London.** Fifty-six persons killed, and 114 injured.

British gas attack in the West. After a bombardment we attacked German trenches under cover of a cloud of smoke and gas south-west of Hulluch to the Hohenzollern Redoubt. South-west of St. Elie enemy's trenches behind Vermelles-Hulluch road captured, also the main trench of the Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Oct. 14.—French aerial squadron bombards railway station of Bazancourt, on the Champagne rear front.

Great Britain declares war on Bulgaria.

Oct. 15.—Germans retake the summit of the Hartmannsweiler in the Vosges.

Oct. 16.—Officially reported that British submarines sank five German transports in the Baltic Sea.

Russians pierce German lines at Ustie, on western shore of Lake Boginskoe.

French aeroplanes bombard Treves.

Oct. 17.—French regain Hartmannsweilerkopf.

Italian occupation of Pregasina.

Oct. 18.—**New Dardanelles Commander.**—General Sir Charles C. Monro, K.C.B., succeeds Sir Ian Hamilton.

Allies occupy Strumnitza (Strumitza).

Oct. 19.—New German thrust at Riga.

Germans attack in great force on a front of eight miles just west of the point where the French are attacking in Champagne. Some portions of French first line taken, but counter-attack drove enemy back with important losses.

Salonika railway line cut by Bulgarians.

German attack at Hulluch. Enemy, after a heavy bombardment, attacks our front from the quarries to Hulluch, but is defeated by our artillery and rifle fire. Attacks in the neighbourhood of the Hohenzollern Redoubt and Fosse 8 repulsed. Enemy's losses very severe.

Oct. 20.—French destroy German munition stores to the north of the Aisne and to the north of the Navarin Farm.

Germans advancing on Riga reach Olai, twelve miles south-west of the city.

Great Russian victory. General Ivanoff carries by assault town of Chartoryisk, on the Styr; 750 prisoners and 9 guns taken.

Oct. 21.—German attack in force east of Rheims defeated.

Russians carry German positions east of Baranovitschi; 3,500 prisoners taken.

Russian fleet bombards Varna.

Serbians admit Bulgarians have cut railway between Uskub and Nish.

Oct. 22.—**Allied Fleets bombard Dedeagach.**

Italian offensive along the Tyrol and Trentino frontier progressing.

Bulgarians occupy Uskub.

British occupy Bamenda (Cameroon).

Oct. 23.—Italians take Mount Nodic, on the west bank of Lake Garda, thus completing their command of the Ledro Valley.

French troops cross Greek frontier and join forces with Serbian troops.

Serbian official report admits capture of Veles, on the Nish-Salonika railway.

Oct. 24.—British submarine near Libau attacks and sinks German cruiser Prince Adalbert.

Russian warships shell Bulgarian ports of Varna and Burgas.

Strong German salient on the northern slopes of Hill 196, one and a quarter miles to north of Mesnil les Hurlus, known as the Courtine, carried.

British occupy Banjo (Cameroon).

1915

Oct. 25.—Germans counter-attack on the whole front of the Courtine work, and reoccupy in the centre some portions of trenches.

Franco-Serbians recapture Veles.

Oct. 26.—Announced that the King is in France on visit to his Army.

British transport Marquette torpedoed in the Ægean, ninety-nine men missing.

French troops carry a German trench north-east of Massiges.

Oct. 27.—Austrians across the Drina, east of Vishegrad.

Uskub retaken by Serbians.

Varna bombarded by Russian fleet.

Total Italian captures for the week along the Isonzo front over 5,000.

German attack to the east of Rheims launched on a great scale, backed with use of poisonous gas. Enemy repulsed.

Oct. 28.—**French Ministry resigns.**—M. Briand forms new Cabinet.

Bulgarians holding a line from Zaitchar, through Kniashevatz, to a height north of Pirot, and threatening Nish.

H.M. cruiser Argyll grounds off East Coast of Scotland. All her crew saved.

Announced that Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Mahon is in command of British forces in the Balkans.

Oct. 29.—H.M.S. Hythe, auxiliary mine-sweeper, sunk after being in collision with another ship off Gallipoli Peninsula; 155 men missing.

Bulgarians recapture Veles.

General Joffre arrives in London to take part in important war consultations.

Total British casualties to Oct. 9 published—493,264.

Oct. 30.—Germans retake summit of the Butte de Tahure.

Oct. 31.—Fierce struggle for possession of portions of trenches recaptured by Germans east of Neuville St. Vaast; French regain possession of some of them.

Nov. 1.—**Battle for Nish.**—Bulgarians force the Tresibaba position, twenty miles north-east of the city, and fierce fighting in progress along the heights dominating the Nishava Valley. Kragujevatz, the Serbian arsenal, captured by the Germans.

H.M. torpedo-boat No. 96 sunk in Strait of Gibraltar, after being in collision with a mercantile fleet auxiliary.

Nov. 2.—**Despatch on Battle of Loos** from Sir John French published.

Serbian Campaign. On the north-west front the enemy attacks in force the south-east bank of the Lepenitza. He is repulsed in the centre with heavy losses.

Nov. 3.—Russian success in Galicia.

After the enemy had rushed the village of Siemikowice (on the Strypa), Russians counter-attacked. All the enemy troops, who had penetrated the Siemikowice front, about 5,000 men in all, were captured.

Italians pierce enemy's fourth-line trenches on the Podgora heights.

British cavalry operating in Serbia with the left wing of the Southern Serbian Army are thrown across the path of the Bulgarians advancing south towards Prilep and Monastir.

The Austro-German army of invasion occupies Ushitze.

Nov. 4.—**Greek Ministry defeated** in Chamber by party of M. Venizelos. The Prime Minister, M. Zaimis, resigns.

French positions in Champagne round the Chausson Farm taken by Germans, retaken by the French, and again violently attacked by the enemy.

On the Russian front fighting took place west of Dvinsk and on the Strypa. Both sides claimed successes.

Nov. 5.—Press Bureau announces Lord Kitchener's temporary absence from the War Office on public duty.

Press Bureau announces sinking of British transport Ramazan by shell fire from an enemy submarine on Sept. 19 in the Ægean Sea. Of 380 Indian troops on board, 75 were saved.

H.M. armed boarding-steamer Tara sunk by enemy submarine in Eastern Mediterranean.

Bulgarians enter Nish.

Nov. 6.—On the Riga front Russians successfully attack the Germans near Olai.

In Champagne a fresh German attack against French trenches in the Courtine earthworks completely fails.

Announced that Lord Kitchener has left England at request of his colleagues for a short visit to the Near East.

Nov. 7.—**Italian liner Ancona torpedoed** off Sardinia by Austrian submarine, 222 persons missing.

1915

Between the Somme and the Oise the French carry a German post in front of Andechy.

German cruiser Undine sunk by submarine in Baltic.

Nov. 8.—Austro-German invaders of Serbia enter Krushevatz.

To the north of St. Mihiel French batteries demolish a German anti-aircraft gun.

Nov. 9.—Main line through Nish to Sofia and Constantinople reported almost wholly in enemy hands.

In Champagne a very violent cannonade on both sides in the region of Tahure and of the Butte de Mesnil is reported.

Nov. 10.—British transport Mercian attacked by gun fire from enemy submarine in the Mediterranean; 103 casualties.

Near Kolki, on the River Styr, Russians break enemy's line, and in the pursuit take 50 officers, 2,000 men, and 20 machine-guns.

Announced that H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Louis has stranded in Eastern Mediterranean and become a total wreck. All officers and crew safe.

Nov. 11.—**New War Committee of the Cabinet** announced. During the temporary absence of Lord Kitchener it consists of five members—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. McKenna.

Germans reported to have abandoned part of the country west of Riga.

Nov. 12.—Bombardment very active on both sides in the sector of Loos.

The Greek Government, having failed to come to any working arrangement with Venizelist majority, dissolves the Chamber.

Bulgarians, with force of 30,000 men, attack the French left wing in Southern Serbia, but are compelled to retreat.

Nov. 13.—Russian troops in the Schlock region pursue the enemy, inflict great losses on him, and advance west of Kemmern.

Nov. 14.—French army slowly pushing up the Valley of the Vardar towards Veles. West of the river they hold the heights, where they are in touch with the Serbians defending the Babuna district.

German attack penetrates the French trenches in the Labyrinth, but the enemy are dislodged by a counter-attack.

Air raid on Verona by three Austrian aeroplanes, seventy-eight persons killed and injured.

Nov. 15.—Successful attack on Turkish trenches in Gallipoli; 160 yards on east of the Krithia Nullah and 120 yards in the west gained.

Serbians reported to be still holding the Kathanik Pass and to have retaken Kalkandelen (Tetovo) from the Bulgarians. German army under Von Gallwitz fighting in the Toplitza Valley, west of Nish.

Continuance of fighting in the Labyrinth in Artois.

Officially reported from Petrograd that during the past month Russians took 674 officers and 49,200 men prisoners, capturing 21 guns and 118 machine-guns.

Nov. 16.—Bulgarians reported to have taken Krushevo, and to be six miles east of Prilep, thus endangering Serbian Southern Army and its allies.

Despatch from Sir John French reports that, since November 10, artillery on both sides have been active, specially south of the La Bassée Canal, east of Kemmel, and east of Ypres. He also reports considerable mining activity.

Nov. 17.—**Allies' War Council.**—Announced that Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Balfour have gone to Paris, accompanied by naval, military, and diplomatic advisers, for the purpose of consultation with the French Government.

Slight improvement in Serbian operations reported. Bulgarians driven back on the Babuna front, and withdrew to Mount Arkangel, after an abortive attempt to pierce the French lines on the left bank of the Tserna. Bulgarians lost 4,000 men in the action.

Hospital ship Anglia strikes a mine in the Channel and founders; 4 officers, 1 nurse, and 129 men missing.

Nov. 18.—Sir John French reports that south-west of Messines our troops forced an entrance into the enemy's front trench.

Nov. 19.—Attempted enemy air raid on Luneville. Fresh German attempts to cross the Dwina north-west of Friedrichstadt failed.

Nov. 20.—**Lord Kitchener has audience of King Constantine** in Athens.

Serbians lose Novi Bazar and Rashka.

Bulgarians reported to have occupied Prilep, and advancing on Monastir.

Nov. 21.—Artillery engagements in Artois (around Loos and Hulluch). In the Argonne, at Bolante, the French successfully explode two sets of mines.

DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

1915

Nov. 22.—Sir John French reports organised bombardment on many portions of the hostile lines during the past four days, and the capture of a German aeroplane.

Italian official communiqué describes the struggle during the last eight days for Gorizia. The Italian assaults on every position of defence have brought them within a few yards of the summits of Podgora, San Michele, and San Martino.

Nov. 23.—Serbian capital removed from Mitrovitza to Prizrend, former being threatened by German and Austrian columns along the roads from Rashka and Novi Bazar.

British Victory in Mesopotamia.—Big battle fought at the ruins of Ctesiphon, eighteen miles south-east of Bagdad. Turkish position captured, together with 800 prisoners and war material. Our losses were 2,000 killed and wounded.

Russians capture a first-line enemy trench in the Dwina district. Enemy offensive south-west of Dvinsk repulsed, also on east bank of the Strypa. On the left bank of the Middle Styr Russians attack enemy west of the village of Kozlinitchi, putting him to flight.

Nov. 24.—In Serbia the plain of Kossovo carried by enemy. Serbian army retreats towards the Albanian border.

Note presented to Greece by the Entente Powers as to the security of the Allied troops in Macedonia.

Nov. 25.—Growing Turkish activity reported in an official French communiqué. Three successive attempts to retake trenches captured by the British on November 15 failed completely.

Russians reported to have concentrated important forces on the Danube.

In Galicia, near Siemikowice, on the Strypa, Russian troops attack the enemy, and drive him to the river, where many are drowned.

Nov. 26.—**Battle of Ctesiphon.**—General Nixon reports that Turks retreated from scene of battle on Nov. 23-25 to Ctesiphon, a point ten miles south of Bagdad; 1,300 prisoners taken.

Another Note presented to Greece by Allied Powers demanding assurances.

Nov. 27.—German poison-gas attack between Forges and Bethincourt, to the west of the Meuse, failed.

Nov. 28.—German submarine destroyed off Middelkerke by British aeroplane.

Nov. 29.—British forces withdrawn from Ctesiphon, owing to Turkish reinforcements.

Nov. 30.—Prisrend taken by Bulgarians.

Lord Kitchener returns to London.

Dec. 1.—In Belgium, east of Boesinghe, Allied batteries inflict important damage to enemy defensive works.

Russians rout Turks near Lake Van.

Dec. 2.—Baron Sonnino announces that Italy has signed the Pact of the Allies to make no separate peace. British air raid against Don Station.

Fall of Monastir.

Dec. 3.—General Joffre appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies, with General de Castelnau as his Chief of Staff.

In Belgium, south of Lombaertzyde, the French retake a small post which had been captured by the Germans.

Dec. 4.—It is announced that General Townshend, on the night of Nov. 30-Dec. 1, fought a rearguard action at Azizie against greatly superior Turkish forces. Two river-boats disabled by shell-fire and abandoned.

Our total casualties in the various actions amounted to 4,567.

Dec. 5.—Artillery active in the West. In Artois our batteries vigorously reply to violent bombardment of our trenches at the double slag-heap south-west of Loos

Dec. 6.—Rumanian military authorities commandeer all vessels of foreign ownership anchored in Rumanian ports.

British Submarine Exploits.—Admiralty announces that British submarine operating in the Sea of Marmora fired at and damaged a train on Ismid Railway, torpedoed and sank Turkish destroyer Yar Hissar, and sank a supply steamer off Panderma by gun fire.

It is announced that General Townshend's force has reached Kut-el-Amara without further fighting.

General Joffre presides at first general meeting of Allies' Military Council of War in Paris.

Dec. 7.—In Champagne fighting continues for possession of the advanced trench south of St. Souplet. Counter-attacks enable the French to regain a large part of the lost ground.

French troops in Balkans reported to have withdrawn from Krivolak to Demir Kapu.

Dec. 8.—Our losses in the action at Ctesiphon announced at 643 killed, 3,330 wounded, and 594 missing.

1915

German attacks in Champagne. East of the Souain Hill French counter-attacks succeed in overcoming the German attack, launched on Dec. 7. Artillery violent on both sides.

Dec. 9.—The first War Office report of Balkan operations states that on Dec. 7 the Bulgarians drove our troops out of their position, who, under cover of darkness, withdrew to a new line. On the 8th they repulsed all attacks, but withdrew to a new position.

Hard fighting on the Champagne front. A counter-attack by the French east of the Butte de Souain pushes enemy back.

Dec. 10.—**Russian Stroke in Persia.**—Petrograd announces Russian success between Teheran and Hamadan, in which several thousand Persian rebels were defeated.

Dec. 11.—On the Heights of the Meuse, in the sector of the Bouchet Wood, the French artillery causes serious damage to the German first line and supporting trenches.

Dec. 12.—An official bulletin shows that one British division in the Balkans had to fight its way back against heavy odds. The gallantry of the troops, especially of three Irish regiments, enabled the withdrawal to be successfully accomplished. Eight British guns were lost; our casualties were 1,500.

Text of American Note to Austria on sinking of Ancona issued.

Close of first Derby Recruiting Campaign.

Dec. 13.—Despatch about Kut-el-Amara published. Turks attacked British positions on Dec. 10 and 11. On latter day enemy repulsed with heavy loss.

Announced that Greece has agreed to allow the necessary freedom of action for Allied troops at Salonika.

Arab force in Western Egypt defeated by British under Colonel Gordon.

Dec. 14.—Messages from Greece show that the Allied troops have completely retired from Serbia into Greek territory. Salonika fortified by the Allies.

Reported that Belgian powder works near Havre have been blown up; 100 killed and over 1,000 injured.

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien appointed to supreme command of the British forces in East Africa.

Off the Belgian coast British seaplane chases and destroys a large German seaplane. British machine, severely damaged, falls into sea; pilot and observer both rescued.

Dec. 15.—**Sir John French's Successor.**—It is announced that General Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French in command of the army in France and Flanders. The latter appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops in United Kingdom, and created a Viscount.

Dec. 16.—Announced that Italian troops safely landed in Albania.

General Townshend reports that in the attack against British positions at Kut-el-Amara by the Turks, on Dec. 12, the latter lost 1,000 men.

Dec. 17.—Heavy artillery actions in Champagne north and east of Massiges and east of the Mesnil Ridge.

Russian troops under Grand Duke Nicholas occupy Hamadan.

German cruiser Bremen and a torpedo boat accompanying it sunk by Allied submarine in the Baltic.

Dec 18.—French aeroplanes attack Metz, municipal museum and station damaged.

Dec. 19.—German gas attack against British lines north-east of Ypres frustrated.

Dec. 20.—Men enlisted under Group System who are classified in Groups 2, 3, 4, and 5, notified by Public Proclamation that they are to be called up for service forthwith.

Evacuation of Suvla and Anzac.—Announced that all the troops at Suvla and Anzac, together with guns and stores, have been successfully transferred with "insignificant" casualties (three men wounded) to another sphere of operations.

Another report from General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara published. On night of Dec. 17-18, British and Indian troops surprised Turks in their advanced trenches. In actions on Dec. 1 and during night of Dec. 12-13 the Turks lost 2,500 men.

Greco-Bulgarian incident. At Koritza, in Albanian Epirus, Greeks and Bulgarian troops exchange shots.

Dec. 21.—Announced that Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff of the Expeditionary Force, has been appointed Chief of Imperial General Staff.

General Russky retires through ill-health.

General De Wet and 118 other prisoners released.

1915

Russians reported to have occupied Kum, 100 miles south-east of Teheran.

In the Vosges, on the Hartmannsweilerkopf, French troops occupy a considerable portion of the enemy's works and capture some prisoners.

Text of Dr. Wilson's Second Ancona Note to Austria published.

Japanese steamer, Yasaka Maru, sunk by submarine in Mediterranean.

DEC. 22.—Continued French success in Alsace. Our ally forces his way from the summit down the eastern slopes of the Hartmannsweilerkopf, and takes 1,300 prisoners.

Sir Charles Monro appointed to command the First Army Corps in the West, in place of Sir Douglas Haig, being in turn succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir A. Murray. Major-General Kiggell appointed Chief of General Staff to Sir Douglas Haig.

DEC. 23.—Renewed fighting in Alsace. French admit that their left wing has returned under pressure of German counter-attacks to their former positions on the Hartmannsweilerkopf. Their centre and right retain the ground captured from the enemy.

Total Dardanelles casualties to Dec. 11 announced as 112,921. Total British casualties on all fronts up to Dec. 9 announced as 528,227.

DEC. 24.—Montenegrin troops attacked near Mutchido, but enemy everywhere repulsed.

DEC. 25.—Another German attack on the Hartmannsweilerkopf repulsed.

Hostile Arab force defeated by British in Western Egypt at Mersa Matru.

DEC. 26.—In the Vosges a French battery fires on a munitions train in the railway station of Hachimette, to the south-east of Bonhomme.

Russian forces in Persia occupy Kashan.

DEC. 27.—Germans, after a bombardment, attack near Hill 193 in Champagne, but are easily repulsed.

India Office reports that Turks have been repulsed in attacks upon a fort at Kut-el-Amara, on the right flank of the British position. Their loss 900; ours, 190.

General de Castelnau, French Chief of Staff, at Athens.

DEC. 28.—**Indians leave France.**—Official communication gives text of stirring message of thanks from King-Emperor, delivered by Prince of Wales, to the Indian Army Corps, and states that this corps has departed from France, as its services are required "in another field of action."

French troops capture enemy trenches on the Hartmannsweilerkopf.

Cabinet decides by a majority that they are bound by the Prime Minister's pledge, and approves the principle of compulsion.

DEC. 29.—More gains by the French in the Vosges. A series of German works between the Rehfelsen and the Hirzstein captured. Since beginning of the operations 1,668 prisoners taken.

DEC. 30.—Announced that Italian army which landed at Valona approaching frontier of Epirus.

Austrian destroyer sunk and another blown up by a mine in sea fight off Cattaro, between Austrian and Allied vessels of war.

German, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish Consuls arrested at Salonika, and placed on board French warship.

French occupy island of Castellorizo, between Rhodes and the mainland.

P. & O. liner Persia torpedoed forty miles off Crete; 192 missing.

British cruiser, H.M.S. Natal, sunk in harbour, the victim of internal explosion; 14 officers and 373 men saved.

DEC. 31.—German infantry attack in the Vosges completely repulsed by the French.

1916

JAN. 1.—Russian successes on the front of the River Strypa and in the sector between the Kovel-Sarny railway and the village of Chartoryisk.

British Force occupies Yaunde, in German Cameroon.

JAN. 2.—Slight French retirement in the Vosges. Three mines exploded by British near La Boisselle.

JAN. 3.—Russian thrust at Czernowitz. Our ally occupies several heights near this town, capturing 15 officers, 855 men.

JAN. 4.—**Lord Derby's Report Issued.**—It shows that there are 651,160 unstarred single men who have not offered themselves for service.

1916

Government issue Germany's memorandum on the Baralong incident and Sir Edward Grey's crushing reply.

Resignation of Sir John Simon.

JAN. 5.—Military Service Bill introduced in the House of Commons.

Capture of German armed steamer on Lake Tanganyika by a British force announced.

JAN. 6.—Conference of Labour representatives in London carry by large majority a motion opposing the Government's Compulsion Bill. Latter passes first reading by majority of 298.

Further Russian progress on the Strypa.

In Champagne, during intense bombardment by French artillery against enemy's trenches north of Navarin Farm, an entire installation for delivering gas attacks destroyed.

JAN. 7.—Russian success south of Pinsk.

British submarine sinks off coast of Holland. Her crew of 33 taken into the Helder and interned.

Mount Lovtchen heavily attacked by an Austrian squadron.

Count Bernstorff presents statement to United States *re* German submarine policy; reparation offered for "damages caused by death or injuries to American citizens."

JAN. 8.—South of the Pripet the German force makes a fresh attempt to gain possession of Chartoryisk, but twice repulsed.

Continued fighting for the Hartmannsweilerkopf. Germans gain a footing in a portion of a trench between the Rehfelsen and Hirzstein, but are dislodged.

JAN. 9.—**H.M.S. King Edward Sinks after Striking a Mine.**—Ship's company taken off without loss of life.

JAN. 10.—Announced that Gallipoli completely evacuated, without any casualties.

Announced that on January 7 the relief expedition for Kut-el-Amara defeated the Turks on both banks of the Tigris, capturing two guns and 700 prisoners.

Austrians pressing their offensive in Montenegro up the valleys of the Tara and Lim in the north, and against Mount Lovtchen, overlooking Cattaro.

JAN. 11.—Mr. Herbert Samuel appointed Home Secretary in place of Sir John Simon, resigned.

Sir John Nixon relinquishes command of the Mesopotamian forces owing to ill-health, and Lieutenant-General Sir Percy Lake succeeds him.

Fall of Lovtchen.

German defeat in Champagne. Enemy launches strong attack on French positions with three divisions. All its results nullified by French counter-attacks.

Report from Sir Charles Monro describes the final evacuation of Gallipoli.

Siege of Kut. Further news to hand of General Aylmer's relief force. After battle on 7th near Sheikh Saad, Turks retreated, pursued by British. Owing to weather conditions and necessity of removing our wounded by river, our force was still halting on the 10th.

JAN. 12.—**French land at Corfu,** and prepare island for the Serbian Army.

Munition magazine at Lille explodes; 70 inhabitants killed, 40 wounded.

JAN. 13.—Announced that Allies have cut Greco-Bulgarian railway line, and railway bridge at Demir-Hissar, about 45 miles north-east of Salonika, blown up.

Fall of Cetinje.

JAN. 14.—British artillery heavily bombards enemy's trenches about Givenchy.

Austrian cruiser sunk by French submarine off Cattaro.

British force under General Aylmer advancing to relief of Kut-el-Amara attack and repulse Turks on north bank of the Tigris at and about Wadi.

JAN. 15.—Reciprocal bombardments about Maricourt, Givenchy, Hill 63, and Hollebeke.

JAN. 16.—**Lille Shelled by British.**

Announced that in Persia there has been conflict between Russian and Turkish troops at Kangavar. Latter occupied by Russians, and prisoners taken.

JAN. 17.—Unconditional surrender of Montenegro announced by Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier.

Announced that south of Pinsk the Russians have made considerable inroads on the enemy's lines. Kukhotska Volia has been cleared of his troops. In several sectors of the front in this region the Austro-German front has been pierced.

JAN. 18.—French batteries wreck German trenches in the region of Moulin-Sans-Touvent, between Oise and Aisne.

JAN. 19.—Turkish rout in Armenia. Russians report a considerable success by their troops in the Caucasus. The Turkish line has been broken over a front of about 70 miles, and enemy is in full retreat.

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JAN. 20.—Announced that the first South African Infantry Brigade has arrived in Egypt.

Big Battle in the Bukovina.—North-east of Czernowitz, in the region of Rarancze, Russians capture sector of enemy's position. Five desperate counter-attacks by Austrians repulsed with enormous loss.

Admiralty announce that British submarine grounded off the Dutch coast. Part of her officers and crew taken off by British destroyer, and remainder rescued by Dutch warship.

Allied warships bombard Dedeagach, destroying a train and several buildings.

A Montenegrin official statement says that that country has refused the onerous Austrian terms.

JAN. 21.—British submarine operating in the Adriatic torpedoes and sinks Austrian torpedo-boat destroyer, after capturing two of the enemy's aviators from a derelict aeroplane.

In Mesopotamia General Aylmer attacks the enemy opposing his march to relieve Kut-el-Amara at Essin. Fierce fighting continues during the day with varying success. Casualties on both sides very heavy.

JAN. 22.—Russian Army in Caucasus pursues defeated Turks towards Erzerum and shells the forts.

JAN. 23.—**Air Raids in Kent.**—At one o'clock in bright moonlight a hostile aeroplane visits the east coast of Kent, dropping nine bombs. One man killed; two men, one woman, and three children slightly injured. At noon two hostile seaplanes make a second attack in the same locality, but are chased away by our naval and military machines; no damage and no casualties reported.

Twenty-four French aeroplanes bomb the railway station and barracks at Metz.

Near Neuville the Germans gain about 270 yards of French advanced trench, but this almost wholly regained.

General Wallace's column operating in Western Egypt attacks the camp of the Senussi, burning it and dispersing the enemy's forces. Our losses 28 killed, 274 wounded.

Thirty-two French aeroplanes raid Monastir.

JAN. 24.—German seaplane passes over Dover. It is engaged by anti-aircraft guns, and pursued by two British machines.

German attempt to break through to Calais on the Yser front fails.

Success in East Africa.—Our troops advancing from Mbuyuni occupy enemy's camp at Serengeti.

Russians again shell the forts of Erzerum.

JAN. 25.—After a fresh series of mine explosions, accompanied by a violent bombardment, the Germans attack on a front of over 1,600 yards in the angle formed by the Arras-Lens road and the Neuville St. Vaast-Thelus road. At two points the enemy occupies the craters caused by his explosions, the greater part of which are taken from him.

Two German aeroplanes drop 15 bombs on Dunkirk; 5 persons killed, 3 wounded.

German seaplane forced to the water by a British machine north-east of Nieuport.

Austrians occupy San Giovanni di Medua.

JAN. 26.—Announced that recent fighting on Tigris took place 23 miles below Kut-el-Amara, and not, as previously stated, 7 miles from Kut.

Announced that Austrians pursuing a plan of absorbing Albania have captured Scutari.

JAN. 27.—Report from General Townshend states that enemy have evacuated their trenches on the land side of Kut defences, and retired to about a mile from our entrenchments.

Military Service Bill receives the Royal assent.

JAN. 28.—British beat back infantry attack near Loos. Further fighting on the French front at Neuville St. Vaast.

Total British casualties. These are 549,467 up to January 9, and include all fields of operations.

Big German Blow in the West.—To the south of the Somme, after a violent bombardment, the Germans attack trenched positions, capturing the village of Frise. The first counter-attacks enable the French to reoccupy some of the trenches taken by the Germans.

Allied Force occupies Kara Burun, commanding Gulf of Salonika.

JAN. 29.—French continue to reoccupy the portions of trenches captured by enemy in Artois, west of Hill 140.

Press Bureau announces General Sir Percy Lake has joined General Aylmer's force at Wadi.

Zeppelin raid on Paris; over 53 killed and injured.

JAN. 30.—A second Zeppelin raid on Paris. No casualties reported.

British trench raid. A party of troops enter German trenches about the Kemmel-Wytschaete Road. About 40 casualties inflicted on the enemy; three prisoners brought back.

JAN. 31.—**Great Zeppelin Raid on England.**—Six or seven hostile airships raid the Eastern and North-Eastern and Midland Counties.

Russians signal a violent German artillery fire west of Dvinsk, and a recrudescence of activity in the Riga region.

FEB. 1.—General Smith-Dorrien, commanding in East Africa, reports good progress being made with branch railway from Voi. It has been pushed on to the site of an enemy camp west of Mbuyuni.

FEB. 2.—Announced that British liner Appam captured by German armed liner Moewe, and taken, with prize crew aboard, to the American port of Norfolk.

FEB. 3.—Russia reports that her advance in the Caucasus continues successfully.

Heavy hostile shelling against our trenches around Loos.

FEB. 4.—**Loss of a Zeppelin.**—Germans admit that one of the Zeppelins that took part in raid on Midland Counties, Jan. 31, has been wrecked in the North Sea.

Allied columns in the Cameroon closing in on remnant of German force, many of enemy retiring over frontier of Spanish Guinea.

FEB. 5.—Reported from British Headquarters in France that there have been twenty-eight combats in the air. In five cases the German machines were driven down to their lines, and a sixth forced to descend with a stopped engine.

FEB. 6.—In Belgium the French artillery, in co-operation with the British, execute a destructive fire on German trenches facing Boesinghe.

Minor Naval Action in the Adriatic.—A British cruiser and a French torpedo-boat, covering the retirement of the Serbian Army, meet four enemy destroyers and fire upon them. Latter flee towards Cattaro.

FEB. 7.—Fire breaks out on board H.M. boarding steamer Peel Castle in Strait of Dover; no loss of life reported.

Renewed fighting on Bukovina frontier. From Russian reports it appears the fighting was desperate, our ally doing great execution with the bayonet. The enemy's casualties in one engagement were 2,000 killed.

A communiqué regarding operations in Mesopotamia states that General Townshend is holding Kut-el-Amara as a point of strategical value.

FEB. 8.—German long-range gun fires three shells into Belfort.

French armoured cruiser Amiral Charner torpedoed by enemy submarine and sinks. Most of crew of 375 lost.

FEB. 9.—**Air Raid in Kent.**—Two enemy seaplanes fly over Margate and Ramsgate in the afternoon, causing few casualties and slight damage.

Officially reported that in Galicia the Russians have driven the enemy back to the west of the Dniester, capturing Uscieczko, and establishing themselves on the west bank of the river.

FEB. 10.—**General Smuts to Command in East Africa.**—Announced that General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has resigned owing to ill-health, and General Smuts has succeeded him, with rank of Temporary Lieutenant-General.

Germany sends a Note to the United States as to the arming of merchantmen of the Allies.

FEB. 11.—French announce that south of the Somme, in the course of separate actions carried out on the 8th and 9th, they retook a considerable part of the trench elements which had remained in the enemy's hands in the region to the south of Frise.

Announced that hostile Arabs attacked British reconnaissance force on its return to Nasiriych from an upper branch of the Tigris named Shat-el-Hai. Our total casualties 373. A small punitive column was later despatched from Nasiriych, surprised the Arabs, and destroyed four of their villages.

FEB. 12.—Reconnaissance carried out within the north-east boundary of German East Africa against main force of Germans at Salaita Hill, with a loss to our troops of 172 men. The 2nd South African Brigade engaged.

Forward Move at Salonika.—Announced that French troops have crossed the Vardar and installed themselves on the right bank of the river in the region of Yenitso (Janitza) and at Verria.

Russia gains successes in four areas. Towns occupied in Persia and Caucasus, in which latter region guns and stores and 700 prisoners captured; the Erzerum forts bombarded. An important height in Galicia dominating the enemy's railway line recaptured and held; the defence of Dvinsk strengthened by the taking of a village.

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FEB. 13.—In Artois the Germans launch a series of attacks from Hill 140 to the road from Neuville to La Folie. In the course of the fourth attack the enemy penetrated into the French first-line trench to the west of Hill 140, but driven out by an immediate counter-attack.

British spring a mine west of Hulluch.

Russians capture one of forts before Erzerum.

After a violent bombardment the Germans storm 200 yards of trench east of Seppois, in Alsace. Most of lost ground retaken by the French.

FEB. 14.—**Admiralty announces H.M.S. Arethusa struck a mine** off the East Coast, and it is feared she will become a total wreck. About 10 men lose their lives.

In Champagne, near Tahure, the Germans capture a trench. South of the Somme the French recover portions of captured trenches.

New Ypres Battle.—Between the Ypres-Comines Canal and the Ypres-Comines railway Germans capture 600 yards of the "International trench."

Five hostile air raids in Italy. Eight persons killed in Milan by enemy bombs.

FEB. 15.—Russians storm and carry another of the Erzerum forts. Thirteen French aeroplanes drop 150 bombs on Strumnitza.

FEB. 16.—**Fall of Erzerum.**

Reported that the Austrians and Bulgarians are advancing on Durazzo.

FEB. 17.—**Conquest of the Cameroon.**—War Office announces that operations now practically ended, and conquest of the Cameroon complete, with the exception of the isolated position of Mora Hill (in the extreme north). Later announced that General Dobell, commander of British forces, reports that the Germans have ceased their resistance.

FEB. 18.—General Smuts reports that an enemy force attacked the post of Kachumbe, on the Uganda border, but driven off.

FEB. 19.—Colonial Office announces telegram from Governor-General of Nigeria that German garrison at Mora has capitulated.

Russian troops take Mush, 81 miles south of Erzerum, and Akhlat, on Lake Van.

FEB. 20.—Four German seaplanes drop 17 bombs on Lowestoft, and six on Walmer. Two men and a boy killed in latter town.

Successful night air raid by British airmen against Cambrai aerodrome.

FEB. 21.—Zeppelin brought down in French Lorraine by French motor-gun section.

Opening of Great Verdun Battle.—Front from Brabant-sur-Meuse to Herbebois. Haumont Wood and the Beaumont salient captured by Germans. Attacks against Brabant and Herbebois repulsed.

FEB. 22.—Second day. Front from Brabant to Ornes. Haumont village evacuated. Part of the Beaumont salient recaptured. Strong enemy attack on Herbebois stopped

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Artillery bombardment on a 25-mile front from Malancourt (west of the Meuse) to near Etain.

FEB. 23.—Third day. Front from Brabant to south of Ornes. French evacuate Brabant, and repulse attack against Samogneux. Part of the recaptured Beaumont salient again lost. French withdraw from Samogneux and Ornes. French air raid on Metz-Sablon railway, one of the lines of communication for present operations.

FEB. 24.—Fourth day. No German attacks during the night. French established on the line of heights stretching from the east of Champneuville to the south of Ornes. Germans claim capture of Champneuville, Beaumont, Ornes, and the French positions up to the ridge of Lauvemont, as well as over 10,000 prisoners.

FEB. 25.—Fifth day. Several German attacks against the new French positions repulsed.

New Post for Lord Derby.—Announced that he is to be chairman of a joint Naval and Military Air Defence Committee.

Russians reported to have taken Kermanshah, 170 miles east of Bagdad.

FEB. 26.—**Verdun Battle.**—Germans capture Fort Douaumont, a dismantled fort without either guns or garrison in the outer line of defences to the north-east of Verdun, but French report its encirclement.

Evacuation of Albania by Serbian, Montenegrin, and Albanian troops. Italian troops leave Durazzo.

Erzerum Captures.—Officially announced that Russians made prisoners 235 Turkish officers and 12,753 men, and captured 323 guns.

French take an important position from the enemy at Ste. Marie a Py, in Champagne.

FEB. 27.—**Verdun Battle.**—French rally beyond Fort Douaumont, and closely encircling the fractions of the German force that survived the terrible artillery fire directed on the ruined fort.

P. and O. Liner Maloja sinks off Dover; said to have been torpedoed. One hundred and fifty-five persons missing.

FEB. 28.—Announced that the South Africans and Territorials have routed the Arabs in Western Egypt.

Verdun Battle continued. To the north the activity of the opposing artilleries is still very great. To the west of Fort Douaumont the French troops engage in hand-to-hand fighting with the enemy, and drive him from small redoubt in which he had established himself.

In Champagne, in the region of the Navarin Farm, north of Souain, Germans capture the French position.

FEB. 29.—Reported that General Aylmer's column on the Tigris has moved up three miles nearer Kut.

To the north of Verdun the French maintain their front. Violent hand-to-hand encounters about Douaumont, and a fierce struggle for Manheulles, ten miles east-south-east of Verdun. Enemy take the village, and French by counter-attack regain its western end.

French transport Provence II. reported sunk in Mediterranean, Feb. 26.

End of Volume V.

On the landing-stage. French reinforcements arriving at Salonika.

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